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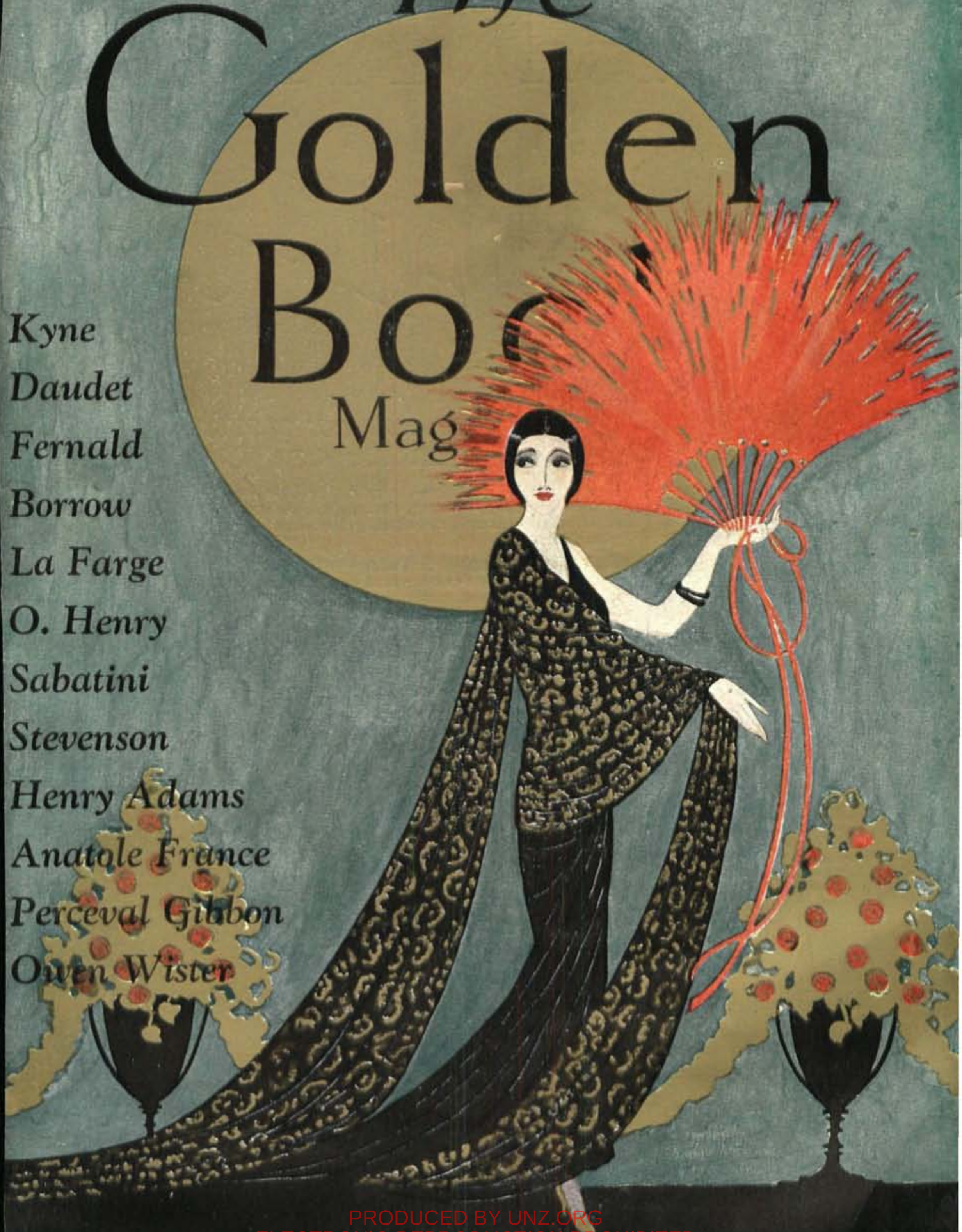

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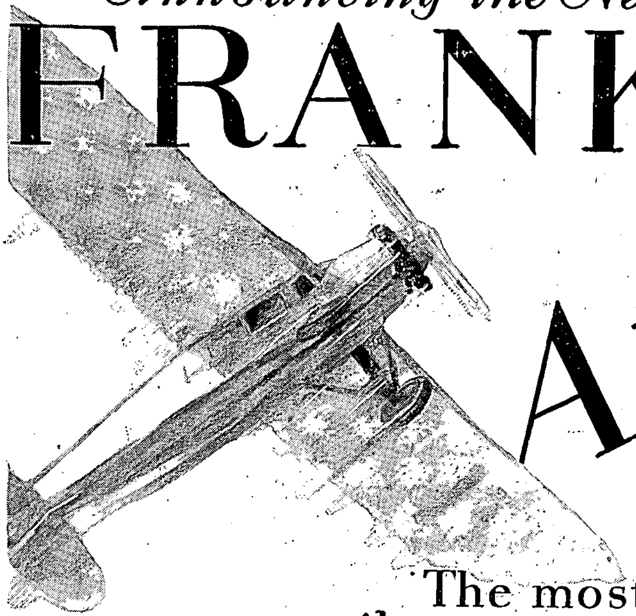

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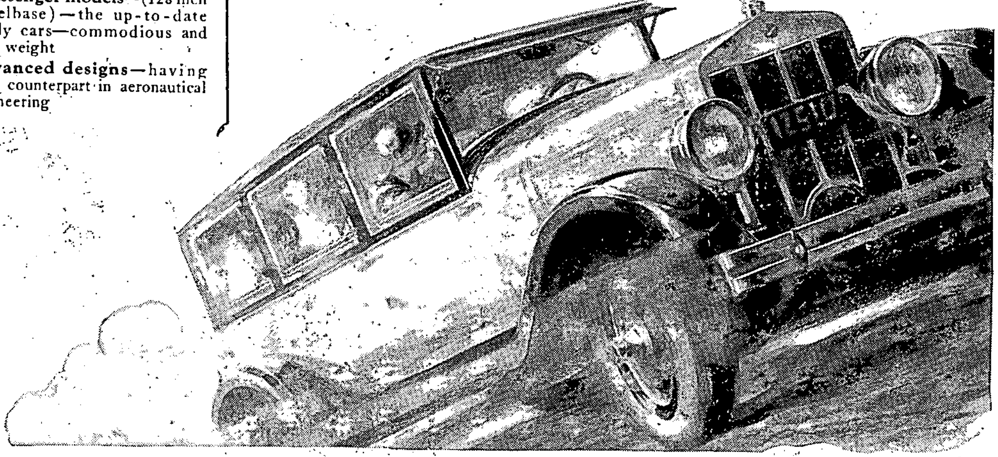

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NOVEMBER
1927

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

(With which is combined "Famous Story Magazine")

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:
JOHN COTTON DANA ✦ CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

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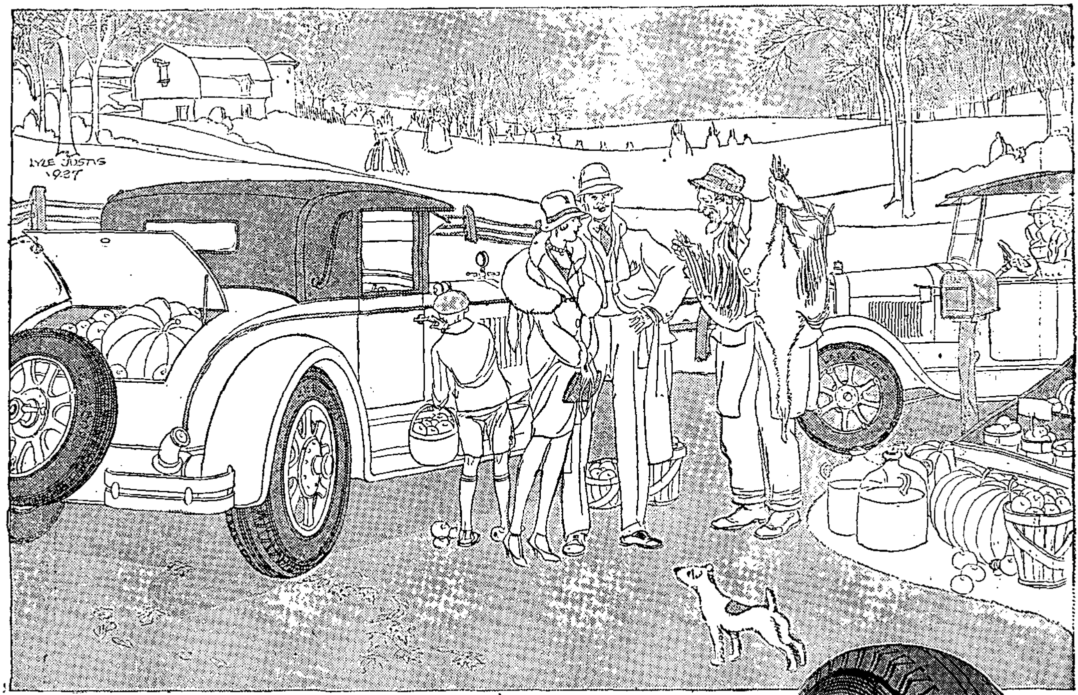

Thanksgiving ought to mean to all of us something more than an overstuffed stomach. The Nation's health has improved and business in general is above the average, in spite of the "croakers".

Join in a real Thanksgiving with the craftsmen of Lee of Conshohocken. We here who believe in hard work plus a conscientious effort to make the best possible tires and tubes, have just cause to be thankful.

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Some Persons of Importance

LAFCADIO HEARN'S CREED

> *"Yes, there is one thing that is always wrong, profoundly wrong under any conditions."*
>
> *"And that?" he was asked.*
>
> *"To cause pain to a helpless creature for one's own pleasure. . . . Once I was walking along a road in Tennessee, and I saw a man who seemed intoxicated with rage—for what cause I don't know. A kitten was crossing the road at the moment. It got under the man's feet and tripped him. He caught it up and blinded it and flung it from him with a laugh. The act seemed to soothe his rage.*
>
> *"I was not near enough to stop him, but I had a pistol in my pocket—I always carried one then—and I fired four times at him; but, you know my sight is so bad, I missed him. . . .*
>
> *"It has always been one of the regrets of my life that I missed."*
>
> ELIZABETH BISLAND.

IT WAS in 1877 that Hearn left his newspaper work in Cincinnati to try his fortunes in New Orleans. His friend Joseph Tunison says:

> As Hearn advanced in his power to write, the sense of the discomforts of his situation in Cincinnati grew upon him. His body and mind longed for Southern air and scenes. One morning, after the usual hard work of an unusually nasty night in Cincinnati, in a leisure hour of conversation, he heard an associate on the paper describe a scene in the Gulf State. It was something about an old mansion of an ante-bellum cotton prince, with its white columns, its beautiful avenue of trees; the whitewashed negro quarters stretching away in the background; the cypress and live-oaks hung with moss, the odours from the blooming magnolias, the songs of the mocking-birds in the early sunlight.

Hearn drank it all in, as was evidenced by "the usual dilation of his nostrils when excited;" and presently he had migrated southward, bag and (scanty) baggage, and had secured a place on a minor newspaper.

In 1881 he was fortunate enough to get on the staff of the newly-consolidated *Times-Democrat*, with a most congenial editor and associates; and, besides the eager researches into music, languages, literature and folklore which supplemented his daily work, he took delight in etching with his pen some of the odd characters with whom his mode of living had made him familiar. Soon after his arrival he had written to Krehbiel, the music critic in New York:

> My new journalistic life may interest you—it is so different from anything in the North. I have at last succeeded in getting right into the fantastic heart of the French quarter, where I hear the antiquated dialect all day long. Early in the morning I visit a restaurant, where I devour a plate of figs, a cup of black coffee, a dish of cream-cheese—not the Northern stuff, but a delightful cake of pressed milk floating in cream—a couple of corn muffins, and an egg. This is a heavy breakfast here, but costs only about twenty-five cents.
>
> Then I slip down to the office, and rattle off a couple of leaders on literary or European matters, and a few paragraphs based on telegraphic news. This occupies about an hour. Then the country papers—half French, half English—altogether barbarous, come in from all the wild, untamed parishes of Louisiana. Madly I seize the scissors and the paste-pot, and construct a column of crop-notes. This occupies about half an hour. Then the New York dailies make their appearance. I devour their substance and take notes for the ensuing day's expression of opinion. And then the work is over, and the long golden afternoon welcomes me forth to enjoy its perfume and its laziness. It would be a delightful existence for one without ambition or hope of better things.

When he joined the *Times-Democrat* staff, he was still held by this picturesqueness:

> I am living in a ruined Creole house; damp brick walls green with age, zigzag cracks running down the façade, a great yard with plants and cacti in it, a Quixotic horse, four cats, two rabbits,

(*Continued on page 6*).

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(*Continued from page 4*)

three dogs, five geese, and a seraglio of hens—all living together in harmony. A fortune-teller occupies the lower floor. She has a fantastic apartment kept dark all day, except for the light of two little tapers burning before two human skulls in one corner of the room. It is a very mysterious house, indeed.

Out of this life grew the entertaining Creole sketches of which "A Creole Journal" is one. That same marvellous sensitiveness, which later was to make Hearn the unrivalled exponent of Japan to the West, informs every one of these fragmentary bits: though mere newspaper sketches, one knows instinctively that they are the truest pictures ever presented of a unique people and civilization.

◆

Mrs. Stevenson has written, in the fine definitive edition of Stevenson's works, a hint of the genesis of that entertaining tale, "The Isle of Voices," which was never translated from the "'Palangi"—English—into Samoan like its predecessor, "The Bottle Imp":

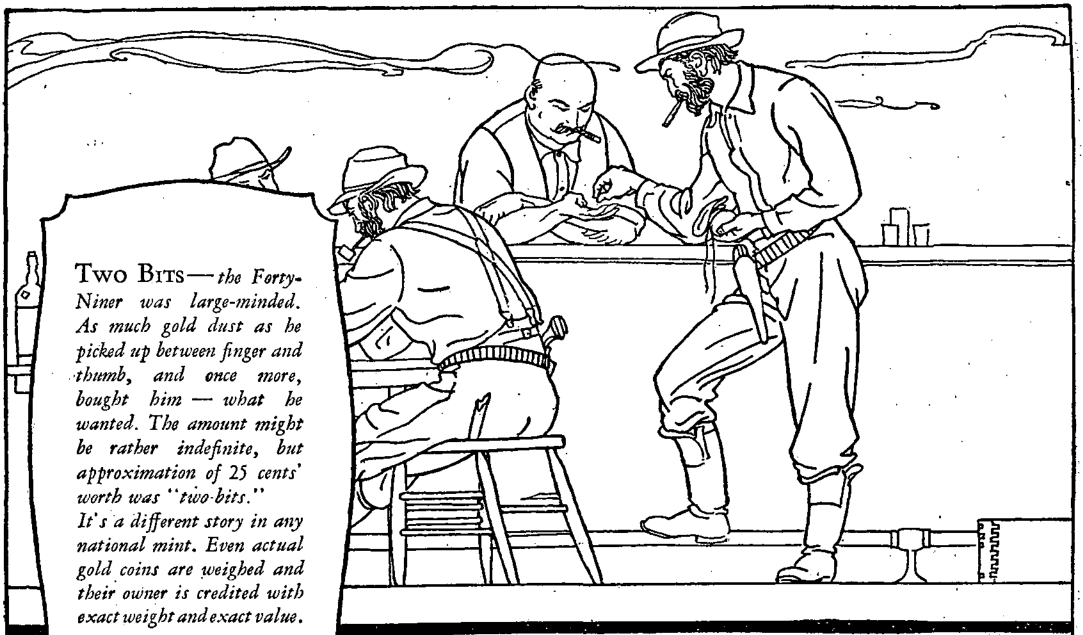
> On our first South Sea cruise we stopped, among other places, at Fakarava, in the Dangerous Archipelago. Leaving the yacht *Casco* in the lagoon, my husband hired a little cottage on the beach, where we lived for several weeks. Fakarava is an atoll of the usual horseshoe shape, so narrow that one can walk across it in ten minutes, but of great circumference; it lay so little above the sea-level that one had a sense of insecurity; justified by the terrible disasters following the last hurricane in the group. Not far from where we lived the waves had swept over the narrow strip of coral during a storm.
>
> Though we had before us the evidences of what had happened, and might happen again, our life on the island passed in a gentle monotony of peace. At sunrise we walked from our front door into the warm, shallow waters of the lagoon for our bath; we cooked our breakfast on the remains of an old American cooking-stove I discovered on the beach, and spent the rest of the morning sorting over the shells we had found the previous day. After lunch and a siesta, we crossed the island to the windward side and gathered more shells. Sometimes we would find the strangest fish stranded in pools between the rocks by the outgoing tide, many of them curiously shaped and brilliantly coloured; some of the most gorgeous were poisonous to eat, and capable of inflicting very unpleasant wounds with their fins. I remember our captain suffered during all the remainder of the voyage from a numbness, resembling paralysis, in one of his fingers that he had scratched while handling a strange fish with a beak like a parrot.
>
> The close of the placid day marked the beginning of the most agreeable part of the twenty-four hours; it was the time of the moon, and the shadows that fell from the cocoanut leaves were so sharply defined that one involuntarily stepped over them. After a simple dinner, and a dip in the soft sea, we sat expectant of our invariable visitor, the governour of the island, M. Donat Rimareau. There were no white men on the island that I remember, it not being the season for pearl fishing, though now and again a schooner with its French captain would appear and disappear like a phantom ship.
>
> While the days were almost intolerably hot, with the setting of the sun a gentle breeze sprang up, cooling the air to a comfortable temperature. We spent the evenings in the moonlight, sitting on our mattresses that were spread out on the verandah, the only chair being reserved for our guest. Our conversation with M. Rimareau, who was half Tahitian, and altogether delightful, was at first rather of the Shakespeare and musical-glasses order, but after the recital of several Scottish legends—I remember particularly my husband's telling the story of Ticonderoga—the governour felt more at his ease, and gradually he became the narrator and we the spell-bound listeners. Night after night we literally sat at his feet, entranced and thrilled by stories of Tahiti and the Paumotus, always of a supernatural character.
>
> There is a strange sect in Fakarava called The Whistlers, resembling the spiritualists of our country, but greater adepts. When M. Rimareau spoke of these people and their superstitions his voice sank almost to a whisper, and he cast fearful glances over his shoulder at the black shadows of the palms. "Who knows," said he, "how much truth there may be in it all? It is a strange country, and I, myself, have seen and heard things that are not to be explained away." I remember one of the stories was of the return of the soul of a dead child, the soul being wrapped in a leaf and dropped in at the door of the sorrowing parents.
>
> I am sure that when my husband came to write *The Isle of Voices* he had our evenings in Fakarava and the stories of M. Rimareau in his mind. I know that I never read *The Isle of Voices* without a mental picture rising before me of the lagoon, and the cocoa palms, and the wonderful moonlight of Fakarava.

◆

"Irony," declared Alphonse Daudet to his son Léon, "is the salt of existence. It allows us to tolerate beautiful sentiments, which without it might be *too* beautiful."

And surely in this matter he might speak as one having authority. For where may

(*Continued on page 8*)



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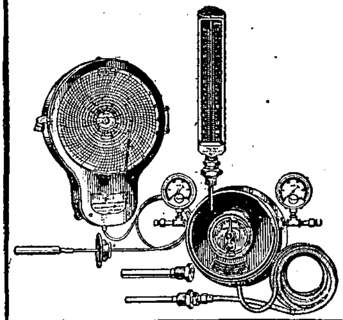

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(*Continued from page 6*)

one find more facile play of ironic humour than in his flashing little tales of those méridionals from whom he sprang—those foaming sons of Provence who are summed up in Numa Roumestan's profound reflection, "When I am not talking I cannot think."

Tarascon is an ancient little town sixty miles up the Rhone from Marseilles, and just across the river from Beaucaire. The first settlement was on an island in the Rhone, by that tribe of Massaliots whose citadel in Marseilles was stormed by Cæsar and his legions. (The rocky hill which was its site is now occupied in the old town by the Church of Notre-Dame de Mont Carmel.)

Legend carries its history back to a most horrific "Tarasque," or dragon, who was tamed by the white hands of St. Martha herself; and if you are a barbarous modern sceptic, there is her twelfth-century church, built on the site of a Roman temple, with a marble-columned side portal leading to a crypt, where you may gaze upon the very tomb of St. Martha herself, resting beside the effigies of Jean de Gossa, governor of Provence under good King René, and of his Majesty Louis II, once king of that land of love and song.

Moreover, when Beaucaire holds its famous fairs, and all the countryside flocks in to sell fruits and vegetables and purchase those ecstatic Arles sausages, are there not still fêtes of La Tarasque, with marvellous costumes and strange ceremonies, just as when King René himself presided, nearly a quarter of a century before one Columbus lifted the veil from this Western world? So let us cultivate humility and an open mind, and smile while our handsome big Provençal story-teller jests with the foibles of his countrymen.

They themselves could not resist the humour of this "mocking child of Nîmes." Forced to laughter, they summed it all up: "And besides, is he not one of ourselves?" And then they would begin to boast of the writer as a true unique product of the Midi, in whom the cold North had no share!

This epic of Tarascon's "Defence," during the tragic days of 1870-1, seems to have been written in 1871, and is probably the first celebration of the immortal town. Certainly Tartarin the redoubtable does not appear in it; and his adventures did not begin to thrill the world until the following year. But possibly, as Miss McIntyre suggests, the hero was off lion-hunting at that crucial time.

Anyhow, this is pure unadulterated Daudet in his most whimsical, smiling mood. And it would be difficult indeed to affix a more enticing label than that.

◆

"The Tendency of History" contains some of the ripest thought of one of the most remarkable minds America has produced—Henry Adams, of the *Education*, *Mont-Saint-Michel*, *Chapters on Erie*, *History of the United States 1801-17*, and other writings which have been surprisingly slow in taking the rank to which they are entitled.

His brother, Brooks, says restrainedly that Henry "was distinctly the most cultivated and stimulating man, of my own generation, whom I ever knew intimately."

> He dearly loved paradox, and nothing amused him more than propounding something which he knew would startle his guests or rouse in them the spirit of contradiction. . . . But I think in his "Education" he has carried his joke, at times, perhaps a little too far for his own fame.
>
> For instance, he poses, more or less throughout his book, as having been a failure and a disappointed man. He was neither the one nor the other, as he knew well. He was not a failure, for he succeeded, and succeeded brilliantly, in whatever he undertook where success was possible; and he was not disappointed, for the world gave him everything he would take. He would not have touched office in any form, had it been offered. He valued his liberty and his perfect independence too much to part with it at, what he would have thought, so vile a price. What he really cared for . . . was social consideration, and this he had wherever he chose to live.

It seems to have been during long discussions with this brother, from whose philosophy he differed at times radically, that Henry Adams received the impulse to "test the thought of the scientific world" along some lines which had been absorbing his attention. And when he issued his "Letter to American Teachers of History" (put out privately, as was his wont), he prefaced it in part as follows:

> Touching, as it does, some of the most delicate relations of University Instruction in rival departments, the book has too much the air of provoking controversy. I do not know that controversy would do harm, but I see nothing to be gained by provoking it. For the moment, the

(*Continued on page 10*)

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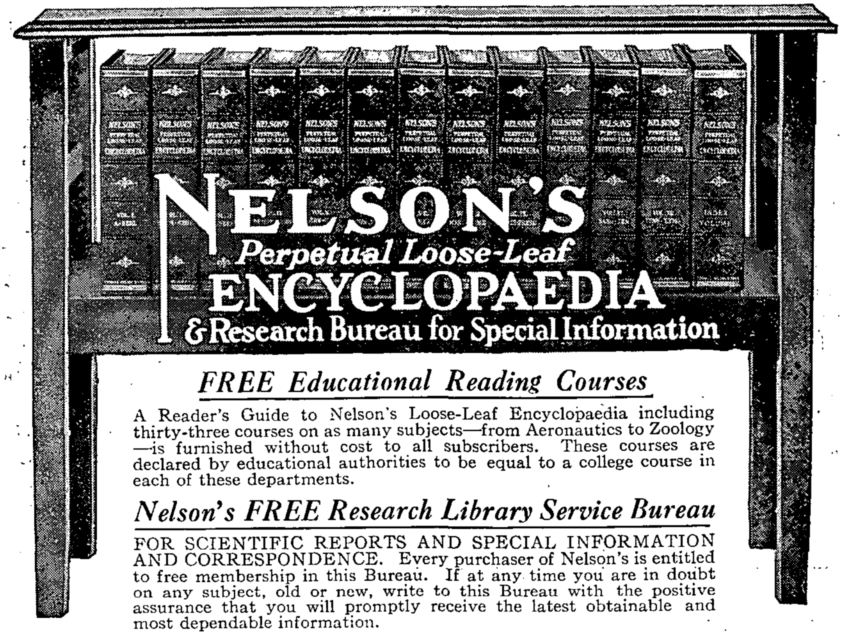

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(*Continued from page 8*)

> problem is chiefly one of technical instruction; of grouping departments; at most, of hierarchy in the sciences. Some day, it may become a question whether one department, or another, is to impose on the University a final law of instruction; but, for the present, it is a domestic matter, to be settled at home before inviting the world to interfere. Therefore, the volume will not be published, or offered for sale, or sent to the press for notice.
>
> For the same reason, the volume needs no acknowledgment. Unless the questions which it raises or suggests seem to you so personal as to need action, you have probably no other personal interest than that of avoiding the discussion altogether. Few of us are required to look ten, or twenty years, or a whole generation ahead, in order to realize what will then be the relation of history to physics or physiology, and even if we make the attempt, we are met at the outset by the difficulty of allowing for our personal error, which is, in so delicate a calculation, an element of the first importance. Commonly, our personal error takes the form of inertia, and is more or less constant and calculable. For myself, the preference for movement of inertia is decided. The risk of error in changing a long-established course seems always greater to me than the chance of correction, unless the elements are known more exactly than is possible in human affairs; but the need of determining these elements is all the greater on that account; and this volume is only a first experiment toward calculating their past, present and future values.

Whether you agree with all of Mr. Adams's conclusions or not, I do not see how any active mind can fail to feel the fascination of his presentation. He sits on the side-lines, watching the great game going on, his keen, humorous, well-stored mind considering all that happens from the perspective of a strongly individual nature, avid for the truth, striving to project the known facts of science into the future. For he had a magnificent affection for truth, no matter into what bleak paths it seemed to lead.

* * *

Rafael Sabatini was born at Jesi, in Central Italy, in 1875—the son of Maèstro Cav. Vincenzo Sabatini and his English wife. After an education in Switzerland and Portugal, he began before he was thirty to turn out those swiftly-moving tales of adventurous action which have brought him readers by the hundred thousand; and there have been at least a score of these, besides serious biographies of Torquemada and Cesare Borgia, and half a dozen plays.

In the *Historical Nights' Entertainment* (from which comes "The Night of Gems") he has attempted to vivify "in the fullest possible detail" a group of dramatic happenings of times past, and his account of this sensational mystery which convulsed the Court and the country of France in 1785 "owes nothing to invention."

It is an enthralling tale, even a century and a half later, when the secret threads of intrigue lie open to our view: imagine what it must have been to a bewildered nation when the Cardinal Prince de Rohan was suddenly arrested—and gossip's thousand tongues began to narrate the "inside facts." As Mr. Sabatini points out, the "Affaire" formed a perverted basis for the foulest charges against luckless Marie Antoinette, and was used to the full in stirring up the passions which blazed forth in the French Revolution.

It is an exciting introduction here to the serial tale which will follow Mr. Wister's *Virginian*—the great romancer Dumas' lifelike unfolding of the tangled plot, in *The Queen's Necklace*.

H. W. L.

* * *

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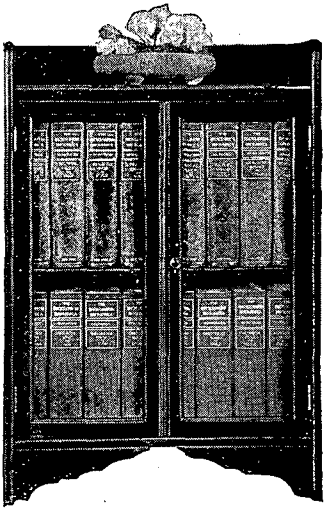

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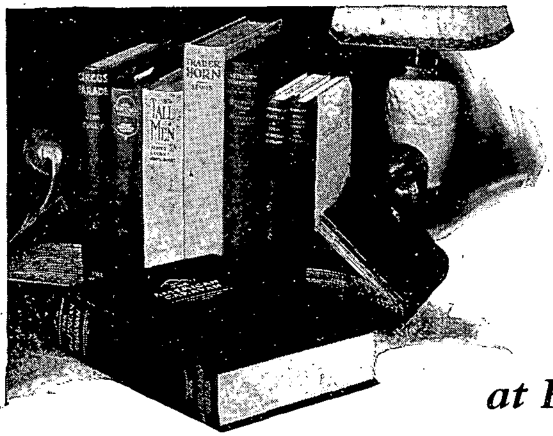

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"Adam, you can be stupid at times! The soul is that part of us which tells what is good and what is bad. It's the judge inside of us. A comfortable bed may or may not be desirable—that depends. There's nothing wrong about food, but it isn't everything."

He was getting interested in definitions.

"I see. When I find a piece of fruit, and think it better than I ever had before, or when I sit down on a soft spot, it's my soul that tells me the fruit is good, the ground soft. All right. I can see that."

"You don't see it at all. You're merely arranging your ideas so you can do as you please. Haven't you a sense of duty? That's the test. If you have a soul, you have a sense of duty."

"Before you came," he said, "I took myself seriously, but the more I see of your turn for duty, the less I think I've any real call that way. I don't miss it. My philosophy, if you want to know, is to get along without harming anybody, and without missing anything. That's about all you can hope for. Life's a tragedy, of course. Very interesting, but still tragic. That's why we laugh."

"How absurd!"

He would have resented the tone and the phrase, but he couldn't remember whether we laugh at tragedy or only smile. It didn't make much difference.

"If you had the right attitude toward soul," said Eve, "you'd know how to treat women. I sometimes think we're sent to find how much soul there is in a man. It varies. If he had a soul, he'd really love her, and if he loved her, she'd become for him a spiritual image. He'd worship her." *Adam and Eve.* JOHN ERSKINE.

THE WAVES THAT BEAT ON CANAAN

Where the Orient and the Occident meet, there lies the land of Canaan, infinitely small. And the land of the noon-day sun, the ancient land of Mithra, stretches out a tongue to touch their meeting-place. Where the roads from the west cut across the roads from the east, there lies the city of Jerusalem, the fortress of Zion. And the Jews, when they acknowledge the God of Israel, the One who is omnipotent, Jehovah, at sunrise and at sunset, stand with their feet together and their faces towards Jerusalem, towards Zion; those in the west turn to the east, and those in the Orient turn to the west, all at the same hour, all facing towards Jerusalem.

From the Occident there beats a wild continuous wave upon the land of Canaan: a thirst for life and personality, a will for action, for happiness, for power. To accumulate, to gather in knowledge, possessions and happiness, more happiness, more possessions, to

(*Continued on page 16*)

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(Continued from page 14)

live, to fight, to do. That is the message from the west. But in the south under the pointed pyramids there lie dead kings embalmed in gold and spices, refusing majestically to give their bodies to destruction; their images set in colossal alleys in the desert smile at death. And a wild continuous wave beats from the south upon the land of Canaan; a passionate cleaving to Being, a burning desire not to lose form and shape, not to lose the body, not to disintegrate. But from the east there comes a message of gentle wisdom: Sleep is better than waking, to be dead is better than to be alive. Non-resistance, surrender to annihilation, passivity, renunciation. And the mild continuous wave ebbs softly from the Orient towards Canaan.

Eternally these three waves flow over the tiny land and mingle one with another; one clear and resounding of will and deed, one hot and glowing of majestic refusal to submit to death, one soft and dark of surrender and renunciation. The tiny land of Canaan lies still and attentive and lets the waves flow over it and into each other.

The sons of the little nation go out into the world and live according to the doctrines of the West. Causation, struggle, accumulation. But in spite of all they are not quite at home in action, their place is on the bridge between action and renunciation. And they always turn back to gaze at Zion. Often in the fulfilment of victory, in the realization of defeat, in the very midst of their career, they come to a halt with a shudder of awe, hearing among a thousand brazen echoes a still, dying voice which says: "Will nothing, do nothing, renounce your ego."

And many a one follows the road to the very end; from the wild turmoil of doing, from power, happiness and possession, through a stubborn refusal to renounce, into the bliss of vacancy and absolution, into the ebb-tide of inaction and abnegation.

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"I wanta know about clothes," she said frankly. "I just found out what looks good in the movies ain't so good for the tired business man while he's gettin' tired. I just gotta earful that I'm booked for the wrong act, trying to play comedy when the scene's all set for little Eva's death. An' it ain't in the cards for a St. Clair to be anything but a top-notcher, whether it's walkin' a tightrope or slingin' law," she said. "I wanta look the part. An' the sky's the limit. Do me up right."

Salespeople began to fly about, in obedience to the manager's orders, and a docile Maisie listened as she looked.

It was nearly two o'clock when George stormed out into the lobby at the sound of her cheerful voice. This certainly was something upon which to hang a first-class calling-down. Two hours for lunch! And then—as has been said—the weapon he held blew up. The words died in his throat. For there by Maisie's desk stood the acme of perfection.

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George could feel the zip of the wind blowing the Roman scarf about her slender throat, and he almost saw an ardent swain in a made-rite sweater adjusting her skates, on bended knee. George could hardly believe it was his good fortune to have this marvel in his office!

Nonchalantly she removed suede gauntlets and blew into them, dropped them

(Continued on page 22)

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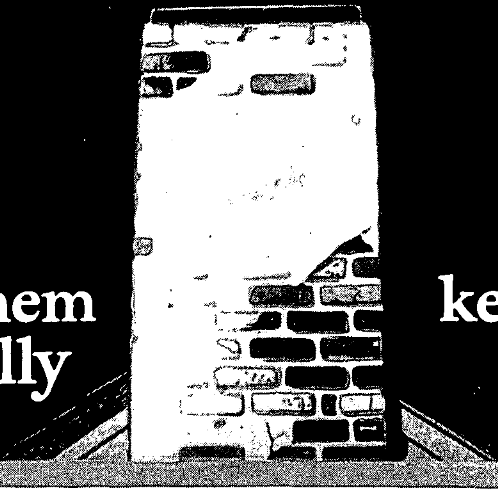

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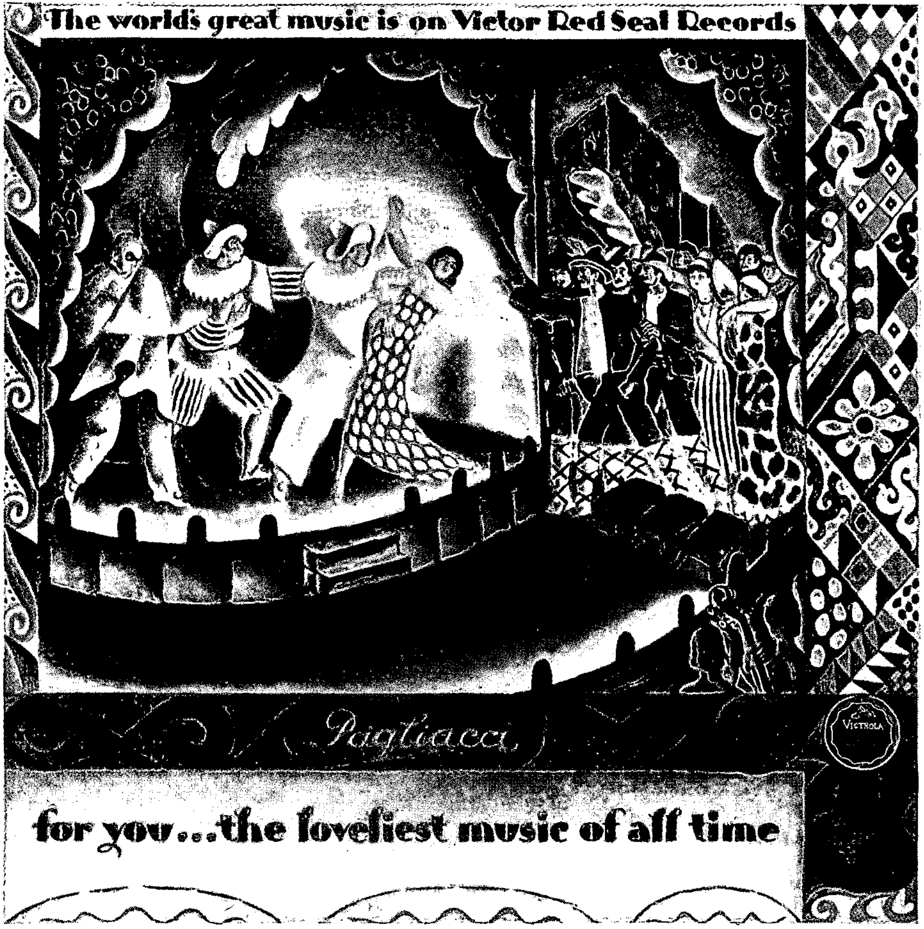
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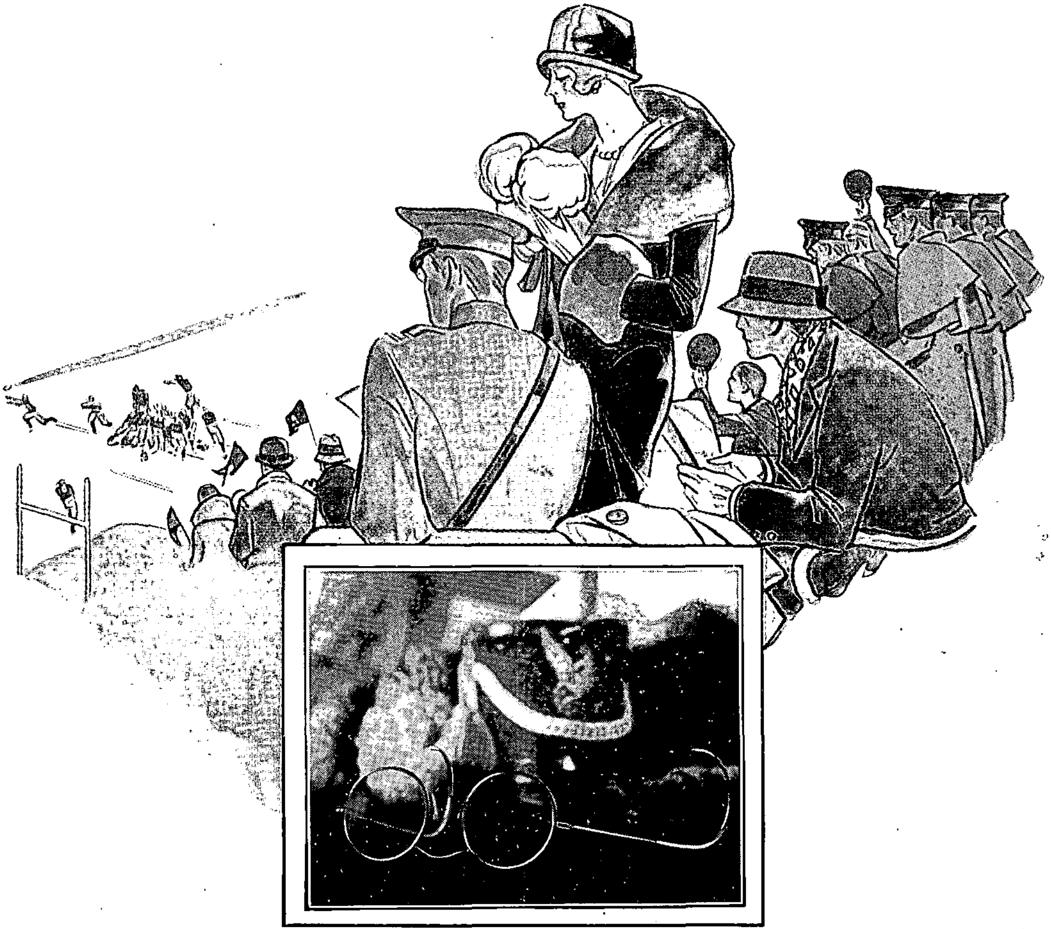

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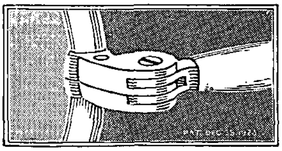

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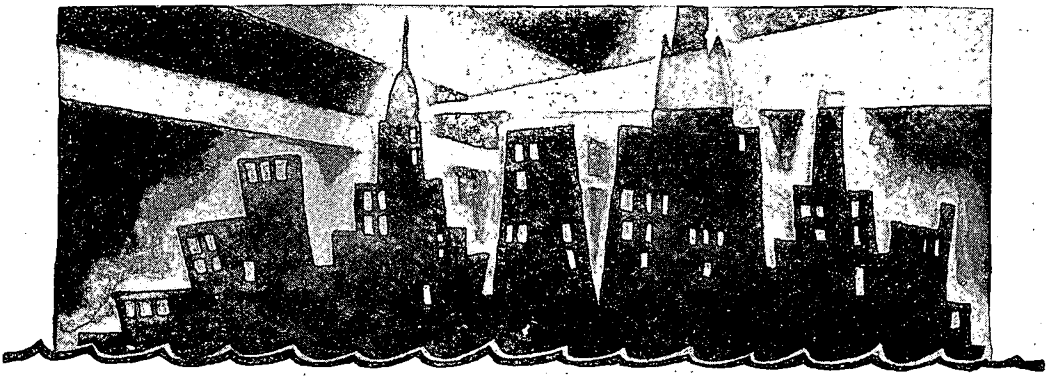

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Selma Lagerlof, Nobel Prize Winner and author of Gosta Berling, writes her first novel in years, CHARLOTTE LOWENSKOLD ($2.50). Mathilde Eiker's new novel is a sane, disillusioning and beautifully written story of a bargain marriage, OVER THE BOAT-SIDE ($2.50). Lloyd Mayer tells the tale of a hard-boiled débutante, the funniest book about modern girls, JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS ($2). Helen Keller gives faith and inspiration in MY RELIGION ($2). Walter Noble Burns writes the authentic biography of a six-shooting, man-eating boom town, TOMBSTONE (2.50). Lowell Thomas's account of an amazing and chivalrous raider is a best seller: COUNT LUCKNER, THE SEA DEVIL ($2.50). BARBERRY BUSH by Kathleen Norris and LIGHTS UP by Grace S. Richmond are the most popular novels ever written by two favorite American authors.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

CONRAD'S Story

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2 vols. $10

In her first novel since *The Constant Nymph* Margaret Kennedy writes brilliantly, wittily, beautifully, a story of Bohemian London.

RED SKY AT MORNING

by Margaret Kennedy
$2.50

(*Continued from page 16*)

carelessly in the upturned crown of the hat she had removed, then the Roman scarf, and laid them all in the desk drawer. Then she spoke.

"Was you wishing something, Mr. Dorsey?" *The Constant Simp.* NELL MARTIN.

WHAT ITS FIRST EUROPEAN WAR DID TO AMERICA

The hitherto unsuspected Europe—the Europe of the small, quarreling units and the large despotic groups of nations—was not at all to the taste of those who had unconsciously learned to think in terms of a continent.

The sudden realization of this fact—the gradual awakening of certain old traditions, vaguely remembered from a day when America meant a state of mind rather than a successful form of economic exploitation—these produced a mental and spiritual shock which for a moment at least caused us to revise all our current creeds and beliefs and make a serious search of the innermost recesses of our national soul.

In the lives of almost all great men there has been a crisis—a moment when some outward event forced them to face their career in the brutal light of complete self-revelation.

Up to the year 1916 we were merrily jogging along the commonplace road of prosperity with no thought of to-morrow. The Iron Men who worked for us performed their daily tasks smoothly and contentedly. We were all of us comfortable. If we worried about anything at all, it was about the new regulations for rural free delivery or the incessant desire of the people of Haiti (or of Chicago) to do murder upon each other—all of them negligible details that could be settled in a jiffy if we ever really paid some serious attention to them.

Then came the great upheaval that destroyed the older forms of European civilization and wiped away the accumulated wealth of an entire continent.

Suddenly the truth of the situation dawned upon us.

Europe too had worshiped before false altars.

Europe too had made the accumulation of Inanimate Matter the highest of all civic virtues.

And the end was—what we had just seen.

Chaos.

Chaos, complete and absolute.

Thus ended America's first and only participation in a European war, and what had been meant as a great and glorious crusade developed into a painful and disheartening voyage of discovery.

Evidently something was wrong with the world. By an accursed turn of luck the American people were called upon to set it right.

By an accursed turn of luck, or by the grace of a merciful God. We can take our choice.

But upon our answer depends a great deal more than the future of our own people.

America. HENDRIK VAN LOON.

THEY HAD ANOTHER WAY WITH THE "YOUNGER GENERATION" THEN

Since the Bishop had never heard of them Pater Gropp did not withhold his instruction. A visionary youth, Hans Bohaim, a peasant's son from Helmstadt in the Tauber Valley, went about with drum and bagpipe to visit fairs and dances, and confused the peasants with prophecies and preachments; the rich were to give up their wealth in order that the poor might have enough to eat; forests, water and air, game, fish and birds should be free for all who wanted to make use of them; the rule of the Church as well as of the State was to come to an end; no one was to own more than his neighbour, and princes and lords were to work for wages just like the farm-labourers. The villagers came to him with gifts, they offered wax candles to him in the Church of Nicklashausen where he had his headquarters, crowds of pilgrims streamed there, and as soon as the fool appeared the mob fell down before him and asked for his blessing.

(*Continued on page 24*)

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Publishers The Bobbs-Merrill Company Indianapolis

(*Continued from page 22*)

"Holy Youth, pray for us!" they shouted. They called him simply "The Youth!"—that jackanapes! The women cut off their braids, tore off their kerchiefs and pointed shoes; the men sacrificed their checkers and card games in a big fire. He needed only to address them and they were enchanted, for he was invested with the appearance of innocence and beauty, like many of his kind. And if Bishop Rudolf von Scherenberg, who was reigning at the time and who was a very weak ruler, had not been urged to interfere by the Archbishop Diether von Isenburg, the rebel hordes would have stormed the walls of Wurzburg, plundered the city, and even slain him. But as it was, they seized the youthful wizard in time; yet even at the stake he continued in his diabolical work, inasmuch as he sang hymns to the praise of the Virgin until the smoke stifled his voice.

The Triumph of Youth. JACOB WASSERMANN.

THE NEW IN FUNERALS

A few years ago I happened to see the notice of Cruzan's death in the newspaper. He had become a professional singer, especially famous for his phonograph records. And at the funeral the record company, as a surprise, had concealed an instrument in such a way that at the end of the service, "The sorrowing friends and relatives were amazed and enthralled to hear the sound of Mr. Cruzan's own voice, issuing apparently from the coffin in his famous rendering of 'Nearer, My God, to Thee'!"

Young in the "Nineties." UNA HUNT.

THIS MAN-AND-WOMAN BUSINESS

By what miracle does this commonplace man-and-woman business, that sometimes causes laughter or else disgust but is most frequently on no higher a plane perceptibly than the enjoyments of the table or the play, suddenly become, through the fated encounter of two predestined bodies, an immense and infinite thing, confusing in a momentary co-existence not only the muscles, nerves, skin, flesh and blood of both creatures, but also their most subtle and immaterial desires, all their capacity for realizing the beauty of life, and all their faculties for giving and devoting themselves to each other?

In that intensity of ardour, physical love becomes purified as though by fire. Thereafter nothing mean or vile can affect it, for it has become something supremely august, akin to creative divinity. There are no words that can tell or express it, so it is futile to attempt to explain it. Although I have personally experienced such love, yet my shattered being has no longer the strength left to realize it now, scarcely even to remember it, except as one of those fleeting dreams that one clutches at as they flash through one's mind, leaving a sensation of dull ache behind them.

His Mistress and I. MARCEL PREVOST.

AN ANCIENT PROBLEM

". . . I am not faithful—and I am faithful. My feeling for Eunice will never change. Nor my feeling for Helen. Nor my feeling for you. Nor my feeling for Fleshpot Faubion. Why should it be considered an unfaithfulness, a betrayal, to love more than one woman or more than one man? Nothing sillier could be conceived. It's preposterous. We love constantly, love everywhere. We love in all sorts of degrees and ways. Can any one person or thing or place or belief possess one's soul utterly? Impossible. It is true that when we 'fall in love,' experiencing that intense burning up of the entire being which now and then some unforeseen explosion of the unconscious brings to us, our one desire is to possess and be possessed by the one object. But this is largely, or to some extent an illusion—it's an illusion, I mean, to suppose that this will completely satisfy. An illusion, Cynthia! Even had I been destined—had we been destined—had I succeeded—had I not too horribly blundered—had I not lost every brief and paralyzing opportunity, and at every such turn shown myself to be a fool and a coward—even so, even had I possessed you as madly as in imagination I have possessed you—you would not wholly

(*Continued on page 26*)

No more peddling Gridirons for TRADER HORN

No more "doss house" days! No more "philanthropy!"—for over 50,000 copies of his remarkable true romance of wildest Africa, "Trader Horn," have now been sold. It is now earning royalties of $2000 a week, and its 73-year-old author is assured that the rest of his life's evening will be spent in comfort and content.

TRADER HORN

© Ethelreda Lewis

TRADER HORN *in the flesh—a camera portrait by Leon Lerson, Johannesburg.*

ALL the reading world has now heard how this best-selling book leaped from a peddler's pack—how Alfred Aloysius Horn, an aged hawker of home-made wire gridirons and toast-forks, one morning mounted the stoep of Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis, the South African novelist, and talked so vividly of cannibals, of elephant hunts, of weird voodoo rites, that she encouraged him to set down his brilliant memories of his early days as a trader on the Ivory Coast.

But while the success of his book has spread, to use his own words, "a blazon of sunshine on an old man's path," and given much needed insurance of comfort in his life's evening, we maintain that the world is still Trader Horn's debtor—and that thousands of additional persons, who have not yet read his fascinating volume, will agree with Martin Johnson, the celebrated African explorer of a newer day, in his enthusiasm for it.

Kept Martin Johnson Up All Night

Mr. Johnson writes: "Trader Horn kept me up *all last night. It is delightful—in fact* the best book of adventure I have ever read. Trader Horn conveys that subtle mysterious something about Africa which sets the spell upon those of us who follow the trails of the jungle and the veldt."

Martin Johnson's tribute is just one of hundreds that fill two huge scrap-books. Space permits abbreviated quotations from only a few more:

The Sunday Times (*London*) says:

"This gorgeous and witty book is a classic on the instant."

Prof. William Lyon Phelps says:

"A unique masterpiece of literature. Every chapter is thrilling. The book is worth more to humanity than diamond mines, and equally indestructible."

Vanity Fair says:

"For unaffected comedy, for colour, for ready adventure, there is nothing like it in the bookshops today. You will read it all night."

Rarely, all the critics agree, have there been put between covers such enthralling and racy anecdotes of weird native happenings, such exciting accounts of primitive adventure, such moments of pure, poetic beauty. But get a copy of "Trader Horn," devour it yourself, and know why this volume is delighting and amazing lovers of the strong brew of life that is real literature.

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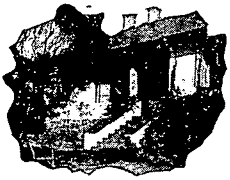
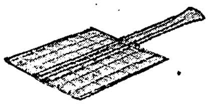
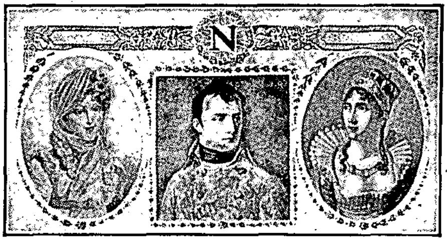


Mrs. Lewis' now famous "stoep" in Johannesburg—up which Trader Horn unconsciously climbed to fame.

Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis, the novelist, whose sympathetic guidance gave Alfred Aloysius Horn's story to the world.



The home-made wire gridiron, bought by Mrs. Lewis out of pity, which brought Trader Horn and his editress together.



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PHILADELPHIA—LONDON

(*Continued from page 24*)

have absorbed me. No. There would have been tracts of my soul which would never have owned your sovereignty—Saharas and Gobis of rebellious waste; swarming Yucatans from whose poisonous rank depths derision would be screamed at you and fragrances poured at you in a profusion of insult, flagrant and drunken; Arctics of inenarrable ice; and the sea everywhere, the unvintagable sea, many-laughing. Do you listen, Moonwhite? . . ." *Blue Voyage.* CONRAD AIKEN.

PROTECTIVE NOMENCLATURE

"Fall in," commanded the officer, "and answer to your names as I call them."

The men formed a line and the officer read from his list: "Joyce, Young, Gately, Fleming, Tucker;" the men all responding "Here," as their names were read.

Suddenly the rapid flow of names ceased.

The officer held the paper to the dim light of the window.

"What the hell," he muttered. "Wlad-Waldi-Wladiches—here, how do you pronounce this damn thing?" He showed the nearest man a name on the sheet—"Wladichesnikov."

"I don't know how to pronounce it," said the man, "but it's him," pointing to the little man.

"Is this you?" asked the officer, indicating the long name to its supposed owner, with his thumb-nail.

The little man craned his neck on one side and looked, like a robin regarding a worm.

"Yessir," he answered.

"How do you pronounce it?"

"Sheehan," answered the little man.

The officer's face became as red as a setting sun. He seized the little man by the collar of his blouse and shook him to and fro until his eyes bulged. . . .

"Now tell me in words of one syllable," began the larger man, "how you pronounce your name."

"Nobody can't pronounce it," said the little man. "Nobody can't say it, so I calls myself Sheehan."

"Sheehan? What made you pick that name?"

"So when any one should call me Sheenie it wouldn't hurt my feelings."

Three Lights from a Match.
LEONARD NASON.

(*Continued on page 28*)

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An engrossing romance, a biting social satire. "Glitteringly told." *New York Times.* $2.00

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By Maxim Lieber and Blanche Colton Williams, Ph. D.
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Publishers **BRENTANO'S** *New York*

(*Continued from page 26*)

ARCHIE SPENCER, WILD ANIMAL COLLECTOR

A Chinese steward, in a long blue silk tunic, came on deck and struck the gong, calling the passengers to the dining-room. We parted, but dinner over, and my cigar quickly gone in the sea wind, I joined Archie Spencer again, looking lithe and muscular in his white linen mess-jacket—certainly a superior creature, I thought, to the whole fauna of consuls, merchants and missionaries whom we carried on board with us. And Archie continued his tales of animals and their capture, a new and marvelous Jungle Book. There was the story of the black panther, for instance, which, on its way to New Orleans, freed itself by gnawing through the rotten floor boards of its cage and got loose on ship-board. For a whole day the passengers were locked in their cabins while the beast was being pursued from deck to deck; finally, panic-stricken, it jumped into the sea. Four sharks seemed to be waiting for it and caught the panther on the tips of their upturned noses, tossing it forth and back between them like a water-polo ball; a few minutes later there was nothing left but a splotch of blood on the water. . . . It was nearly midnight and Archie rose to go.

"Don't leave yet! Tell about the cobra that hissed and jumped at you. Did you really muffle its head with your coat?"

"I'll tell you about it to-morrow," said Archie, who preferred spending the evening with a very attractive Creole. "And I shall also tell you of my adventure with the Chinaman, Ah Chew."

East India and Company.
PAUL MORAND.

IN THE BACK SEATS

I have known many women who were the anxious counterparts of this man. They may move frantically in the best society without ever being of it. They are the rich, beautifully dressed, and efficient maid-servants of polite society who work hard to hold their positions. They are the good little coupons such society cashes in extravagant hospitality and contributions to fashionable charities!—all for the pathetic pleasure of being "among the prominent." Sometimes, even frequently, they weed a wide row in women's public-spirited enterprises and achieve an outrageous prominence, but they never belong to the

(*Continued on page 30*)

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DORAN BOOKS

The Story of PHILOSOPHY
Will Durant

"Enviable collegians who will have The Story of Philosophy as a text book! Though can be that it is too good, too bright and clear for a text book!"

—*New York Times.*

THERE are dormitory rooms in hundreds of colleges and universities where, right this moment, *The Story of Philosophy* is being read. Perhaps because:

1. It is prescribed for the course in philosophy.
2. Or because it will tell the students things which their own philosophy text books (or their own philosophy of life) leaves unclear.
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WILL DURANT'S *The Story of Philosophy* is especially recommended to those who do not have to take "philosophy" as a required subject in life; for those who would, on the other hand, like to discover for themselves more about the philosophers themselves, and about their philosophies.

◆

The Story of Philosophy is beautifully printed in large clear type, superbly bound in black vellum cloth, and measures 6¼ x 9¼ x 2 inches. It contains 592 pages, including glossary and index, with 21 full-page illustrations. It is so "good, bright and clear" that in 18 months it has already sold over 175,000 copies. It is available at all book stores, price $5.00.

SIMON & SCHUSTER, ***Publishers***
37 West 57th Street New York

(*Continued from page 28*)

social element which they espouse, whether they are well-born or lowly bred. Their fault and foolishness is that they have a sense of inferiority which is inexcusable in a respectable person. I have always suspected Alexander was afflicted with it when he wept for "more worlds to conquer." Achieving eminence and conquering worlds never cures the inferiority complex. They always weep for more, poor things, because they have no inward sense of elevations. The most charming, brilliant, and elegantly conceited men and women I have ever known were in the rear ranks of society—not in it, nor of it.

But let that go. I am simply trying to qualify as gracefully as possible for the retiring position I took up at Hollywood.

I was a total stranger there, and remained almost so to the end. It was not a place where stories like "The Recording Angel" or "A Circuit Rider's Wife" would ever be selected for a motion picture. The fact is it is the place where a young Hebrew wrote a slap-stick comedy with a fade-out at the end of Jesus Christ, and sold it for five thousand dollars. The thing was never put on the market, but neither was it possible to convince the smart young author that he had committed a breach of good manners to mankind, whatever their religious creeds or lack of them might be. The last I heard of him he still believed the thing would have "made a killing" if it had been put on the market. It would have. It would have destroyed the commercial future of a very popular motion-picture corporation.

But let that go too! If you have written a score of books and none of them are suitable for the screen, you must account for your failure as people usually handle their sour grapes, simply by intimating that your prospective purchaser does not know good grapes when he sees them.

The Happy Pilgrimage. CORRA HARRIS.

CARMENCITA

Sargent had a studio in New York in Twenty-Third Street, and here he painted the picture of *Carmencita.* Carmencita was a Spanish dancer recently arrived from Europe and holding the public of New York enthralled by her beauty and sensational dancing. She consented to pose to Sargent. He soon found that he had undertaken a perilous sitter. She was a primitive and untutored creature,

(*Continued on page 32*)

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(*Continued from page 30*)

straight from the cabarets of Spain. Civilization had put few fetters about her. She was reminiscent of the sources from which his picture of *El Jaleo* had been drawn. In mood she was wayward, now sullen and subdued, then breaking into tempests of anger and impatience, ready to smash anything that was to hand, or, again, sinking into an entirely childish readiness to be diverted or amused. She made no pretense of liking to have her portrait painted. She found posing intolerable. Movement was the essence of her existence: why forego it and be bored and insufferably constrained to please an artist and be recorded on canvas? Sargent had to exercise his ingenuity; "he used to paint his nose red to rivet her childish interest upon himself, and when the red nose failed he would fascinate her by eating his cigar. This performance was the dancer's delight." . . .

When the picture was exhibited in New York an admirer offered £600. Sargent said to de Glehn: "I was unable to accept it as it had cost me more than that to paint." "Cost you more! how do you mean?" "Why, in bracelets and things." To such an extent had this capricious beauty to be coaxed before she would fulfil her promise to pose.

John Sargent.
HON. EVAN CHARTERIS, K. C.

A WOMAN'S VERDICT

"I don't believe she's done nothin' out of the way—that nice-talkin', good-lookin' little trick," proclaimed Mr. Pelky stoutly.

"You wouldn't! I do!" countered Mrs. Pelky. She bridled and swelled out. Sufficient has been said about man's inhumanity to man, but not enough about woman's inhumanity to woman's own sex.

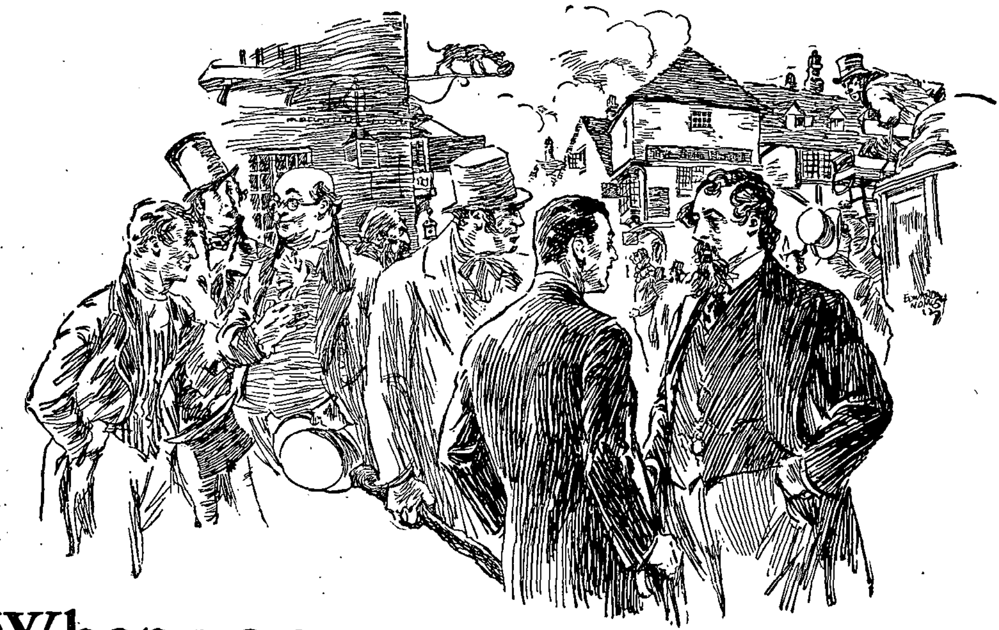
"But shackling her up that-a-way like as if she were a wild animal or somethin'!" protested Mr. Pelky, in a more subdued register, however. "She ain't no murderer."

"She ought to be chained up," said his wife. "I wouldn't put murder past her—the flip piece!"

(If you are a woman, a pretty woman let us say, and should ever be placed on trial upon a serious charge, such as manslaughter or bigamy—but especially bigamy—try to avoid having any woman of like age or thereabouts on the jury. Speak to your lawyer about it beforehand.)

Chivalry Peak. IRVIN S. COBB.

(*Continued on page 34*)



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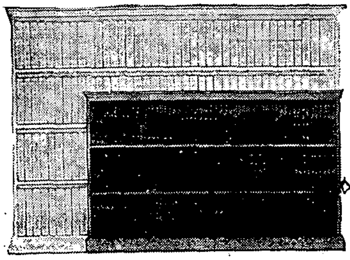

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(*Continued from page 32*)

THE FACT OF BEAUTY

"I grow impatient when people try to contest the beauty, the grace, or the distinction of a woman. In these arguments there is always an ugly ferment of envy or jealousy. The beauty of women is a fact and is the only truth. We are created to be caught first of all in that mirror. The balance of our activities is secondary and almost always futile." *Dream of a Woman.* REMY DE GOURMONT.

(Translated by Lewis Galantiere.)

BONNE MAMAN

I was a noisy, active child, and sometimes when I sat on her knee and prattled incessantly in my shrill, childish voice, she would pass her hand over her forehead and say: "Not so loud, darling; not so loud. You pierce my ear-drums; and you know that *le bon Dieu* has said that one must never speak without turning one's tongue seven times round in one's mouth." At this I would gaze wide-eyed at *bonne maman* and try involuntarily to turn my tongue seven times, an exercise at which I have never been successful. I may add in parenthesis that I have often regretted it. Another amusing adage I heard at the same time from Gertrude. If a child made a face, it was told to take care lest the wind should turn, and the face remain like that forever. I was much troubled by this idea on one occasion when *maman* and Ghislaine had been to a fancy dress ball. Ghislaine told me next day about the dances and dresses. *Maman* had danced in a minuet in a Pompadour costume, and she herself had gone as a deviless, in a scarlet-and-black dress and little gold horns in her black hair. I felt this a very dangerous proceeding, for if *le bon Dieu* had noticed Ghislaine's travesty, He might have made the wind turn, and she would then have remained a deviless and been forced to live in hell for all eternity.

A Childhood In Brittany Eighty Years Ago. ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK.

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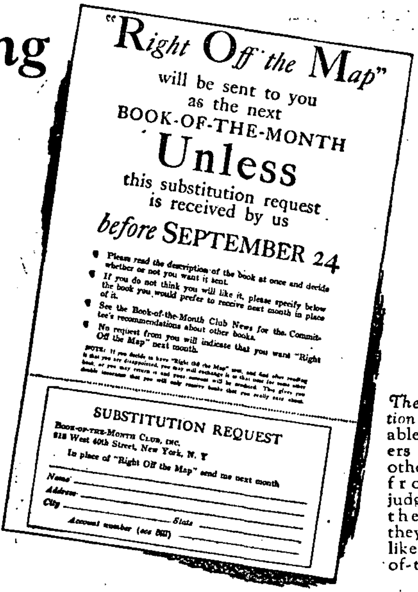
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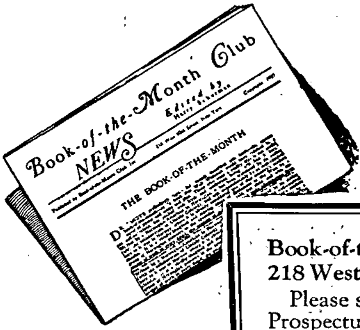

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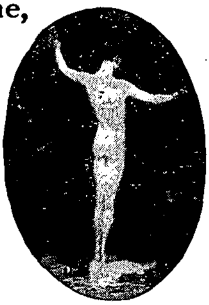

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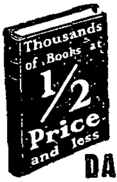

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(page 62)

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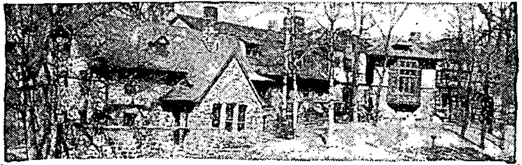

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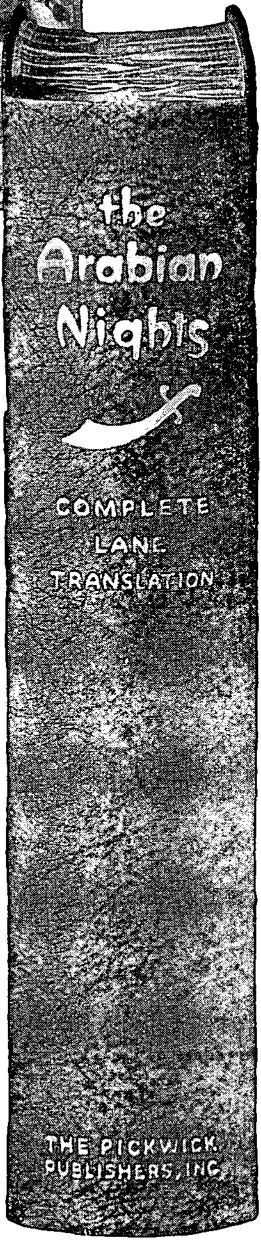

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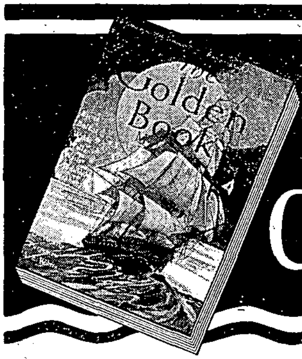

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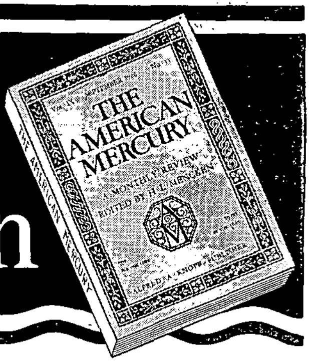
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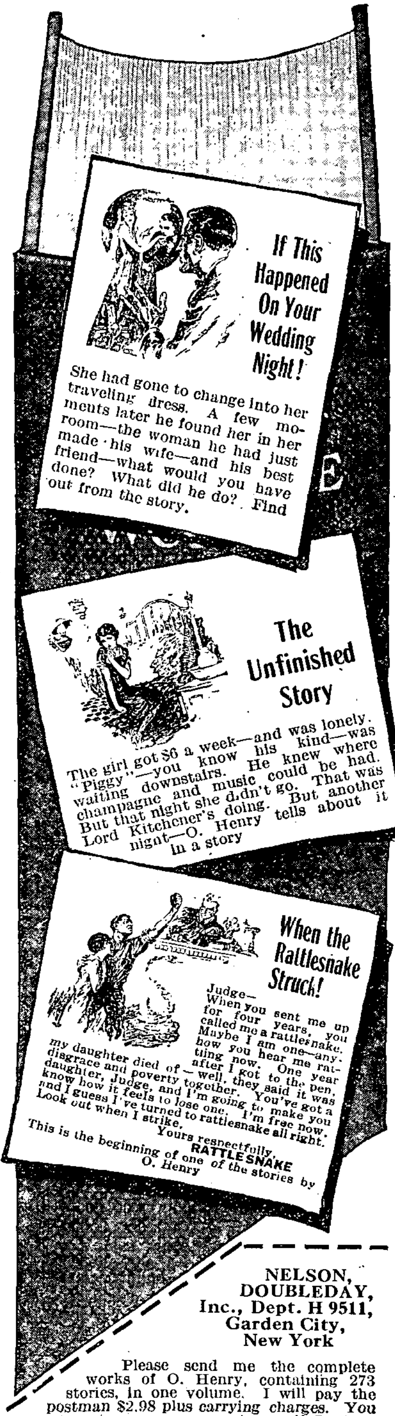

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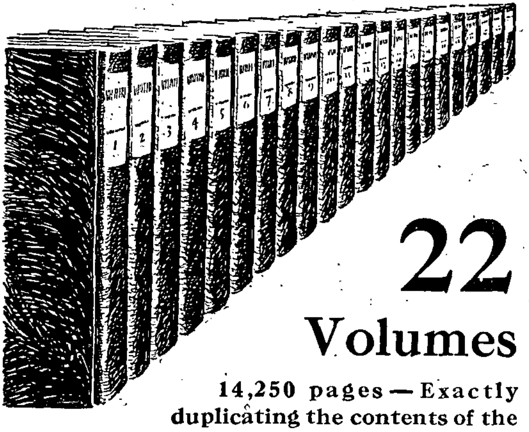

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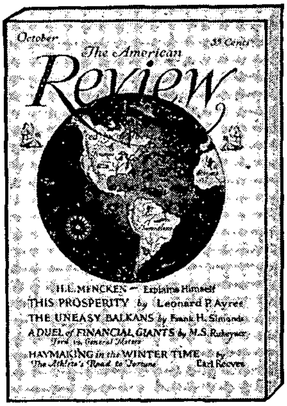
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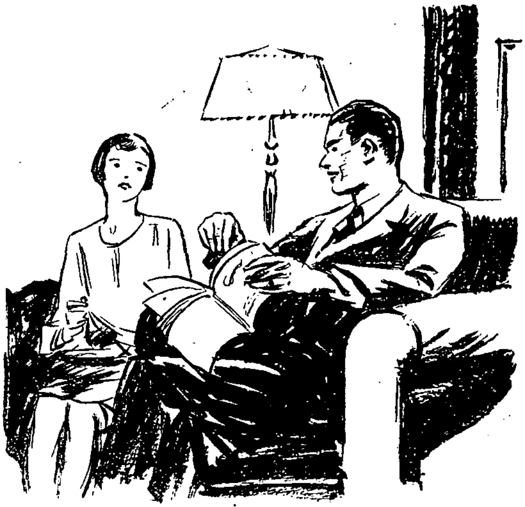

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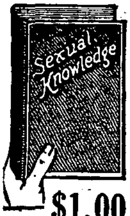

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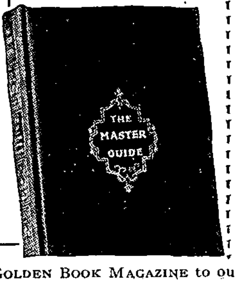

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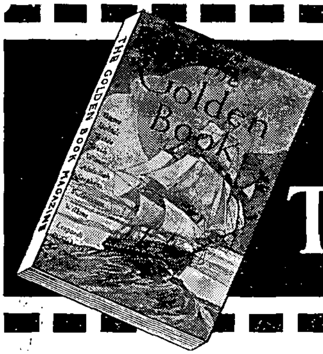

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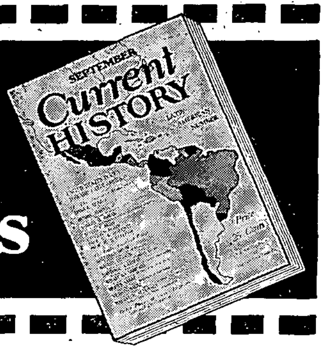

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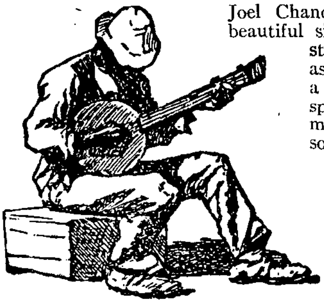

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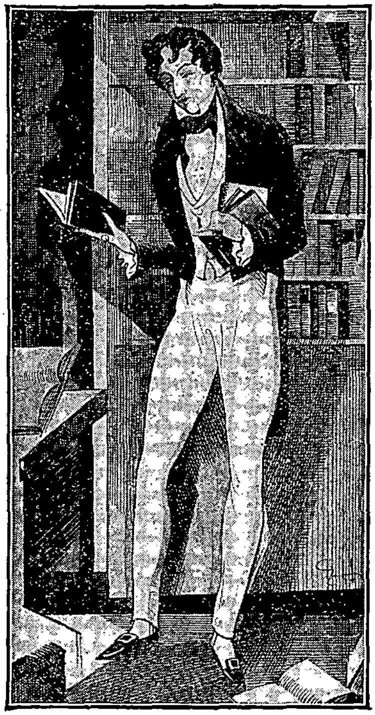

Through every room in the house wandered this tall boy in his slippers, carrying piles of dictionaries. A strange lad this—he soiled books, and he considered Virgil frivolous.

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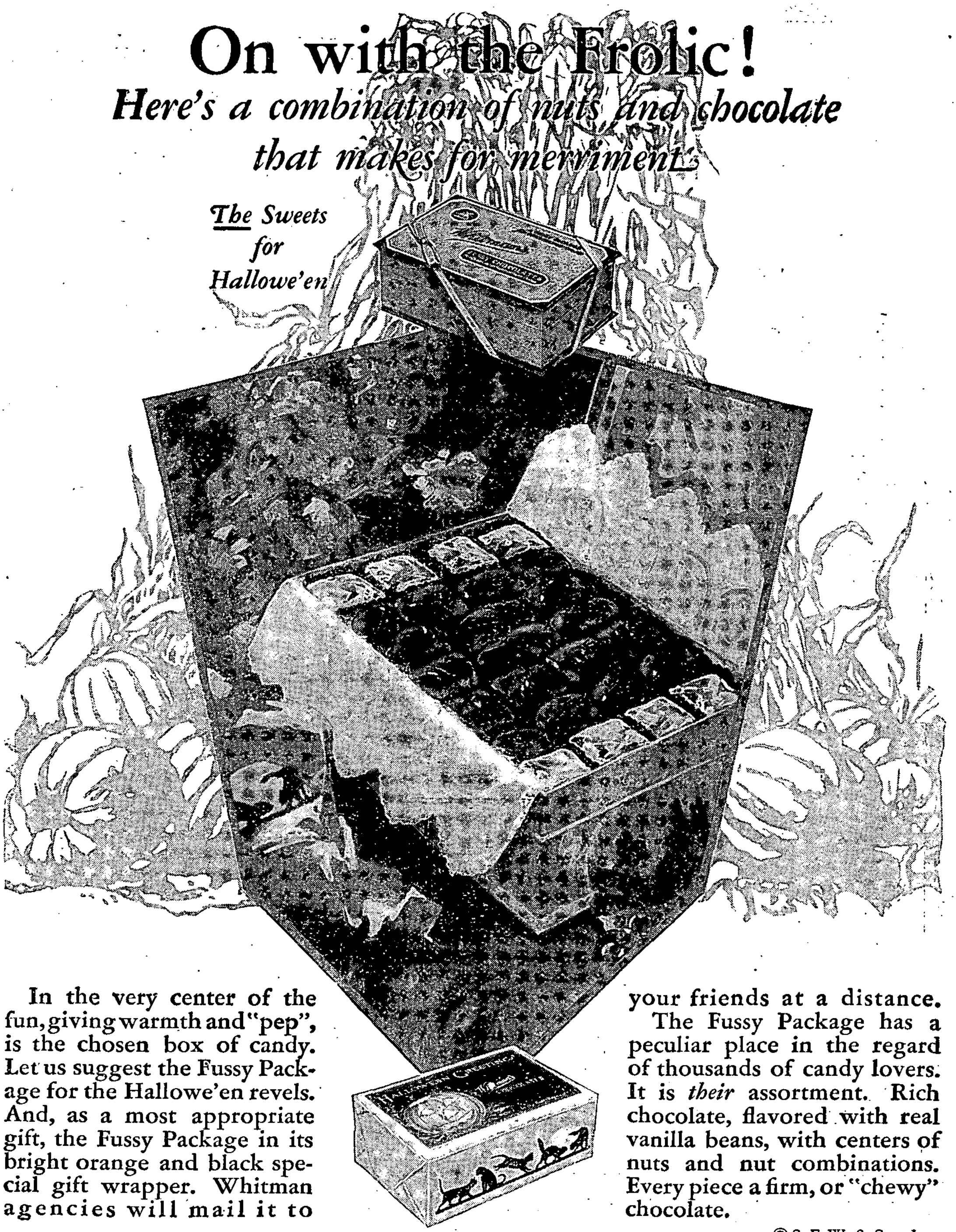

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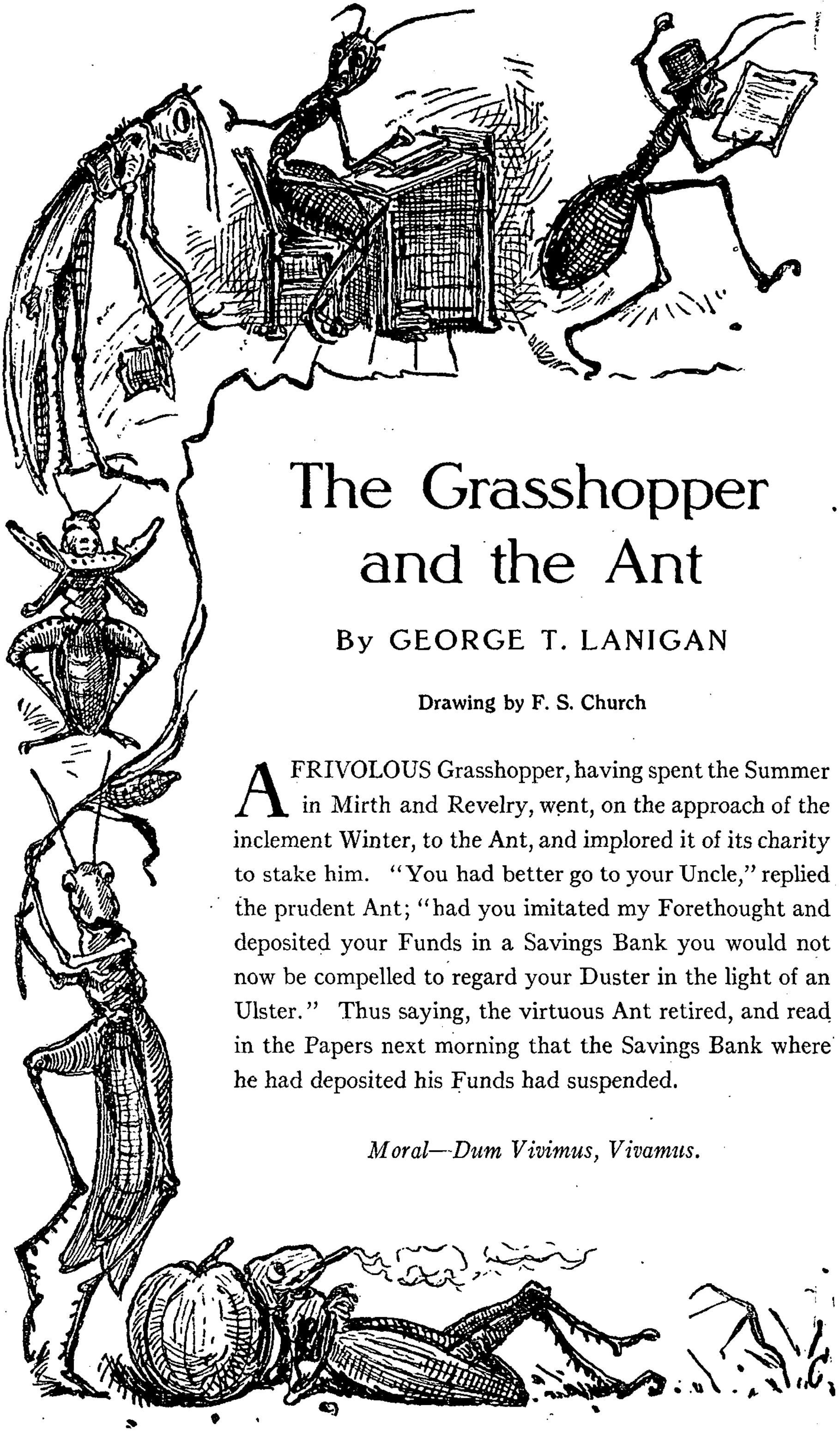


The Grasshopper and the Ant

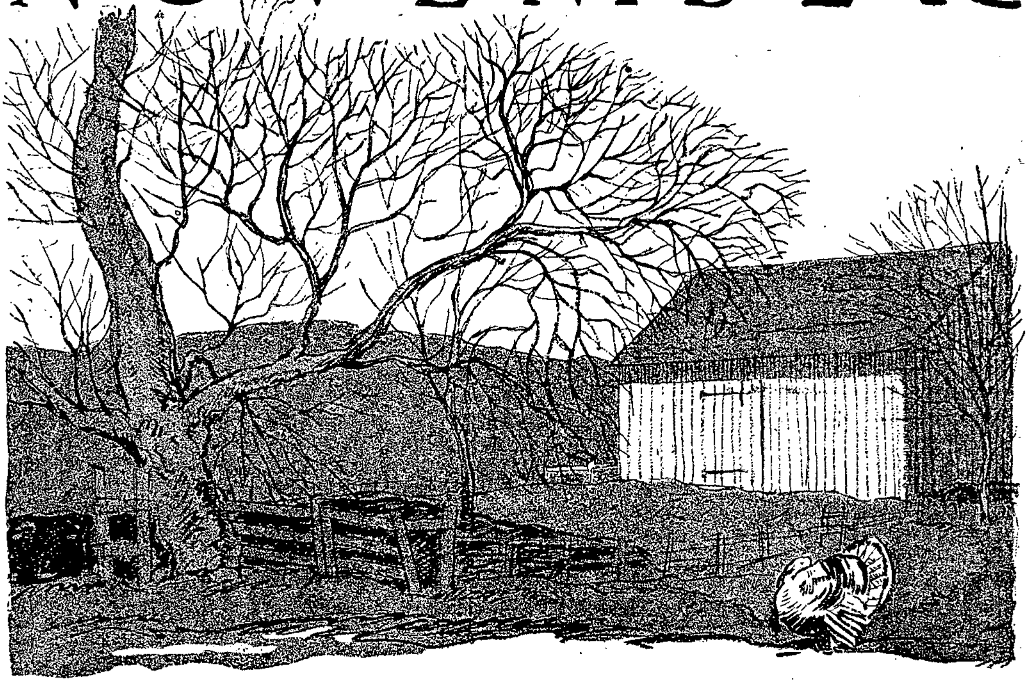
By GEORGE T. LANIGAN

Drawing by F. S. Church

A FRIVOLOUS Grasshopper, having spent the Summer in Mirth and Revelry, went, on the approach of the inclement Winter, to the Ant, and implored it of its charity to stake him. "You had better go to your Uncle," replied the prudent Ant; "had you imitated my Forethought and deposited your Funds in a Savings Bank you would not now be compelled to regard your Duster in the light of an Ulster." Thus saying, the virtuous Ant retired, and read in the Papers next morning that the Savings Bank where he had deposited his Funds had suspended.

Moral—Dum Vivimus, Vivamus.

NOVEMBER



A Creole Journal

By LAFCADIO HEARN

I *READ to you of my journal-book—how he do:*

Jan. 1—Mon cher, lend to me one little affaire of ten dollaire, and I pay de 1st, wit good intress. Ah! you be good friend. I be possess of money; but for now I have of de expenses large.

Feb. 1—Mon ami, I much sorry for dat I not can you pay to-day; but soon I you pay wit grand intress. One mus' not ever angry himself for ten dollaire.

March 1—Mon bonhomme, I not can you pay, not wen as I have of money. You be too much of impatient. I much sorry for dat I ever ask of you money.

April 1—Monsieur, I not have ever suppose dat you like more one miserable ten dollaire as my friendship. I not ever more ask of you one faveur. I not like you speak me so.

May 1—For wat you lend me money like one Imbecile? I more like owe one tousand dollaire as ten—for dat I more be respected. I be tramped upon for dat I owe one dirty ten dollaire. You be pay some one day.

June 1—You are one Insolent! If suppose for dat I do owe to you one miserable dollaire! Is it dat you are one beggar and have of hunger, for dat am I to be ask all time? You take me as one Imbecile? Not have I tell you I pay wen I can? I not will myself suffer more to be insult for one dirty dollaire.

July 1—To-morrow I can you pay. I hope to ask dat you do me one little faveur—to ask dat friend to you dat he give me one place like collecteur or secretaire.

August 1—I not pay until wen I can one place obtain.

September 1—I not pay until wen sugar come in de market.

December 1—I not pay ever at all. I not you noting owe. I not suffer dat I be eternal ask for money. I not speak you not more. Go to devvel for you ten dollaire, for dat I not slap you de visage.

1 Chilly Dovebber with his boading blast
Dow cubs add strips the beddow add the lawd,
Eved October's suddy days are past—
Add Subber's gaw'd. ANON.

2 (Lord's Day.) Lay long with pleasure talking with my wife, in whom I never had greater content, blessed be God! than now, she continuing with the same care and thrift and innocence, so long as I keep her from occasions of being otherwise, as ever she was in her life, and keeps the house as well. PEPYS.

3 "I shall have to do something, God thinks through action,
And all this show is God's brain, the water, the cloud yonder,
The coast hills, thinking this thing out to conclusion." ROBINSON JEFFERS.

4 What birds are these which have come from the ends of the earth and the ocean, wildgeese of motley neck and wide-spread wing? ALCÆUS.

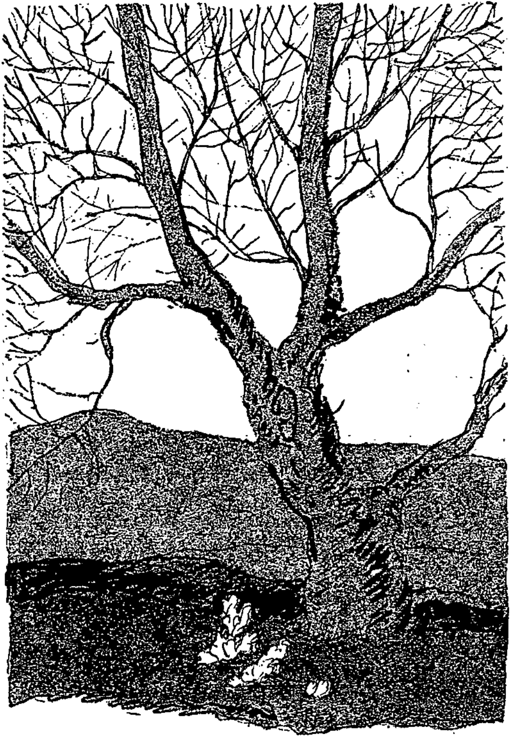
5 I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lovely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn.
HOOD.

6 "Exceedingly well," said I. "Now say, yerani thé sirêir zis." "Yerani thé sirêir zis," said Belle. "Capital!" said I; "you have now said, I love you—love me—ah! would that you would love me!" "And I have said all these things?" said Belle. "Yes," said I; "you have said them in Armenian." BORROW.

7 But I love delicacy, and the bright and the beautiful belong for me to the desire of the sunlight. SAPPHO.

8 Feuds are undoubtedly a great solace to ennui, and in the older times of a hundred years or so ago they seem to have been a mainstay of society. Splendid feuds, thoroughly made, solid and without a crack into which any importunate dove of peace could insert so much as an olive leaf. E. Œ. SOMERVILLE.

9 A wind sets in with the autumn that blows from the region of stories,
Blows with a perfume of songs and of memories beloved as a boy. SWINBURNE.



10 And yet there is no more tempting novelty than this new November. No going to Europe or to another world is to be named with it. . . . Think of the consummate folly of attempting to go away from here. . . . Foolish people think that what they imagine is somewhere else. That stuff is not made in any factory but their own. THOREAU.

11 Silent and alone, I ascended the West Cupola.
The moon was like a golden hook.
In the quiet, empty, inner courtyard, the coolness of early Autumn enveloped the wu-t'ung tree.

Scissors cannot cut this thing;
Unravelled, it joins again and clings.
It is the sorrow of separation,
And none other tastes to the heart like this.
A T'ANG DESCENDANT (AYSCOUGH-LOWELL)

12 "He loves me, I think he loves me with all his heart. To love is easier and more natural for him than for other men. In their lives there is something above them, a faith, habits, or interests. They believe in God, or in duty, or in themselves. He believes only in me. I am his god, his duty, his life." ANATOLE FRANCE.

13 A few incisive mornings,
A few ascetic eves,—
Gone Mr. Bryant's goldenrod,
And Mr. Thomson's sheaves.
Emily Dickinson.

14 The feeling of friendship is like that of being comfortably filled with roast beef; love, like being enlivened with champagne. Samuel Johnson.

15 Married ladies ought to be very careful about shaking hands promiscuously, as it leads to scandal.
Old Etiquette Book.

16 I will go lie down in my house;
For, lo, I am sick with her slights.
My gossips flock in to see me;
Among them comes my love:
She will laugh the doctors to scorn,
For she understands my disease.
An Egyptian Papyrus.

17 Football is a useful and charming exercise. It is a leather ball about as big as one's head, filled with wind. This is kick'd about from one to t'other in the streets, by him that can get at it, and that is all the art of it. Misson (*18th Century*).

18 In the wind one should hew wood, in a breeze row out to sea, in the dark talk with a lass; many are the eyes of day. In a ship voyages are to be made, but a shield is for protection, a sword for striking, a damsel for a kiss. *Elder Edda.*

19 "If I'm ever really in love it will be like Mary, Queen of Scots, who said of her Bothwell that she could follow him round the world in her nighty."
Barrie.

20 I do not know whether the Men who go to and fro, who swiftly gather Riches in both Hemispheres, have ever understood the Explanation of the true Conditions of worldly things.
Omar Khayyam
(Nicolas-Corvo).

21 "The honourable gentleman (Curran) says he is the guardian of his own honour. Yet on other occasions I have heard him boast that he was an enemy of sinecures." Sir Boyle Roche.

22 The Pilgrims landed, worthy men,
And, saved from wreck on raging seas,
They fell upon their knees, and then
Upon the Aborigines. Guiterman.

23 Egnatius, because he has white teeth, is everlastingly smiling. If men come to the prisoner's bench, when the counsel for the defense is making every one cry, he smiles: if they are mourning at the funeral of a dear son, when the bereaved mother is weeping for her only boy, he smiles: whatever it is, wherever he is, whatever he is doing, he smiles: it is a malady he has, neither an elegant one, as I think, nor in good taste.
Catullus (Cornish).

24 I could no greater sorrow own
Than live in Paradise alone.
Goethe (Cobb).

25 Occasion hath all her hair on her forehead; when she is past you may not recall her. She hath no back tuft whereby you can lay hold on her, for she is bald on the hinder part of her head, and never returneth again. Rabelais.

26 Let me, therefore, once more recommend to you to walk a little more, at least in your garden, and to amuse yourself occasionally with pulling up here and there a weed, for it will be an inconvenience to you to be much fatter than you are.
Cowper.

27 Fishes pine away for love and wax lean. Gomesius.

28 To live is like to love—all reason is against it, and all healthy instinct for it.
Samuel Butler.

29 Time is the supreme illusion. It is but the inner prism by which we decompose being and life, the mode under which we perceive successively what is simultaneous in idea.
Amiel.

30 I have always loved women and have done my best to make them love me. I have also delighted in good cheer, and I have passionately followed whatever has excited my curiosity.
Casanova.

The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME VI NOVEMBER, 1927 NUMBER 35

The Transit of Gloria Mundy

By CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD

C. B. Fernald

ME FRIEND Clarence O'Shay was not especial for his beauty; but for character—and ’t was the chaplain himself said it—O'Shay would celebrate himself as frequent as not. For once I remember a loud-howling thunder-storm at Norfolk, one night, and me and Clarence setting ashore in Handy Billy's Retreat, when all at once was a soul-splitting broadside of lightning, and Clarence rose up in the middle of his drink, and went outside, saying never a word. And after several minutes I missed his not coming back, and I went out to find him in the pouring rain. And across the street, in a flash that lit up the whole United States, I see little Clarence with his two hands above his head—ahold of a lightning-rod. “What are ye there for, all wet?” says I. “Sure ’t is the divil's own attack of lightning,” says he, gripping the rod like a dying straw; “and I'll take no chance to be hit. For what is the use of them safety devices,” says he, “if no one will use them?” And he never let go, if ye kicked and explained and wept with him till morning. It was then, as in his affair with his heart between him and Miss Mundy, that his character stood out on him like the comb on a cock.

His affair of his heart was up North. Ye can still see the spot, no doubt, like a bear with a patch of its wool off. ’T is on a mountain-side four miles or more from Baranoff Castle, to port at the entrance of Silver Bay.

’T was one Sunday, laying at Sitka, and an old man came over the side with a look like the taste of bad medicine. A small pocket church organ was under his arm, and hymn-books, too; and his face all whiskers and hair. He gave a black smile at the crew, as to say, “’T is a foul lot of cattle ye are!” and he went below. They was rapping the ship's bell for services; and young Tommy, the jolliest chaplain that ever shirked his prayers, says he to me: “’T is his own new religion, invented by the

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old man himself; and neither Christian, Mohammedan, Buddhist, nor pagan it is, but a deal of each—all dovetailed. And by Michelangelo," says the chaplain,—'t was before the department sent him his resignation for being such favourites with women, —"by Michelangelo," says he, "the old man's daughter is the handsomest north of Cape Flattery!"

And me and O'Shay disappeared in the wake of the chaplain, and we found on the torpedo-flat the old man unlashing his church organ and shaking out its toes; and there, setting on a hand-pump, we come sudden on his daughter, like the unveiling of a statue. Her eyes was India ink, and her face the dimensions of a plum, with skin like ten dollars in gold.

"'T is half Siwash and half Yankee trader ye are," says I to meself; "and with them eyes ye could nail a common man to his doom." And she set like an elegant firefly in the middle of darkness, till every man present, and likewise the marines, stood mesmerized in his shoes; for she was dressed out all flying with colours, slick as parade. She inspected us freely, and no more scared than a baby; but none would provoke her but Clarence O'Shay, which was the rawest of the company; and a little squat carroty squab he was, with his two running lights blinking like bats.

"Will ye steady the hymn-book?" says the girl, smiling, and pointing plumb at O'Shay. We was all worrying at the fine lines of her, that was like the figure 8; but snicker we must, for Clarence's face dropped open, and his mouth give vent to a smile of dismay.

With that she began disturbing the organ, till it groaned:

Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet has trod?

And the old man bellered out to beat it if he could, with some of the crew bearing a hand, especially at the tail of a verse. And Clarence must crowd the sleeve of the girl to hold quiet the music, though the breeze through the ports was impalpable. In the middle of each verse I see her casting her black eyes at his countenance, which would wink as if dazzled; and I noticed her fancy more pleased with the growly notes beneath O'Shay than them piping ones to leeward.

Next, the old man stood aiming his finger, shouting, "Ye're all black-hearted sinners!" which was the start of the finest sermon I ever hear. "Ye're all black-hearted sinners," he roared, "and your souls wallowing in the luxury of corruption, and every son of ye worm-eaten with the leprosy of Satan!" And with that he bore down on us like the Spanish Armadillo, shouting the catalogue of sins, and calling us blue, black, and red rascals to your heart's content.

But the girl was leaning back in her seat, with Clarence O'Shay and the organ and the howling of the sermon as obsolete as twenty miles away; and her eyes was half closed, thinking to 'emselves, with a bit of anxiety riding her brow, like a flaw on a pool. Till the old man give a shout that spent his wind, and the girl bolted up, observing O'Shay, as I says to meself, with a trifle of female calculation; and she worried the organ to "The Sweet By and By," with newfangled words to it. And him leaning over and hiding the music with his billet of a thumb, and her demure as a dove, but singing it now and again across his face, till I cocked me ears. And at the end I seen her bidding good-bys to him on deck and wringing hands with him. The old man stopped and scowled back at the crew, as to say, "'T is maggots ye are!" Then he pursues her over the side, with his hand-organ.

Clarence O'Shay run up the mast with a spy-glass, and followed the girl over town till she hid herself with the copper-green church. "Hist, man!" says he, making beckons with his hands. "Lay up here." And with us two hanging like parrots aloft, he whispers in me ear.

" 'T is a secret I have to tell ye," says he, "and no one shall know it but me. Ye mind when I leaned forninst her shoulder? She was talking and singing in me ear the while! When it was the first song, says she in the middle of it, singing along with the rest, but her eyes rolled up at the beams like innocent questions:

'*Shall* we gather at the river?'

says she. And several times she sang it that way; and I thought I see her laugh in her sleeve, till I chewed on it when the old man was ventilating his belief. Then it was 'The Sweet By and By,' with all hands going as ye please in the chorus, and she belting the little music-box to beat the band. When every one was crying:

'We shall meet—we shall meet!'

—as best I remember it—bedad, at the same time she was singing with a quarter of a glance past me face:

'*We* shall meet—*we* shall meet!'

Then next all the rest of them let go:

'We shall mee-ee-eet!'

paying it out slow, but hanging on to it; and the old man took it up by its middle, and says as though it was settled:

'We shall *meet*—we shall *meet!*'

—till they all did meet at the end of it, and they says, all heaving together:

'We shall meet on that beautiful shore!'

But, bedad, the girl she let go both eyes at the beams to oncet, and she sings nothing in me ear but:

'Tuesday night on that Injun River shore!'

And at parting says she: 'Ye'll soon forget the words ye heard this morning?' With that she gimme a look with wide eyes, and went overboard. What do ye make of it?" says Clarence.

So I went to Chaplain Tommy, that was smoking his cigar.

"Handsome she is," says he, agreeing, "and deep-running water, too—neither pious nor heathen, but the riddle of the Phenix. Her father with the organ is a bachelor, and it happened by accident. For Gloria was the daughter of Bald Eagle, that ruled near by Chilcat; and then old Mundy was living to himself at Sitka, being a landmark there before the purchase, and coming from where no one knows. A strange man he was, with his will-power stronger than his self-control, and mainly content to be pope and prophet of his own religion, and paddle his canoe, ten days to a cruise. Then along comes a Yankee to Chilcat, and makes a hole in the nest of Bald Eagle; and when Bald Eagle finds it out, he makes a hole in the Yankee, big as the moon. Till Bald Eagle gits word that a sergeant-marine is coming to chase him, and he ups and starts to meet the marine; which the bluebottle, by virtue of having ten mates with him, drops the old Eagle overboard into the tide from his canoe. Then, by a happy disaster," says the chaplain, "along comes old Mundy, nosing to himself through the Straits, and overhauls the empty canoe, that was full of war-truck and a small baby girl. ''T is a special dispensation!' says he, and he named her Gloria; and, as well as ye can raise a pansy to blossom for a lily, he raised the girl. 'For me daughter,' he would say, 'will bring the true religion back to them Injuns, and all over the universe—to the glory of the world,' says he. 'And when I die, all mine is hers, with privilege to marry at thirty, which is soon as women have sense.' For the girl but last year would be running away with a half-breed, and the old man tore the side of the Injun's head with a slug from his shotgun, to the disappearance of him ever since. And some say she mourns him still, and many would sympathize with her, but the old man won't let 'em set foot in the garden."

Then me and O'Shay took verdict of what she had said, and Tuesday evening we went on the road winding back of the town. 'Tis an elegant spot, and damp beneath the trees as a bog; and ye scarce drop your hat but a toadstool hops up there and grows on its brim. 'T was eight o'clock, with the sun in that latitude fifteen degrees in the sky. Six hundred yards from civilization we spied two females, setting with their eyes in the river, as if nothing would happen. And says O'Shay good evening to 'em.

"Eh?" says she—for it was she. "Oh!" says she, overhauling her mind. "It's the same I met on shipboard. How happen ye here?"

"How!" says O'Shay. "Sure, I'm 'gathering on the shore.' For '*we* shall meet,'" says he; "'*we* shall meet!'"

"I don't know what ye mean," says Gloria, looking off as blank as a bowl of milk. "But 't is a pleasant evening here."

"Sure," says O'Shay. "And have the elegance of taking this box of candy, with the pleasure of me compliments."

And I noticed the other girl, that was full Siwash, with a face to beat the rhinoceros, had drawn to one side, leaving the occasion to itself; and I went off behind a tree and smoked me pipe, while Clarence was searching his wits.

"'T is a fine evening, as you was saying," says Gloria, with a trace of a smile, as though he was comic.

"Sure," says O'Shay, a bit lacking for remarks, "and pleasant, too," says he. And for a while I hear him scratching his head.

"Three weeks from now will be full moon," says he, all at once. And then for some time I hear 'em staring at each other.

"Are ye married at home?" says Gloria, by and by. "For men that has wives already should not be giving sweets to the girls."

"Married!" says O'Shay, overdoing himself. "Would I wear a ring in me nose?"

"Every man should be married," says she, stiffening up; "and one that scoffs at it is not usual the best in intentions. I must go, for I notice me brother coming, that would take it hard seeing us. Good-by, Mr. Sailor, and don't speak of this. For me father is that jealous of me as his soul," says she, with disgust in her voice, "and me kept penned away like a sacrifice, and me own house a stranger to even me brother. The first clear coast I ever had was next Friday, when me father is witness at court. Don't say that I noticed a stranger, though me father's hard heart be me ample excuse. Good-by," says she; "and a better respect for women come to ye soon; for maybe till then I won't expect to see ye."

And with that she skipped off to the other girl, twice as light as ye'd think for the strength of her build. Soon she come past with the one she says was her brother. And the Injun, that was a broad-shouldered buck with hands like an oiler's, and nifty-looking, save the scar on his cheek, would stare at O'Shay till little Clarence was hurting to reach up and biff him. We walked back, sifting the conversation, till I says to O'Shay, bedad, that the girl was defending marriage to him, and to see her next Friday. And Clarence says that if it was marrying, why, he had nothing to lose by it; which was true, for he had nothing belonging to him but his pipe and his next month's pay.

"'T is an elegant creature it is!" says Clarence to himself. And he spoke the same in his sleep from his hammick. And all the next day he had absence of his mind, till I kept telling him he was in love; and Clarence would ask was he, sure? And it tickled him like a young mother. On Friday forenoon he give his head to the barber to fix it for the lady of his choice—till he looked like the light-weight champion.

"I dreamt of a cottage home, all crowded with victuals and beer," says he, smelling of bay-rum to drive ye to drink. "And I'll leave the navy when married; for, with that face asking it, she could git me a job as police."

Then we off to Gloria's house, and I waited in the garden, thinking with me pipe, and asking meself what a fine-flavoured lass like Miss Mundy would want with a squab like O'Shay. Till I seen coming the Injun with the scar, and give warning, and none too soon; for the Injun found Clarence exuding from the house, and would be staring in Clarence's eye that hard that Clarence believed it his duty to do him up since sooner or later a fight must be, the Injun being his brother-in-law. But Gloria whispered the Injun inside, and she blushed till I says to meself it was not her brother at all, but was the same that would carry her off last year. But what Clarence told going shipwards took it from me mind.

"'T is an elegant creature it is!" says he; "and her name will be Mrs. O'Shay. When I knocked she was playing the organ for 'Pat-says-he-what-says-he-where's-me-old-hat-says-he'—till me feet near run off in a jig; but when she heard the knock, and the rhinoceros-faced Siwash girl opened the door, she dissolved to the hymn called 'Revive us oncet more,' as though a mistake had been made. 'Oh, 't is but you!' says Gloria, all setting in the latest millinery. 'I supposed 't was me father come to blow me up,' says she, 'for I thought I'd seen the last of *you*.' 'T is me,' says I; 'and you not married yet?' 'Not yet,' says she, laughing, and playing the jig; 'for it needs a brave man; one,' says she, 'that can paddle his canoe by night, and not afraid of me father with his gun.' ''T is me that's not,' says I; 'and name your time.' And with that she hit a few sounds, and stopped short. 'Will ye take me to Silver Bay by midnight,' says she, as if struck by a big idea, 'and fetch me the chaplain of the ship, with his book, to marry me?' 'I will!' says I. And with that we began to talk; and she says how she knowed 't was the man for the purpose the first time she seen me."

Then I spoke to the chaplain for 'em.

"What!" says he. "Her marry an ass like O'Shay! Ye 're a badly implausible man, Sudd Lannigan; and a loose-fitting tailor to the truth ye are!"

"Upon me heart, sir," says I, bowing, "'t is so."

"Then," says Tommy, pleased at the chance, "I'll go talk to her."

And with considerable waylaying I negotiated 'em together that evening, with the chaplain rigged out in his shore clothes, with his collar that high that his toes would scarce touch the ground. But Miss Gloria was timorous, and she would not speak the name of O'Shay, gazing at the ground till ye thought she was six years old, and saying that yes, her choice had been made.

"And most uncommon sudden," says the chaplain; "and a bad sign for happiness. And your father will disinherit ye."

"Let him do it!" says she, flaring up as though ye had scratched a match. "Let him do it, and give his money to save the Chinese! Do ye think I'll live me life like this? I'm nothing but a nun,—the whole town knows it,—and his house nothing but a convent," says she, "and him a keeper that won't lemme say me soul's me own. I can't go walk with a girl but he says 't is improper. If 't was no hope of better, I'd drownd meself in the sea! What chance for a human life have I, with praying from morning till night, in words all guttural to me, and only hymns on the organ to please him, and pretending to fast for the good of me soul? What is his heathens to me—why, as good as him! And better than me, that is neither one nor the other, but just a young girl that would wish oncet a while to laugh on Saturday night, and have gentlemen friends, and dance a bit, and be like the young ladies below in the States. I'll leave him and his money, if it breaks his hard old pagan heart; and ye can marry me or not, and ye can tell on me or not," says she, sobbing on her sleeve; "but I'll git away—if I have to swim to Juneau; and if no preacher is there, so be it, and the divil have me; for I'll never sing another hymn nor hear a sermon as long as I live, nor give a cent to the poor!"

And with this the chaplain took to comforting her hands, which was his favourite trick, with me looking north and south in me shame. And I seen Gloria peeping at him from the corner of her eyes.

"'T is not for me to say who ye shall marry," says Tommy; "but I warn ye that a common sailorman, and one of such parts as this Clarence O'Shay, is a bad handle to your natural advantages, which is sure to attract to ye men of brains and good luck. Me conscience tells me to warn ye; but if ye think no better of it, then count on me to marry ye to who ye shall choose; though I'll be no party to your comings and goings till the minute of the ceremony."

And we come away, with the chaplain moaning to himself and gesticulating of pigs and pearls. On the pier was the Injun with the scar, talking with Clarence as easy as ye like. "'T is a decent young man, after all," says O'Shay; "for he says howdy-do, and he says 't was all a mistake, his evil eye. 'T was only I look like the man that stole his watch." And the Injun smiled and give us a chew of his plug. 'T was plain to see that he was the same that was shot with the slug, and ye liked him for it. I didn't know then that the Injun was just back from Juneau, and flying only by night, so that the old man would n't suspect him.

I fixed up the chaplain, and then I must take me safety in me hands to arrange with Gloria her escapade from the house.

"Have care for your life in this place by night," says she, leaning over the fence; "for his mind is portending disasters, and his temper standing on end. Oncet I am married, and some one pursues me, me husband can shoot him, in the eye of the law. But if me father with his gun should catch us leaving, 't is somebody killed."

"Git out!" roars old Mundy, coming to the door. "Come into the house, ye adventurous girl; and ye need n't eat till morning!"

And I went off without cursing him, which I lay it to me credit.

'T was by such that at eleven o'clock one night me and O'Shay rowed around from the Ranch, and past the castle, creeping along the beach to the Mission end of the town. The sun was two hours down, and the twilight gone chasing it till 't was near as dark as would be. And shortly we crawled in our socks through the garden, and set like frogs beneath the old man's window, waiting for the tune of his snore. At the sound of it, Gloria says never a word, but she looks out from the second story, all wrapped in a cloak; and asking no persuasion, and silent as a spider, she slides down the dark on a clothes-line.

The rhinoceros girl must go, too, says she, stubborn as women can be; but the rhinoceros took the cold sweats, and never mind your cross-explanations, she'd not offer herself to the air. Till Clarence shinned up the rope and lowered her down with a barrel hitch, kicking and puffing, and falling into me arms with a yell. And old Mundy rolled from his bed with a shout, and we put for the beach, the whole cavalcade, with Gloria in the lead, goading the rhinoceros, and little Clarence jumping the fence. And we scarce had shoved off when I see the old man, half dressed in a sheet, running for the shore like a frozen spirit, with howling to shake the hills.

"He 'll git his gun and his canoe—'t is a fast one!" says Gloria, standing up straight in the bow; and ye could see nothing but outlines of her, like a statue in the dark. "He 'd better stay at home!" says she; and that she was the same that had wept with the chaplain ye would n't believe.

We watched the old man galloping for his canoe; but in a minute he stopped like his wits was pulled. For a stranger had rose from the canoe and paddled away with it; and, as now I know, 't was the Injun with the scar.

"Ye 're dom'd forever!" shouts the old man, roaring after us with his rage.

And says Gloria: "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Ye have n't your gun, and ye can't spoil me life any more!"

"True for ye," says O'Shay, exerting himself with his oar. "But who the divil is this stealing your father's canoe?"

"'T is the sweetest angel on earth that did it!" says Gloria, loud for a thousand yards, and hugging herself for joy. 'T was the first word she had spoke to O'Shay, and that she'd not noticed him more I took for maidenly fear.

"So it is, me darling," says O'Shay, calling attention to himself, that was by the shortness of his length but a fragment beside her.

"Ye need n't call me your darling," says Gloria, turning on him and drawing away her skirts. "And mind ye don't do it again."

Such that Clarence got mad, and muttered to himself he would call her what he dom pleased when the knot was tied. And I give meself thanks for me freedom from women. We seen the stranger in Mundy's canoe absorbed in the gloom, with Gloria spoiling our trim to watch him. Then the night was on a center, and ye just made out the lines of the mountains, with the lights of the town dropping out as we put it astern. And me and O'Shay rowed along sulky; for she set to herself like a captain, cooking her own designs; and the pleasant picnic me and O'Shay would have made of it soured before it was born.

"Why don't ye go faster?" says Gloria, in a while, as though we was hired, and she at the end of impatience. "Don't ye know he'll chase ye?"

But we mumbles we could take care of him. We was first headed seaward; but back of an island we altered our course, with Sitka disappearing, and a new colour of darkness forestalling the morning. The face of the girl was taking shape, and I seen it all mingled with gladness and gloom, like the balance of an April day. And she fidgets and sighs like a tree before rain.

"Did the chaplain promise ye sure he would come?" says she, a bit sharp. "Don't say ye made a mistake! For I'll never go back, if I lose me soul! I hope the old man's heart will dry and crack with the wind of his prayers," says she—or such words. "I hope he will live to die of second childhood, maltreated like me. 'T is been the same since five year old, when he would n't lemme git a doll at the Mission Christmas tree, for fear of me changing belief. What's that?"

'T was the ping of a bullet, with the bang of a rifle, coming from some direction in the gloom—'t was hard to tell where. The rhinoceros give a snort.

"Lay down in the bottom, all of ye!" says Gloria, jumping over the thwarts till she grabbed my oar. We heard another shot. "Lay down," says she, "and let me row; and when he sees me, maybe he'll stop."

I muttered a swear, and I says did she think we was dough?

"For'ard with ye, and take cover!" says I.

"Yes," says Clarence; "all hands take cover but me; for the funeral is mine, and bedad, I'll steer it."

"I'll do no such thing," says Gloria, ducking at the sound of another shot.

"I 'll stay where I am," says I.

"Ye 'll take orders!" says Clarence, firing up. "Is this your wedding procession, or is it mine, ye pig-headed spider!" says he, putting his thumb up at me.

"It 's mine," says Gloria; "and suppose he would kill the both of ye, how could I repay ye? For I warn ye, ye'll not be half rewarded for escaping me from me father," says she, pushing and hauling with us. I thought the boat would capsize and us drownd, with our expostulations, till we noticed the old man had ceased firing. The bullets had been plunked at random, with the hopes of finding us out; but he had lost our trail by the misleading of our voices.

"Good!" says Gloria. "Brave and honest ye are, Sudd Lannigan; and don't take hard of me words. 'T is life and death, and me locked in me room since yesterday, and not a bite. For he says the evil spirit must starve in me flesh. Many 's the day I've spent likewise, till I'd crawl downstairs and steal food in the night to keep from freezing. So don't take it hard. Sure," says she then, calming her voice, "if I was rich I 'd pay the two of ye handsome."

Even O'Shay understood that such talk to the man ye elope with is something ye can't understand; and Clarence blowed loud on his nose with the elegant plaid pocket-handkerchief which consisted of his trousseau; but the sound of it passed by her ears.

"For I never had nothing of me own," she goes on, "not even a rag doll. He says I was chose for a mission, and me life belonging to God, that sent him to save me.

I'd prefer to have died! And will the chaplain sure find the place?" says she.

'T was gitting daylight, and them eyes of hers showing from the pale of her cheek. We was off in the wilderness, crowded by mountains thick wooded with trees to the swash of the tide; and I see a clear coast behind. The landing-place Gloria would fix for herself, and the stopping-place, halfway up a hill, where she says we would see the launch when it come. She says she was cold; and we lighted a fire, both growling inside at her way; for she seemed to consider me and O'Shay, if at all, as but beasts. She had no remarks, but was watching the wind, and would throw weeds to the flames till the smoke curled away like running to tell where we was; and all the time she would be hurrying to look for the chaplain, though we told her the steam-launch would bring him, and blow on its whistle. Me and O'Shay set drinking perfumery, the whisky of civilization being barred to the Territory by law; and Gloria would not participate, saying such things was the curse of mankind. "'T is still an elegant creature it is," says O'Shay, apologizing for her, "though a bit unusual. But most of them women," says he, fanning himself to look undisturbed, "is all alike." And he would gaze offhand at her, looking blank as if 't was nothing at all, yet with Gloria now and then stumbling over him and turning to find what it was. Till finally Clarence's face give it up, and he set beating the ground with his fist. And for me, I mumbled it was a ladies' pleasure-party him and me was flunkies to. Then she see our distemper; and with that she threw back her head, with her hands on her hips, and discovered her teeth with smiles.

"I thought it the custom of gentlemen sailors to drink to the health of the ladies present," says she; "and here ye are, like pigs in the trough!"

"Then here's to the health of Miss Gloria Mundy," says I; "and may the corners of your mouth always point to the sky."

"And never regret that ye rose to be Mrs. O'Shay," says Clarence, swelling his chest.

By her advice, we drank to the rhinoceros, though more for the sake of the drink; and then to the chaplain; and then to the man that stole Father Mundy's canoe—which I didn't know then was the Injun with the scar.

"For he 's ten times the best of any of ye," says Gloria, singing it as though our liquor had gone to her head.

The time begun going fast, and the sun painting the sky; and the perfumery sent up Clarence's spirits till he says, after all, 't was an elegant lass she was. She stood high on the mound behind the fire, with her black hair loose and flying in her face, and her nose as straight as a rule; and she laughed with excitement, with the smoke flaunting up between us and her, till your heart flapped with admiration.

"Long life to me Mrs. O'Shay!" shouts little Clarence, exulting over her like an apple on a bough; and he could stand it no longer, but ups and afters her, calling, "A kiss to sweeten me drink, me darling!"

But just then we heard the smashing of bushes; and here, in the crack of a thumb, we seen appearing, first the Injun with the scar, with a rope tied round his neck, ready for hanging; then old Mundy himself, in his shirt, trousers, and beard, holding the end of the rope, and prodding the Injun in the rear with a rifle. The rhinoceros lit out for the woods.

"Ye *will* kidnap me daughter, ye brace of man-thieves!" says the old man, with the rifle resting on his arm and pointing at the group of us. "Ye *will* combine to marry her to a sneaking aboriginee like this I have on the end of a string!" says he. "God would forgive me for shooting him now."

"You leave him alone!" says Gloria, making a rush for the weapon, and turning it off. "I'm done with your wild dervish tactics," says she. "If it's shooting, shoot me."

"Off, ye lost angel!" cries old Mundy. "There's not one of ye fit to live. The divil has one and all of ye, and I would do the service of God if I blowed ye all back to Satan in a heap."

Me and O'Shay made a grab, and twisted his firearms away from him, him frothing at the mouth with rage. In the midst of it we heard the whistle of the steam-launch, that had gone by without our knowing, and stopped a short way beyond. We seen the Injun and Gloria running off together up the trail.

"Head 'em off!" shouts the old man. "They 're gone to elope with each other."

"Divil a bit," says O'Shay. "'T is me that your daughter has came here to marry; and ye can ram that information hard down the bowl of your pipe."

"You—ye little red Irish flea!" says the old man—or such words. "Then what for do the two of 'em chase off holding each other's hands?"

Then I seen what was the explanation of Gloria for all of our time in the boat.

"Ye can give it up, little man," says I, laying me hand on Clarence's shoulder. "She's put up the job to marry the Injun, and you nothing but the baboon's paw to draw the old man's fire."

But ye might as well explain to his thick little skull as a stone.

"Avast!" he bawls. "I 'll chase her till me feet wears off me stumps!"—shaking his fist at her; and he put off up the mountain-side, with his two little bandy legs twinkling like spokes of a wheel, and me and old Mundy pursuing the rear. The trail led up around a spur and down the other flank, to meet the steam-launch. Away went the five of us, leaping like hare and hounds at a hurdle-race, with Gloria leading the line up the steep, and skipping like air over trees and boulders, and wearing as I remember to this day, brown stockings on her feet.

"Come here!" yells Clarence, his voice smelling loud with perfumery. "For I 'll chase ye till the hairs of me head is as missing as an egg!"

But never a word says Gloria, running like a chammy, and her face white with fear. I seen her throw up her chin and shut her teeth, then draw away like a winner, with the Injun behind her, still dragging the rope from his neck. We come where the trail split and joined further on; and Gloria took the long of it, fearing the short of it, that led by the edge of a sharp decline. She disappeared around the bend, and the ground give way beneath our feet, and the three of us stopped and grabbed each other. At the same time I suddenly see ten thousand cataclysms of brown stockings exploding in the air. I found meself hurling through space, handhold of old Mundy's beard, and with total disregard to the laws of gravitation.

When I returned to meself, it was laying on me back, afraid to more than half open me eyes for fear the jar of it would bring down the rest of the mountain. The fresh dirt was commingling with me face and insides, and all around I heard the light swash of the ripples of the bay, which laid lapping me feet, with a bald eagle looking down at me from a tree-top with its eye.

Then I heard a trembling voice behind me. 'T was old Mundy praying, with a bloody nose. The Lord had seen fit to spare his own half-sinful life, says he, while at the same time executing judgment on the two rascally villains that laid dead beside him. But he says he hoped the Lord would have mercy on our souls; for he would n't enter no complaints if we was spared from a hot hereafter and let wander in space, groaning over our misdeeds. He begun mumbling out of a prayer-book the service for dead souls, winding up with: "O Lord, forgive them their transgressions. Amen!"

In the middle of it I set up and looked for little Clarence. I seen him like a log at the water's edge, with the rising tide spattering his face, that was gray as a fistful of putty.

"Ye brass old Cogswell image!" says I. "What do ye sit there for, with a man drownding to death behind your back?"

I stooped over to haul little Clarence up and empty the water from him. Old Mundy jumped out of his skin, and landed on me back.

"'T is you—you that connived this conspiracy, ye white-headed sepulcher!" says he. "Take that, and that, and that, ye Satan!" says he. And he hammered me with his prayer-book till it went to pieces and filled the air that full of beseeches as a church chimney. The profanity of it lost me me temper, and I bucked him into the water, where he sizzled for a second like a live coal.

"Come to, Clarence, me boy!" says I, shaking him, and glad at the colour of life that showed in his face.

"Is the ceremony over?" says Clarence, with his eyes shut.

"'T was no ceremony," says I. "'T was a landslide."

"And me wife?" says Clarence, a bit confused.

"Begad," says I, "your wife has gone to her wedding."

The launch come panting around the point.

"Have ye seen Miss Gloria Mundy, sir?" says I.

"I just married her to the Injun with the scar," says the chaplain. "And good luck 't was not your drunken O'Shay. Dear me, what 's the matter of him?"

We all looked off at a sail-boat scudding with the Injun and the rhinoceros and Gloria. Old Mundy sent up a howl.

"She that I bred to save souls!" says he.

"And two pints of perfumery smashed in me breeches!" says O'Shay, mumbling.

And says the chaplain, with a smile: "Sick transit, Gloria Mundy!"

"I wish her the same," says I to meself; "for she did n't treat Clarence square."

Chartres—By PERCEVAL GIBBON

Perceval Gibbon

ON THE flank of a hill above Old Shoreham the great gray house of Chartres looks south to the Channel, and at its feet the meek river Adur comes, defeated, from the Sussex downs. Quiet vistas are all about it—mild shoulders of hill, tame patches of wood, and venerable farms, a countryside of patience, enduring and indomitable. Gray and patient, too, is Colonel Tilney Wesson—Uncle Tilly of the old days—who rules deftly at the great house as the deputy of its master, keeping the servants supple, the stable ordered, and the land well stewarded, till he shall have done with his affairs in Africa and return to his own place.

Uncle Tilly belongs to a dead age, to the end of that era when officers of the army wore their uniforms about the streets, and were proud of the figure they cut in their braid and frogs. No gentler old man walks the roads of Sussex. Shoreham touches its hat to him familiarly when he passes the ferry, head up and shoulders set back, the white mustache waxed as was the fashion in the regiment, for they know him as a "swell," a gentleman of correct taste and good name, who has for everybody the right and civil word. He wears, in the country, tweeds of a large check and a sportive cut, and somehow they do not at all detract from the Colonel's unconscious dignity, that sense of form and conduct which carried him through life with never a fall. Good humour, good grammar, and a good tailor are his reserves; with these behind him, he waits very complacently for the master of Chartres to relieve him of his post.

It was a sour day when he was summoned to Chartres. Colonel Wesson was at his club, the soundest and dullest service club in London, waiting with others of his kind for the ampler evening papers. Already at noon, news of a sort had come in. These were the autumn days following the taking of Pretoria, when the army was bushwhacking in tiny brigades and lean columns all over the stubborn Transvaal. The early cables spoke of a fight to the north of the railway by Waterfall Onder, a sharp and desperate struggle in which the British force had suffered heavily. A gun had been lost, it was stated, but as yet there were no names. In the smoking room of the club there were a dozen or so of old soldiers, whose sons or nephews were at work in that part of the world; one terrible old man had a grandson there.

"Wonder who's been chucking guns away this time," remarked this veteran, secure in the knowledge that the youth who bore his name was a Hussar.

There was a pause. "We're in the line, at any rate," replied a Crimean general with satisfaction. Others reported to the same effect. Old Colonel Wesson cleared his throat.

"My nephew's a gunner," he said.

"Ah!" The grandfather turned a cloudy eye on him. "Horse?" he asked.

"Field," replied the Colonel gravely.

"H'm!" the veteran grunted suspiciously; several of them looked curiously at the Colonel, but he sat unmoved. He had to wait for news, of course, but he was not really anxious. His nephew was not the gun-losing kind.

The papers had not yet come when the page came into the smoking room with a telegram on a salver. He brought it over to Colonel Wesson at once. The Colonel opened it, with a dozen eyes on him, read it, and rose to his feet.

"Got to go," he said. "Boy, call me a hansom."

The grandfather of the Hussar scowled at him.

"Hang it all, Wesson," he said, explosively, "this isn't a time for delicacy. Have you got any news there? If you have, read it and be done with it. We're all in this."

Colonel Wesson smiled and spread the telegram out again.

"It's not exactly news," he said. "But it suggests there may be news. It's from Jack Chartres—my brother-in-law, you know. The gunner chap's his son."

"Well?"

"Well, it says simply: 'Come down at once. Catch 4.50. Don't fail.' Looks as if he'd heard something, eh?"

"Hope it's all right, you know, an' all that," said the grandfather, grudgingly. "Remember me to Jack."

"I will," said the Colonel, and went to his cab.

It took some time to drive to his rooms, secure a kit bag of necessaries, and go on to Victoria. As it was, he caught his train with no margin. It was on the point of moving as he scrambled into his carriage and thrust a coin to the porter. Farther down the platform a newsboy was calling his papers; Colonel Wesson leaned from the window as the train gathered way and shouted to him.

"Evening papers," he cried. "Any of 'em. Quick!" He brandished a half crown and the boy became energetic. It was a close thing, but they managed it. The Colonel tossed the half crown into the basket; the boy, galloping alongside the train, bundled his papers together and took aim. They caught the Colonel full in the face; he sat down with a lapful of them.

He adjusted his monocle and unfolded the first of them. The headlines barked from the page: "British Disaster; Defeat at Swartdaal; List of Casualties." The Colonel's pulse quickened a little as he settled down to read the ten inches or so of bald prose that preceded the long list of killed and wounded. It told, very formally, for Our Special Correspondent had been beaten by the Agencies, of a surprise at dawn, a silent commando ringing an unsuspicious camp and overwhelming it at a chosen moment. A paragraph related tersely how the little force had stood under a devastating fire, how an artillery officer had drawn out a gun and opened fire at point-blank range on the ridge from which the Boers commanded the camp. And the gun had been taken. They had got away with it. And that was all.

The Colonel folded the sheet the more conveniently to read the lists that followed. Seven officers had been killed; some of them he knew; but the name for which he looked was not among them. Nor was it among the names of the wounded. But there was yet another heading. The print was blurred before his eyes as he read it. "Missing: Lieutenant John Chartres, R.F.A."

There were other names of the missing, an unwontedly long list. But the Colonel did not read them. Other men's nephews were no concern of his just then.

It was dark when he reached Chartres; the long front of the house was punctured here and there by lighted windows, and he was awaited in the hall. The grave butler received him deferentially.

"Sir John's gone to his room, sir. He desires to be excused till dinner."

He possessed himself of the Colonel's bag.

"The old room, sir," he said, and led the way up the wide staircase. He installed the guest of the house in the great low-ceilinged chamber that overlooked the trim lawns. At the door, when all was done, he paused.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he said; "is there any news of Mr. John?"

"Very little," said the Colonel, "very little, indeed, Mallow. The evening papers report him missing, but, well—that may mean anything; has Sir John heard?";

"I believe so, sir," replied the man; "all telegrams are wired on here. A few arrived to-day, sir. Thank you, sir."

The Colonel made his toilet pensively. It was the custom of his brother-in-law to send for him at all seasons of emergency, and generally he came. Sir John had been a widower for close on twenty years, and had never accustomed himself to be alone. The help he required of Colonel Wesson was commonly nothing to tax talents or energies; he merely wanted a familiar figure by him to assist in taking things easily and to set an example, as it were, of opposing a worldly front to worldly vicissitudes. When at length Colonel Wesson went down, Sir John met him in the garden room that gave on the terrace.

"Ah, Tilney!" said Sir John. "Feeling fit, eh? Seen the news, I suppose?"

"Got a paper at Victoria," replied the Colonel, easily. He always affected a jovial lightness of manner in the face of Sir John's troubles. The old baronet watched him with weak, appealing eyes.

"Yes," went on the Colonel, taking a chair with discrimination. "Yes, it seems to have been a brisk little business. Gad, Jack, what a thing it is to be young!"

"The telegram says he's missing," said the baronet. He spoke as though he were laying a problem before the Colonel.

"Rotten way of putting it, isn't it?" said Colonel Wesson. "Means they grabbed him along with the gun, I suppose. Jack, that boy's got brains. He's learnt something."

"What d'you mean?" demanded Sir John. "Learnt how to lose guns, eh?"

Colonel Wesson smiled frankly. "That's it," he said, "that's pre-cisely it. Shoved it at 'em; kept it spouting till the others could stand to their horses; probably saved the lot at the cost of one gun. A devilish smart bit of work, I call it."

The old baronet stared at him with parted lips.

"Then," he said, weakly, "then it isn't—er——"

"A regrettable incident?" suggested the Colonel. "Not a bit of it. As like as not he'll pick up a D.S.O. over it."

The baronet gulped and smoothed the back of his head with his hand. He was a little dazed for the while; he had never been flexible in mental processes.

"Well, well," he said, at length, very thoughtfully. "Let's hope they don't send him back without his breeches."

In this manner Colonel Wesson began his sojourn at Chartres which is not yet at an end. For as the days went by, the baronet's need of him became greater, like an appetite that grows with feeding, till he alone withheld the old man from utter despair. Ampler news of the fight duly arrived, the full story of the man in command and the warm tales of the war correspondents. It settled down into a finished episode, with its fit perspective; and as it took shape in the public mind the part taken in it by Lieutenant John Chartres of the Field Artillery was seen to be a worthy one. He had whooped his men up and hauled out the gun by hand, staying by it and firing to the very end. Not he alone, but all the gunners with him were missing. There was praise for all of them, but no word of the whereabouts of any of them. They had vanished as completely as their gun.

"They—er—they wouldn't shoot 'em, I suppose?" demanded old Sir John from time to time. "Wouldn't do that, eh, Tilney?"

"Good Lord, no," the Colonel never failed to reply. "You've got the queerest ideas, Jack. These chaps aren't savages. Very decent fellows, by all accounts. Shoot 'em, indeed!"

But he was puzzled himself. All over South Africa the Boer commanders were releasing prisoners within a few hours of their capture. They had nowhere to keep them and no food to spare for them. There was no reason to think that the general who had captured the gun and its gunners was better off than any of the others in this respect. He was a brilliant leader, the most agile of guerrillas, but he had to keep moving. The War Office was stormed to request the Commander in Chief to cause inquiries to be made, but nothing new was elicited. Day by day the old baronet became more helpless and more dependent on the Colonel for his fund of optimism; and daily the Colonel put a heavier tax on his ingenuity to invent reasons for refusing to think that any harm had come to the youth.

In the warm days of the spring, six months after the day of the fight, now almost forgotten, the baronet delivered himself of a new requirement. They were sitting together on the terrace, the Colonel dapper in his tweeds and white hat, Sir John supine in a long chair and swaddled in rugs. He looked very frail as he watched the westering of the sun over the flats of the river, very forlorn and helpless. His gray shaven face with the afternoon light upon it was very like a child's.

"Tilney," he said, suddenly. "That boy of mine—I hope I'll see him again."

"My dear Jack, of course you will," replied the Colonel, placidly, but with a quick look round at the old man's face.

The baronet smiled, slowly. "You don't know everything, you know," he said, after a pause.

The Colonel sighed. "That is so," he agreed.

There was silence again for a while.

"But I expect you know more than you'll tell," said Sir John at length. "You know that if he don't come soon I shan't see him. You know that, eh, Tilney?"

"Can't say I do," said the Colonel, carefully. "You're getting mopish, Jack."

The old man smiled again, with his eyes on the radiant west, where the far waters of the Channel were afire with sunset.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I'm coming to my finish, Tilney—coming to the big jump. But that's nothing. I want you to do something."

"All right," said the Colonel. "You're talking bosh, of course. But go on."

"I suppose this war will finish some day," continued the baronet. He seemed not to have heard the interruption. "Can't go on forever, you know; it would simply ruin the Service. Well, when it does stop, that General Van Zyl will be available. I want you to go out and talk to him. He'll know what's become of Jack if anybody does."

"We might both go," said the Colonel, thoughtfully. "Do you good, Jack."

The placid face on the cushions twisted almost to a sneer.

"I'm afraid I shall be otherwise engaged," said Sir John.

The year grew ripe; the downs and the fields returned to their green; but the distant war abated not at all. In that great house on the hill its echo was a monotone of failing hope and dwindling faith. Men wrought furiously on the parched veldt and died obscurely or splendidly and their tale was but a blurred note in the undertone of tragedy that persisted in the ears of the old baronet. Who shall do credit to the long patience of Colonel Wesson in those dreary months? Sir John weakened before his eyes, but never once did his endurance fail. Dapper, accomplished in social arts, a companionable bachelor, worldly and jovial, not once did the mask slip from him, though the old man must be keyed up almost hourly to the pitch of faith in the life of his son, even while a surer knowledge lived in the serenity of his eyes and the last of his days went by under his hand. Life is the greatest of the arts, and Colonel Wesson was a great artist. To be at close quarters with one's fellow man and never collide is an achievement in itself.

Then, when he had been at Chartres just a year, Sir John died. The old man flickered out quietly during the night. He had needed no help from anyone in his last and greatest undertaking. Colonel Wesson, appointed under the baronet's will to the care of everything, took charge of all arrangements. With due ceremonial they laid the baronet in the earth in the churchyard where eight generations of his ancestors awaited him. His going made so little difference that one might almost have thought the pompous funeral a device to advertise the fact that Sir John Chartres had been and now was not. Possibly that is the original purpose of funeral ceremonies. When it was over, Colonel Wesson drove back to the house and treated himself to a whisky and soda.

"Poor Jack," he said, as he put the glass down. "Poor Jack! He had his innings, but he never scored."

There was before him the pledge he had given to the baronet, to go to South Africa at the end of the war and seek for the boy. Comfortably now, he put the estate in order for his departure, and awaited the day when General Van Zyl should be a fellow subject and accessible to a polite stranger. It was a long time coming; the Boers were tenacious. "Might almost be English," as the Colonel said. But at last it came, and the Colonel packed his bag and took ship.

It was a strange land he came to, a country where all perspectives were awry, and the lawlessness of war had made its deepest marks on men's minds. There were tame wise men of the army, soft and careful of speech, in contrast with feverish and warlike civilians. There were silent, subtle Boers, testing the strength of their new chains and surprised to find them elastic. There were Kaffirs and worse than Kaffirs. Through them Colonel Wesson threaded his way, deft as ever, moving up-country to Bloemfontein to find General Van Zyl. On all sides there were men who knew him and willingly aided him, and he passed up-country unhampered by the regulations that held thousands of anxious refugees fuming at the base. Arrived at Bloemfontein, there was his own corps, his old regiment, in camp, commanded by the sprightly warrior who had been Colonel Wesson's senior subaltern. Hectic hospitalities ensued.

General Van Zyl was not hard to find. Twice the Colonel called at his hotel and he was out; the third time he was at luncheon in the dining-room.

"That little table in the corner, sir," directed the manager. "The stout gentleman."

The famous General looked up as Colonel Wesson approached him, detaching his attention from his food with a quite obvious reluctance. He was even portentously stout, with a big, massive head standing stiff on a short neck, and a thick pointed beard finishing his chin.

"Yes. I am him," he said. "Sit down, Colonel. Sit down and have a drink."

He boomed when he spoke, so that people turned in their chairs to stare.

"Thank you," said the Colonel, "but I won't drink, if you don't mind. I have come from England to see you, sir, and to ask for your help."

"Yes," said the General, eating persistently.

"You remember, no doubt, your—your success at Zwartdaal?" asked the Colonel.

The General spluttered and clutched his napkin.

"Ach, yes; that was very funny," he agreed. "I sneaked a gun at Zwartdaal."

"Quite so," said the Colonel, eagerly. "And the gunners as well. It was about that I wished to question you, if you will allow me. The officer in charge of the gun was Lieutenant John Chartres, my nephew. We have not heard of him since."

"Eh?" The General laid down his knife. "Let me now think."

He stared frowningly across the table at Colonel Wesson, summoning his memory with a visible effort. It was hard to reconcile this plump personality with his achievement, or to trace in his almost torpid ungracefulness the Murat of the campaign. He was the enterprising peasant to the blunt tips of his fingers; yet he had shown himself, for a long series of perilous months, to be a cavalry leader of brilliance and originality.

"Ach!" He grunted. "Yes, now I remember it. Yes!" He laughed again, briefly. "That, too, was very funny. But I let them go. I did not keep them. No!"

"You released them? You are sure?" asked the Colonel.

"Sure! Yes! Man, why would I keep them? *Allemachtig*, I was feeding myself on old mealies and trek oxen; I had bellies enough to feed without prisoners. I let them go next day. But at first they wouldn't go. It was very funny."

The General leaned back in his chair to laugh at the memory. The Colonel watched him gravely.

"I am very anxious to find that boy, sir," he said. "It means a great deal to me. It would be a kindness if you would tell the story to the end."

The General wiped his eyes with his napkin and composed himself.

"Ach, there," he said. "After a war, one laughs at everything. I was forgetting. Well, that young officer, he didn't want to go without his gun. I didn't want his gun. But to give it back to the English, for them to shoot their lyddite at me—that was not war, eh? That was too much. I said to him he could go back. He said there was a time for everything and he would toss me with a sovereign for the gun. That was why I laughed just now. But I was moving east, and I could not trek the gun over those rocks. So one night I left it behind with a feldkornet from Ermelo and twenty burghers, and told them to go north and find a nice kloof to hide it in, and if I wanted it again I could fetch it. He didn't find out that it was gone till next day."

"You mean my nephew didn't?" put in the Colonel, quickly.

"Yes," said the General. "The young officer. He come to me when we halted to make coffee at noon. 'I'm off,' he said. His men were standing behind him. 'Are you going after the gun?' I said. Then he laughed and all his men laughed. 'It would be rather a lark,' he said. 'Good-by, General,' and then he went off with his men.

"We were camping by a piece of kloof," continued the General, and reached for the gear on the table. "Like this—between the dish and the bottle. And I was here by the salt. They went off by the kloof, and then I heard somebody howling, down here in the kloof. Then there was a shot and some of my burghers came running."

He laughed again. "They were very angry, my burghers," he explained, "and they told me with curses. The young man and his Tommy Atkinses had walked through the camp, saying good-by to the burghers, and by and by they came out to where old Oom Coetzee, with his sons and his nephews, were boiling their kettle by the edge of a bit of bush. 'Now, men,' said your lieutenant, 'help yourselves,' and the Tommies fell on the rifles and bandoliers with a laugh, and ran into the bush. It was all done while a man could spit twice, and then they were lost in the thorn trees. It was Oom Coetzee that howled. They jumped up to chase the soldiers, but at once there came a shot out of the bush and drilled a hole through the kettle. Then they ran to me."

This time Colonel Wesson answered his frank laughter with a smile. He was beginning to understand this General. A man who can laugh at himself, be he peasant or soldier, has no limits. He is a sportsman.

"And what did you do?" asked the Colonel.

"Ach, me!" The General shrugged his big shoulders. "I laughed. They were gone from sight through the bush and up into the rocks. They could sit on stones and shoot us one by one as we came. There was nothing to do, so I laughed."

"And you did not see him again?" the Colonel asked. "You did not hear of him again?"

"Never no more," replied the General. "Never of him, nor of the Tommies, nor the gun, nor my feldkornet, nor anything. That was all. But it was very funny!"

The Colonel produced from his breast pocket a folded map of the Transvaal.

"You've been most kind, General," he said, as he spread it out on the table and held a gold pencil hovering over it. "I'll go up to the place itself and see if I can find any traces. So if you'll help me to mark the places on the map, I shall be eternally obliged to you."

"Ach, that is easy. Give me the pencil."

And in a couple of minutes the thing was done.

The winds of dawn have a tooth of cold on the high lands of the northeastern Transvaal, and men who camp in the open wake to a chill and cheerless hour. Colonel Tilney Wesson got into his clothes with haste, under the shelter of a bowlder that poised on the hillside, and stepped forth clad, among his shivering Kaffirs. The little breakfast fires flickered pale; the good smell of burning wood scented the air; and, cold as it was, Colonel Wesson thrust out his chest, breathed deeply, and felt that he was well. The camp was on a spur of hill jutting from the great bare range behind him, whose spires and pinnacles of naked rock stood swart against the morning sky. To the south, it looked forth over a world crumpled abruptly in little ranges, slit as with a sword by precipitous valleys, and tufted here and there with patches of wachteen-beetje thorn. His route had lain across it, with the ultimate mountains, at whose feet he was now camped, ever before him.

He was traveling on the stale track of the gun. It was fully two years since he had sat at the table in Bloemfontein with General Van Zyl and heard his story, the story that made the General laugh. Since then he had never ceased from searching. He knew that young John Chartres and his men had gone in pursuit of the gun. Kaffirs, Boers, prospectors, and others had seen him—two years ago. Once he had even come up with it, and there had been a fight, but the Boers had stood him off and started north with the gun again. At more than one drift, where crackling shale ran down into the stream bed, the Colonel had seen the ruts of its wheels, and in one place, to buoy him up and spur him on, he had found a cartridge case—a regulation fifteen-pounder case. He was in country now where no guide could serve him, the almost virgin wilderness of the northeast, and his path, pointed to him by a dozen indications, lay straight to the great rocky face of the range, up it and over it. He had found no man to tell him what lay the other side. But hope was strong in him, and the traveling afoot, the chances of the trek, and the air had restored to him some of his youth. He was well and strong and an optimist.

He broke camp as soon as breakfast was eaten, and led the way briskly for the ascent. Within half a mile it rose abruptly, and soon they were climbing on all fours over a face of sliding stones held here and there by mean shrubs. It was very slow going; the bearers, roped to their packs, tailed off forthwith and made pauses to lament. Colonel Wesson was too easy a master to stimulate them in the accepted fashion of the country—with the butt of a gun; but he held on steadily and the dread of being left behind and lost kept the Kaffirs labouring after him. Often they had to make wide detours to pass a front of perpendicular rock; and meanwhile the steady sun traveled high into the heavens and the day grew into its full power of relentless heat. All were weary and caked with parching dust long before the noonday halt in a little dip, where a small pool invited them to rest; and still the hill towered over them and its final peaks stood remote as ever.

They were feeding dully about the pool when Colonel Wesson leaped to his feet with a hand uplifted.

"Hark!" he cried, and the startled Kaffirs listened.

Very far away, dim and attenuated, some sound traveled to them from the unknown land beyond the range. It was barely a murmur, but low-pitched, metallic, and echoing.

"Good God!" cried the Colonel; "the gun!"

There was no doubt of it; distant though it was, strewed over miles of air, the sound that jerked him to his feet was the voice of a cannon.

"What the deuce!" cried the Colonel to the uncomprehending Kaffirs. "What the deuce! They can't have ammunition to last forever. Get your loads up, you boys. You can eat another time."

And he hustled them to start again.

It was late that night when the little party camped again. All day and far into the darkness they had struggled on, and came at last, tottering on their feet, through a slope of rocks to the crest of the mountain. There was a small moon and a skyful of frosty stars that let them see beyond them the brow of the downward slope and the skirts of a patch of thick bush.

"Camp here," ordered the Colonel. The Kaffirs dropped where they stood and lay gasping. The Colonel stood and gazed into the night for the gleam of a fire. He saw none.

The downward road which they took next morning was easier work than the upward climb, but not much faster, for they had to thread the thorn bushes. They had seen from the top that they stood on the edge of a high saucer-shaped "pan," completely ringed with formidable hills which encompassed a plain of thirty miles or so in extent. Such pans are not uncommon in South

Africa, though they are seldom so big. The descent was gentle enough and they made what speed they could.

Late in the afternoon they found themselves in a belt of high grass—grass which stood seven feet or more, through which they had to push in single file. Each man could see just the back of the man before him; the Colonel at the head could see not even that. Their advance through the rustling, breaking stalks filled their ears, but of a sudden the bearer who walked behind the Colonel caught his coat.

"Baas!" he said, and made an ear trumpet of his hand.

The small procession stopped, and forthwith the Colonel heard, unmistakably, the noise of men advancing in the grass at some little distance. The apathetic Kaffirs cocked their ears to listen, too; the Colonel motioned them to make no noise.

The others, whoever they might be, were close at hand. He could distinguish separate footfalls. And then suddenly some one spoke.

"Careful, men!" he said. "Look out for snakes."

The Colonel gasped and began to tremble. Parting the grass stems before him, he moved forward uncertainly and stood face to face with a tall man in rags and a beard. The stranger laughed pleasantly.

"Hullo, Uncle Tilly," he said; "who'd ha' thought o' meeting you?"

The Colonel clung to his arm and laughed—laughed helplessly and long, not daring to stop lest he should break into weeping.

It was not far into camp. A hollow by a spring gave shelter from the evening wind, and thither the young man led the Colonel, his gaunt, tattered men following with the Kaffirs. They made a strange picture, when the fires were alight, in their rags of khaki with the belts still trim and bright. John Chartres himself was as ragged as any; his garments were tied to him with ends of string; but the Colonel did not fail to note that otherwise neither officer nor men had lost anything of discipline or bearing. Arrived in camp, the men, fourteen in number, duly fell in to be dismissed.

The Colonel and his nephew sat apart by their own fire when they had fed. John Chartres was enjoying an Egyptian cigarette as only a man can who has smoked uncured leaf for two years. The news of the death of Sir John had already been communicated.

"Now, Jack, what have you got to tell me?" demanded the Colonel at last.

The young man smiled meditatively. "You seem to have ferreted out most of the story yourself, Uncle Tilly," he said. "There's nothing much left to tell."

"You really didn't know the war was at an end? You'd heard nothing of it?" persisted Uncle Tilney.

The younger man laughed. "No," he answered. "On my word, I hadn't. It didn't occur to me. And d'you know, Uncle Tilly, I'm afraid I can't take the information from you. You're not official, you know. You're just a bally tourist."

"But, my dear boy," the Colonel protested, "you can't keep this up forever."

Lieutenant Sir John Chartres lit another cigarette and crossed his long legs comfortably.

"Why not?" he demanded. "Look at my chaps over there. All as tough as steel wire and as happy as grigs. They don't want to go back without that gun. They've thought of nothing else for two years. Look at 'em!"

The Colonel turned his head and looked. About the fires the fourteen men were seated smoking his plug tobacco. One of them was leading an argument, with a vivacious hand waving to drive home his points.

"Yer can't trek yer gun if yer got to 'aul it with a team of cows," he was saying. "A gun's made to move, an' move quick. Yer might as well not 'ave wheels to it as tow it around with a team of cows."

"Always the bloomin' gun, you see," remarked young Chartres. "An' I'll give it to you straight, Uncle Tilly; I'm goin' to take that gun back with me."

The Colonel shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm going to take it back with me," repeated young Chartres. "Old Piet Grobelaar's got it over there and I'm goin' to take it from him. He fires it now and again, just to remind me, confound him."

"Where does he get his ammunition?" queried the Colonel.

"He hasn't got any," was the reply. "He's got a little blasting powder, that's all. He loads her up with that and touches her off to annoy me. But I'll get her one of these days. We've both got a fair lot of rifle cartridges, you know. There was a cache of them down south, and Piet was helping himself when we came up and took about half of the lot. With luck they'll last another six months."

"And then?"

"Oh, then we'll fight with the butt, I suppose," said Chartres, and grinned pleasantly.

The Colonel shook his head and pondered. There was a spell at work in that remote place. Things seemed reasonable and possible there, which must have appeared outrageous in a more ordered environment. The fires threw their light on the harsh, ragged men and made hollow of enchantment in the solemn night. He could feel the magic working and fought against it.

"There'll be a hell of a row in London about it," he said.

Chartres looked at him quickly. "Who cares?" he answered. "What's London, anyhow?"

"I seem," said the Colonel slowly, "to have been let into talking as though there were any sense in this fatuous project of yours. It was a mistake. The standards of unexplored Africa are insane standards. You owe it to yourself, to Chartres, and to *me*—to *me*, sir—to recover your senses and come back to the world. What the deuce! You've wasted two years of your life, thrown away your career in the army, grown a beard, and you ask me what's London, anyhow. I never heard such impudence in my life!"

"Go it, Uncle Tilly!" said Chartres, composedly. "Work it up. Toss your tail and snarl. I don't mind."

The Colonel looked at him fixedly and sighed. "You be hanged," he said. "But, honestly, Jack——"

John Chartres interrupted: "Honestly, Uncle, I'm coming back when I've got that gun, not before. All you say is quite right; it's a crazy business, mad, absurd, maniacal, demented, rabid—anything you like. A man's always a fool to work hard. I'm a fool, if you please. So don't waste good talk. You go back and take charge of Chartres for me till I've come. Will you do that?"

"I'll stay and help you," suggested the Colonel, but John Chartres would have none of it.

"Don't spoil sport," he said. "Ride your own line, Uncle, and don't foul me. This is my picnic, if you please."

They talked far into the night, and in the end the magic prevailed. The grass lifted its raw scent to their nostrils; a jackal howled from a kloof, and even as they sat at their fire the night was rent with the high booming roar of a lion by the stream below.

"I must get that chap," said Chartres. "He's always hanging around."

Colonel Wesson threw up his hand with the gesture of a defeated man.

"Oh, get the cursed gun," he said. "Get it and come home."

"That's a bargain," said young John, cheerfully.

It is very peaceful at the great house of Chartres, sitting sturdily on its hillside, and the land about it has yet that note of unconquerable patience—the grim quietude of endurance that broke the Romans and conquered the Normans and made the English. So patient, gray, and urbane is Colonel Tilney Wesson, waiting through the years for Sir John Chartres to recover his gun and come to his own between the downs and the sea. And he knows that one day he will come. He will haul the old gun at the tail of a team into Pretoria, redeemed and faithful again, and return through the laughter of a joke-loving nation to set Colonel Wesson free from his post.

Song for Two Voices

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

WHAT is life?
Why, it's a song,
Perhaps not long,
But very sweet.

What is life?
A song for two
Voices—Shall we,
I and you,

Try the notes?
Come, do!

The Isle of Voices

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson

KEOLA was married with Lehua, daughter of Kalamake, the wise man of Molokai, and he kept his dwelling with the father of his wife. There was no man more cunning than that prophet; he read the stars, he could divine by the bodies of the dead, and by the means of evil creatures: he could go alone into the highest parts of the mountain, into the region of the hobgoblins, and there he would lay snares to entrap the spirits of ancient.

For this reason no man was more consulted in all the Kingdom of Hawaii. Prudent people bought, and sold, and married, and laid out their lives by his counsels; and the King had him twice to Kona to seek the treasures of Kamehameha. Neither was any man more feared: of his enemies, some had dwindled in sickness by the virtue of his incantations, and some had been spirited away, the life and the clay both, so that folk looked in vain for so much as a bone of their bodies. It was rumoured that he had the art or the gift of the old heroes. Men had seen him at night upon the mountains, stepping from one cliff to the next; they had seen him walking in the high forest, and his head and shoulders were above the trees.

This Kalamake was a strange man to see. He was come of the best blood in Molokai and Maui, of a pure descent; and yet he was more white to look upon than any foreigner; his hair the colour of dry grass, and his eyes red and very blind, so that "Blind as Kalamake that can see across to-morrow," was a by-word in the islands.

Of all these doings of his father-in-law, Keola knew a little by the common repute, a little more he suspected, and the rest he ignored. But there was one thing troubled him. Kalamake was a man that spared for nothing, whether to eat or to drink or to wear; and for all he paid in bright new dollars. "Bright as Kalamake's dollars," was another saying in the Eight Isles. Yet he neither sold, nor planted, nor took hire—only now and then from his sorceries—and there was no source conceivable for so much silver coin.

It chanced one day Keola's wife was gone upon a visit to Kaunakakai on the lee side of the island, and the men were forth at the sea-fishing. But Keola was an idle dog, and he lay in the veranda and watched the surf beat on the shore and the birds fly about the cliff. It was a chief thought with him always—the thought of the bright dollars. When he lay down to bed he would be wondering why they were so many, and when he woke at morn he would be wondering why they were all new; and the thing was never absent from his mind. But this day of all days he made sure in his heart of some discovery. For it seems he had observed the place where Kalamake kept his treasure, which was a lock-fast desk against the parlour wall, under the print of Kamehameha the fifth, and a photograph of Queen Victoria with her crown; and it seems again that, no later than the night before, he found occasion to look in, and behold! the bag lay there empty. And this was the day of the steamer; he could see her smoke off Kalaupapa; and she must soon arrive with a month's goods, tinned salmon and gin, and all manner of rare luxuries for Kalamake.

"Now if he can pay for his goods to-day," Keola thought, "I shall know for certain that the man is a warlock, and the dollars come out of the Devil's pocket."

While he was so thinking, there was his father-in-law behind him, looking vexed.

"Is that the steamer?" he asked.

"Yes," said Keola. "She has but to call at Pelekunu, and then she will be here."

"There is no help for it then," returned Kalamake, "and I must take you into my confidence, Keola, for the lack of any one better. Come here within the house."

So they stepped together into the parlour, which was a very fine room, papered and hung with prints, and furnished with a rocking-chair, and a table and a sofa in the European style. There was a shelf of books besides, and a family Bible in the midst of the table, and the lock-fast writing-desk against the wall; so that any one could see it was the house of a man of substance.

Kalamake made Keola close the shutters of the windows, while he himself locked all the doors and set open the lid of the desk. From this he brought forth a pair of necklaces hung with charms and shells, a bundle of dried herbs, and the dried leaves of trees, and a green branch of palm.

"What I am about," said he, "is a thing beyond wonder. The men of old were wise; they wrought marvels, and this among the rest; but that was at night, in the dark, under the fit stars and in the desert. The same will I do here in my own house, and under the plain eye of day." So saying, he put the Bible under the cushion of the sofa so that it was all covered, brought out from the same place a mat of a wonderfully fine texture, and heaped the herbs and leaves on sand in a tin pan. And then he and Keola put on the necklaces, and took their stand upon the opposite corners of the mat.

"The time comes," said the warlock; "be not afraid."

With that he set flame to the herbs, and began to mutter and wave the branch of palm. At first the light was dim because of the closed shutters; but the herbs caught strongly afire, and the flames beat upon Keola, and the room glowed with the burning; and next the smoke rose and made his head swim and his eyes darken, and the sound of Kalamake muttering ran in his ears. And suddenly, to the mat on which they were standing came a snatch or twitch, that seemed to be more swift than lightning. In the same wink the room was gone, and the house, the breath all beaten from Keola's body. Volumes of sun rolled upon his eyes and head, and he found himself transported to a beach of the sea, under a strong sun, with a great surf roaring: he and the warlock standing there on the same mat, speechless, gasping and grasping at one another, and passing their hands before their eyes.

"What was this?" cried Keola, who came to himself the first, because he was the younger. "The pang of it was like death."

"It matters not," panted Kalamake. "It is now done."

"And, in the name of God, where are we?" cried Keola.

"That is not the question," replied the sorcerer. "Being here, we have matter in our hands, and that we must attend to. Go, while I recover my breath, into the borders of the wood, and bring me the leaves of such and such an herb, and such and such a tree, which you will find to grow there plentifully—three handfuls of each. And be speedy. We must be home again before the steamer comes; it would seem strange if we had disappeared." And he sat on the sand and panted.

Keola went up the beach, which was of shining sand and coral, strewn with singular shells; and he thought in his heart:

"How do I not know this beach? I will come here again and gather shells."

In front of him was a line of palms against the sky; not like the palms of the Eight Islands, but tall and fresh and beautiful, and hanging out withered fans like gold among the green, and he thought in his heart:

"It is strange I should not have found this grove. I will come here again, when it is warm, to sleep." And he thought, "How warm it has grown suddenly!" For it was winter in Hawaii, and the day had been chill. And he thought also, "Where are the grey mountains? And where is the high cliff with the hanging forest and the wheeling birds?" And the more he considered, the less he might conceive in what quarter of the islands he was fallen.

In the border of the grove, where it met the beach, the herb was growing, but the tree further back. Now, as Keola went toward the tree, he was aware of a young woman who had nothing on her body but a belt of leaves.

"Well!" thought Keola, "they are not very particular about their dress in this part of the country." And he paused, supposing she would observe him and escape; and seeing that she still looked before her, stood and hummed aloud. Up she leaped at the sound. Her face was ashen; she looked this way and that, and her mouth gaped with the terror of her soul. But it was a strange thing that her eyes did not rest upon Keola.

"Good-day," said he. "You need not be so frightened, I will not eat you." And he had scarce opened his mouth before the young woman fled into the bush.

"These are strange manners," thought Keola, and, not thinking what he did, ran after her.

As he ran, the girl kept crying in some speech that was not practised in Hawaii, yet some of the words were the same, and he knew she kept calling and warning others. And presently he saw more people running—men, women, and children, one with another, all running and crying like people at a fire. And with that he began to grow afraid himself, and returned to Kalamake bringing the leaves. Him he told what he had seen.

"You must pay no heed," said Kalamake. "All this is like a dream and shadows. All will disappear and be forgotten."

"It seemed none saw me," said Keola.

"And none did," replied the sorcerer. "We walk here in the broad sun invisible by reason of these charms. Yet they hear us; and therefore it is well to speak softly, as I do."

With that he made a circle round the mat with stones, and in the midst he set the leaves.

"It will be your part," said he, "to keep the leaves alight, and feed the fire slowly. While they blaze (which is but for a little moment) I must do my errand; and before the ashes blacken, the same power that brought us carries us away. Be ready now with the match; and do you call me in good time lest the flames burn out and I be left."

As soon as the leaves caught, the sorcerer leaped like a deer out of the circle, and began to race along the beach like a hound that has been bathing. As he ran, he kept stooping to snatch shells; and it seemed to Keola that they glittered as he took them. The leaves blazed with a clear flame that consumed them swiftly; and presently Keola had but a handful left, and the sorcerer was far off, running and stopping.

"Back!" cried Keola. "Back! The leaves are near done."

At that Kalamake turned, and if he had run before, now he flew. But fast as he ran, the leaves burned faster. The flame was ready to expire when, with a great leap, he bounded on the mat. The wind of his leaping blew it out; and with that the beach was gone, and the sun and the sea; and they stood once more in the dimness of the shuttered parlour, and were once more shaken and blinded; and on the mat betwixt them lay a pile of shining dollars. Keola ran to the shutters; and there was the steamer tossing in the swell close in.

The same night Kalamake took his son-in-law apart, and gave him five dollars in his hand.

"Keola," said he, "if you are a wise man (which I am doubtful of) you will think you slept this afternoon on the veranda, and dreamed as you were sleeping. I am a man of few words, and I have for my helpers people of short memories."

Never a word more said Kalamake, nor referred again to that affair. But it ran all the while in Keola's head—if he were lazy before, he would now do nothing.

"Why should I work," thought he, "when I have a father-in-law who makes dollars of seashells?"

Presently his share was spent. He spent it all upon fine clothes. And then he was sorry:

"For," thought he, "I had done better to have bought a concertina, with which I might have entertained myself all day long." And then he began to grow vexed with Kalamake.

"This man has the soul of a dog," thought he. "He can gather dollars when he pleases on the beach, and he leaves me to pine for a concertina! Let him beware: I am no child, I am as cunning as he, and hold his secret." With that he spoke to his wife Lehua, and complained of her father's manners.

"I would let my father be," said Lehua. "He is a dangerous man to cross."

"I care that for him!" cried Keola; and snapped his fingers. "I have him by the nose. I can make him do what I please." And he told Lehua the story.

But she shook her head.

"You may do what you like," said she; "but as sure as you thwart my father, you will be no more heard of. Think of this person, and that person; think of Hua, who was a noble of the House of Representatives, and went to Honolulu every year; and not a bone or a hair of him was found. Remember Kamau, and how he wasted to a thread, so that his wife lifted him with one hand. Keola, you are a baby in my father's hands; he will take you with his thumb and finger and eat you like a shrimp."

Now Keola was truly afraid of Kalamake, but he was vain too, and these words of his wife's incensed him.

"Very well," said he, "if that is what you think of me, I will show how much you are deceived." And he went straight to where his father-in-law was sitting in the parlour.

"Kalamake," said he, "I want a concertina."

"Do you, indeed?" said Kalamake.

"Yes," said he, "and I may as well tell you plainly, I mean to have it. A man who picks up dollars on the beach can certainly afford a concertina."

"I had no idea you had so much spirit," replied the sorcerer. "I thought you were a timid, useless lad, and I cannot describe how much pleased I am to find I was mistaken. Now I begin to think I may have found an assistant and successor in my difficult business. A concertina? You shall have the best in Honolulu. And to-night, as soon as it is dark, you and I will go and find the money."

"Shall we return to the beach?" asked Keola.

"No, no!" replied Kalamake; "you must begin to learn more of my secrets. Last time I taught you to pick shells; this time I shall teach you to catch fish. Are you strong enough to launch Pili's boat?"

"I think I am," returned Keola. "But why should we not take your own, which is afloat already?"

"I have a reason which you will understand thoroughly before to-morrow," said Kalamake. "Pili's boat is the better suited for my purpose. So, if you please, let us meet there as soon as it is dark; and in the meanwhile, let us keep our own counsel, for there is no cause to let the family into our business."

Honey is not more sweet than was the voice of Kalamake, and Keola could scarce contain his satisfaction.

"I might have had my concertina weeks ago," thought he, "and there is nothing needed in this world but a little courage."

Presently after he spied Lehua weeping, and was half in a mind to tell her all was well.

"But no," thinks he; "I shall wait till I can show her the concertina; we shall see what the chit will do then. Perhaps she will understand in the future that her husband is a man of some intelligence."

As soon as it was dark father and son-in-law launched Pili's boat and set the sail. There was a great sea, and it blew strong from the leeward; but the boat was swift and light and dry, and skimmed the waves. The wizard had a lantern, which he lit and held with his finger through the ring; and the two sat in the stern and smoked cigars, of which Kalamake had always a provision, and spoke like friends of magic and the great sums of money which they could make by its exercise, and what they should buy first, and what second; and Kalamake talked like a father.

Presently he looked all about, and above him at the stars, and back at the island, which was already three parts sunk under the sea, and he seemed to consider ripely his position.

"Look!" says he, "there is Molokai already far behind us, and Maui like a cloud; and by the bearing of these three stars I know I am come where I desire. This part of the sea is called the Sea of the Dead. It is in this place extraordinarily deep, and the floor is all covered with the bones of men, and in the holes of this part gods and goblins keep their habitation. The flow of the sea is to the north, stronger than a shark can swim, and any man who shall here be thrown out of a ship it bears away like a wild horse into the uttermost ocean. Presently he is spent and goes down, and his bones are scattered with the rest, and gods devour his spirit."

Fear came on Keola at the words, and he looked, and by the light of the stars and the lantern, the warlock seemed to change.

"What ails you?" cried Keola, quick and sharp.

"It is not I who am ailing," said the wizard; "but there is one here very sick."

With that he changed his grasp upon the lantern, and, behold! as he drew his finger from the ring, the finger stuck and the ring was burst, and his hand was grown to be of the bigness of three.

At that sight Keola screamed and covered his face.

But Kalamake held up the lantern. "Look rather at my face!" said he—and his head was huge as a barrel; and still he grew and grew as a cloud grows on a mountain, and Keola sat before him screaming, and the boat raced on the great seas.

"And now," said the wizard, "what do you think about that concertina? and are you sure you would not rather have a flute? No?" says he; "that is well, for I do not like my family to be changeable of purpose. But I begin to think I had better get out of this paltry boat, for my bulk swells to a very unusual degree, and if we are not the more careful, she will presently be swamped."

With that he threw his legs over the side. Even as he did so, the greatness of the man grew thirty-fold and forty-fold as swift as sight or thinking, so that he stood in the deep seas to the armpits, and his head and shoulders rose like a high isle, and the swell beat and burst upon his bosom, as it beats and breaks against a cliff. The boat ran still to the north but he reached out his hand, and took the gunwale by the finger and thumb, and broke the side like a biscuit, and Keola was spilled into the sea. And the pieces of the boat the sorcerer crushed in the hollow of his hand and flung miles away into the night.

"Excuse my taking the lantern," said he; "for I have a long wade before me, and the land is far, and the bottom of the sea uneven, and I feel the bones under my toes."

And he turned and went off walking with great strides; and as often as Keola sank in the trough he could see him no longer; but as often as he was heaved upon the crest, there he was striding and dwindling, and he held the lamp high over his head, and the waves broke white about him as he went.

Since first the islands were fished out of the sea, there was never a man so terrified as this Keola. He swam indeed, but he swam as puppies swim when they are cast in to drown, and knew not wherefore. He could but think of the hugeness of the swelling of the warlock, of that face which was great as a mountain, of those shoulders that were broad as an isle, and of the seas that beat on them in vain. He thought, too, of the concertina, and shame took hold upon him; and of the dead men's bones, and fear shook him.

Of a sudden he was aware of something dark against the stars that tossed, and a light below, and a brightness of the cloven sea; and he heard speech of men. He cried out aloud and a voice answered; and in a twinkling the bows of a ship hung above him on a wave like a thing balanced, and swooped down. He caught with his two hands in the chains of her, and the next moment was buried in the rushing seas, and the next hauled on board by seamen.

They gave him gin and biscuit and dry clothes, and asked him how he came where they found him, and whether the light which they had seen was the lighthouse, Lae o Ka Laau. But Keola knew white men are like children and only believe their own stories; so about himself he told them what he pleased, and as for the light (which was Kalamake's lantern) he vowed he had seen none.

This ship was a schooner bound for Honolulu, and then to trade in the low islands; and by a very good chance for Keola she had lost a man off the bowsprit in a squall. It was no use talking. Keola durst not stay in the Eight Islands. Word goes so quickly, and all men are so fond to talk and carry news, that if he hid in the north end of Kauai or in the south end of Kau, the wizard would have wind of it before a month, and he must perish. So he did what seemed the most prudent, and shipped sailor in the place of the man who had been drowned.

In some ways the ship was a good place. The food was extraordinarily rich and plenty, with biscuits and salt beef every day, and pea-soup and puddings made of flour and suet twice a week, so that Keola grew fat. The captain also was a good man, and the crew no worse than other whites. The trouble was the mate, who was the most difficult man to please Keola had ever met with, and beat and cursed him daily, both for what he did and what he did not. The blows that he dealt were very sure, for he was strong; and the words he used were very unpalatable, for Keola was come of a good family and accustomed to respect. And what was the worst of all, whenever Keola found a chance to sleep, there was the mate awake and stirring him up with a rope's end. Keola saw it would never do; and he made up his mind to run away.

They were about a month out from Honolulu when they made the land. It was a fine starry night, the sea was smooth as well as the sky fair; it blew a steady Trade; and there was the island on their weather bow, a ribbon of palm-trees lying flat along the sea. The captain and the mate looked at it with the night glass, and named the name of it, and talked of it, beside the wheel where Keola was steering. It seemed it was an isle where no traders came. By the captain's way, it was an isle besides where no man dwelt; but the mate thought otherwise.

"I don't give a cent for the directory," said he. "I've been past here one night in the schooner *Eugênie:* it was just such a night as this; they were fishing with torches, and the beach was thick with lights like a town."

"Well, well," says the captain, "it's steep-to, that's the great point; and there ain't any outlying dangers by the chart, so we'll just hug the lee side of it. Keep her ramping full, don't I tell you!" he cried to Keola, who was listening so hard that he forgot to steer.

And the mate cursed him, and swore that Kanaka was for no use in the world, and if he got started after him with a belaying-pin, it would be a cold day for Keola.

And so the captain and mate lay down on the house together, and Keola was left to himself.

"This island will do very well for me," he thought; "if no traders deal there, the mate will never come. And as for Kalamake, it is not possible he can ever get as far as this."

With that he kept edging the schooner

nearer in. He had to do this quietly, for it was the trouble with these white men, and above all with the mate, that you could never be sure of them; they would all be sleeping sound, or else pretending, and if a sail shook, they would jump to their feet and fall on you with a rope's end. So Keola edged her up little by little, and kept all drawing. And presently the land was close on board, and the sound of the sea on the sides of it grew loud.

With that, the mate sat up suddenly upon the house.

"What are you doing?" he roars. "You'll have the ship ashore!"

And he made one bound for Keola, and Keola made another clean over the rail and plump into the starry sea. When he came up again, the schooner had payed off on her true course, and the mate stood by the wheel himself, and Keola heard him cursing. The sea was smooth under the lee of the island; it was warm besides, and Keola had his sailor's knife, so he had no fear of sharks. A little way before him the trees stopped; there was a break in the line of the land like the mouth of a harbour; and the tide, which was then flowing, took him up and carried him through. One minute he was without, and the next within, and floated there in a wide shallow water, bright with ten thousand stars, and all about him was the ring of the land, with its string of palm-trees. And he was amazed, because this was a kind of island he had never heard of.

The time of Keola in that place was in two periods—the period when he was alone, and the period when he was there with the tribe. At first he sought everywhere and found no man; only some houses standing in a hamlet, and the marks of fires. But the ashes of the fires were cold and the rains had washed them away; and the winds had blown, and some of the huts were overthrown. It was here he took his dwelling; and he made a fire drill, and a shell hook, and fished and cooked his fish, and climbed after green cocoa-nuts, the juice of which he drank, for in all the isle there was no water. The days were long to him, and the nights terrifying. He made a lamp of cocoa-shell, and drew the oil of the ripe nuts, and made a wick of fiber; and when evening came he closed up his hut, and lit his lamp, and lay and trembled till morning. Many a time he thought in his heart he would have been better in the bottom of the sea, his bones rolling there with the others.

All this while he kept by the inside of the island, for the huts were on the shore of the lagoon, and it was there the palms grew best, and the lagoon itself abounded with good fish. And to the other side he went once only, and he looked but once at the beach of the ocean, and came away shaking. For the look of it, with its bright sand, and strewn shells, and strong sun and surf, went sore against his inclination.

"It cannot be," he thought, "and yet it is very like. And how do I know? These white men, although they pretend to know where they are sailing, must take their chance like other people. So that after all we may have sailed in a circle, and I may be quite near to Molokai, and this may be the very beach where my father-in-law gathers his dollars."

So after that he was prudent, and kept to the land-side.

It was perhaps a month later, when the people of the place arrived—the fill of six great boats. They were a fine race of men, and spoke a tongue that sounded very different from the tongue of Hawaii, but so many of the words were the same that it was not difficult to understand. The men besides were very courteous, and the women very towardly; and they made Keola welcome, and built him a house, and gave him a wife; and what surprised him the most, he was never sent to work with the young men.

And now Keola had three periods. First he had a period of being very sad, and then he had a period when he was pretty merry. Last of all came the third, when he was the most terrified man in the four oceans.

The cause of the first period was the girl he had to wife. He was in doubt about the island, and he might have been in doubt about the speech, of which he had heard so little when he came there with the wizard on the mat. But about his wife there was no mistake conceivable, for she was the same girl that ran from him crying in the wood. So he had sailed all this way, and might as well have stayed in Molokai; and had left home and wife and all his friends for no other cause but to escape his enemy, and the place he had come to was the wizard's hunting-ground, and the place where he walked invisible. It was at this period when he kept the most close to the lagoon-side, and as far as he dared, abode in the cover of his hut.

The cause of the second period was talk he heard from his wife and the chief islanders. Keola himself said little. He was never so sure of his new friends, for he judged they were too civil to be wholesome, and since he had grown better acquainted with his father-in-law the man had grown more cautious. So he told them nothing of himself, but only his name and descent, and that he came from the Eight Islands, and what fine islands they were; and about the King's palace in Honolulu, and how he was a chief friend of the King and the missionaries. But he put many questions and learned much. The island where he was was called the Isle of Voices; it belonged to the tribe, but they made their home upon another, three hours' sail to the southward. There they lived and had their permanent houses, and it was a rich island, where were eggs and chickens and pigs, and ships came trading with rum and tobacco. It was there the schooner had gone after Keola deserted; there, too, the mate had died, like the fool of a white man as he was. It seems, when the ship came, it was the beginning of the sickly season in that isle, when the fish of the lagoon are poisonous, and all who eat of them swell up and die. The mate was told of it; he saw the boats preparing, because in that season the people leave that island and sail to the Isle of Voices; but he was a fool of a white man, who would believe no stories but his own, and he caught one of these fish, cooked it and ate it, and swelled up and died, which was good news to Keola. As for the Isle of Voices, it lay solitary the most part of the year, only now and then a boat's crew came for copra, and in the bad season, when the fish at the main isle were poisonous, the tribe dwelt there in a body. It had its name from a marvel, for it seemed the sea-side of it was all beset with invisible devils; day and night you heard them talking one with another in strange tongues; day and night little fires blazed up and were extinguished on the beach; and what was the cause of these doings no man might conceive. Keola asked them if it were the same in their own island where they stayed, and they told him no, not there; nor yet in any other of some hundred isles that lay all about them in that sea; but it was a thing peculiar to the Isle of Voices. They told him also that these fires and voices were ever on the sea-side and in the seaward fringes of the wood, and a man might dwell by the lagoon two thousand years (if he could live so long) and never be any way troubled; and even on the sea-side the devils did no harm if let alone. Only once a chief had cast a spear at one of the voices, and the same night he fell out of a cocoanut-palm and was killed.

Keola thought a good bit with himself. He saw he would be all right when the tribe returned to the main island, and right enough where he was, if he kept by the lagoon, yet he had a mind to make things righter if he could. So he told the high chief he had once been in an isle that was pestered the same way, and the folk had found a means to cure that trouble.

"There was a tree growing in the bush there," says he, "and it seems these devils came to get the leaves of it. So the people of the isle cut down the tree wherever it was found, and the devils came no more."

They asked what kind of a tree this was, and he showed them the tree of which Kalamake burned the leaves. They found it hard to believe, yet the idea tickled them. Night after night the old men debated it in their councils, but the high chief (though he was a brave man) was afraid of the matter, and reminded them daily of the chief who cast a spear against the voices and was killed, and the thought of that brought all to a stand again.

Though he could not yet bring about the destruction of the trees, Keola was well enough pleased, and began to look about him and take pleasure in his days; and, among other things, he was the kinder to his wife, so that the girl began to love him greatly. One day he came to the hut, and she lay on the ground lamenting.

"Why," said Keola, "what is wrong with you now?"

She declared it was nothing.

The same night she woke him. The lamp burned very low, but he saw by her face she was in sorrow.

"Keola," she said, "put your ear to my mouth that I may whisper, for no one must hear us. Two days before the boats begin to be got ready, go you to the sea-side of the isle and lie in a thicket. We shall choose that place beforehand, you and I; and hide food; and every night I shall come near by there singing. So when a night comes and you do not hear me, you shall know we are clean gone out of the island, and you may come forth again in safety."

The soul of Keola died within him.

"What is this?" he cried. "I cannot live among devils. I will not be left behind upon this isle. I am dying to leave it."

"You will never leave it alive, my poor Keola," said the girl; "for to tell you the truth, my people are eaters of men; but this they keep secret. And the reason they will kill you before we leave is because in our island ships come, and Donat-Kimaran comes and talks for the French, and there is a white trader there in a house with a veranda, and a catechist. Oh, that is a fine place indeed! The trader has barrels filled with flour; and a French warship once came in the lagoon and gave everybody wine and biscuit. Ah, my poor Keola, I wish I could take you there, for great is my love to you, and it is the finest place in the seas except Papeete."

So now Keola was the most terrified man in the four oceans. He had heard tell of eaters of men in the south islands, and the thing had always been a fear to him; and here it was knocking at his door. He had heard besides, by travellers, of their practises, and how when they are in a mind to eat a man, they cherish and fondle him like a mother with a favourite baby. And he saw this must be his own case; and that was why he had been housed, and fed, and wived, and liberated from all work; and why the old men and the chiefs discoursed with him like a person of weight. So he lay on his bed and railed upon his destiny; and the flesh curdled on his bones.

The next day the people of the tribe were very civil, as their way was. They were elegant speakers, and they made beautiful poetry, and jested at meals, so that a missionary must have died laughing. It was little enough Keola cared for their fine ways; all he saw was the white teeth shining in their mouths, and his gorge rose at the sight; and when they were done eating, he went and lay in the bush like a dead man.

The next day it was the same, and then his wife followed him.

"Keola," she said, "if you do not eat, I tell you plainly you will be killed and cooked to-morrow. Some of the old chiefs are murmuring already. They think you are fallen sick and must lose flesh."

With that Keola got to his feet, and anger burned in him.

"It is little I care one way or the other," said he. "I am between the devil and the deep sea. Since die I must, let me die the quickest way; and since I must be eaten at the best of it, let me rather be eaten by hobgoblins than by men. Farewell," said he, and he left her standing, and walked to the sea-side of the island.

It was all bare in the strong sun; there was no sign of man, only the beach was trodden, and all about him as he went, the voices talked and whispered, and the little fires sprang up and burned down. All tongues of the earth were spoken there: the French, the Dutch, the Russian, the Tamil, the Chinese. Whatever land knew sorcery, there were some of its people whispering in Keola's ear. That beach was thick as a cried fair, yet no man seen; and as he walked he saw the shells vanish before him, and no man to pick them up. I think the devil would have been afraid to be alone in such a company; but Keola was past fear and courted death. When the fires sprang up, he charged for them like a bull. Bodiless voices called to and fro; unseen hands poured sand upon the flames; and they were gone from the beach before he reached them.

"It is plain Kalamake is not here," he thought, "as I must have been killed long since."

With that he sat him down in the margin of the wood, for he was tired, and put his chin upon his hands. The business before his eyes continued; the beach babbled with voices, and the fires sprang up and sank, and the shells vanished and were renewed again even while he looked.

"It was a by-day when I was here before," he thought, "for it was nothing to this."

And his head was dizzy with the thought of these millions and millions of dollars, and all these hundreds and hundreds of persons culling them upon the beach and flying in the air higher and swifter than eagles.

"And to think how they have fooled me with their talk of mints," says he, "and that money was made there, when it is clear that all the new coin in all the world is gathered on these sands! But I will know better the next time!" said he.

And at last, he knew not very well how or when, sleep fell on Keola, and he forgot the island and all his sorrows.

Early the next day, before the sun was yet up, a bustle woke him. He awoke in fear, for he thought the tribe had caught him napping; but it was no such matter. Only, on the beach in front of him, the bodiless voices called and shouted one upon another, and it seemed they all passed and swept beside him up the coast of the island.

"What is afoot now?" thinks Keola. And it was plain to him it was something beyond ordinary, for the fires were not lighted nor the shells taken, but the bodiless voices kept posting up the beach, and hailing and dying away; and others following, and by the sound of them these wizards should be angry.

"It is not me they are angry at," thought Keola, "for they pass me close."

As when hounds go by, or horses in a race, or city folk coursing to a fire, and all men join and follow after, so it was now with Keola; and he knew not what he did, nor why he did it, but there, lo and behold! he was running with the voices.

So he turned one point of the island, and this brought him in view of a second; and there he remembered the wizard trees to have been growing by the score together in a wood. From this point there went up a hubbub of men crying not to be described; and by the sound of them, those that he ran with shaped their course for the same quarter. A little nearer, and there began to mingle with the outcry the crash of many axes. And at this a thought came at last into his mind that the high chief had consented; that the men of the tribe had set to cutting down these trees; that word had gone about the isle from sorcerer to sorcerer, and these were all now assembling to defend their trees. Desire of strange things swept him on. He posted with the voices, crossed the beach, and came into the borders of the wood, and stood astonished. One tree had fallen, others were part hewed away. There was the tribe clustered. They were back to back, and bodies lay, and blood flowed among their feet. The hue of fear was on all their faces; their voices went up to heaven shrill as a weasel's cry.

Have you seen a child when he is all alone and has a wooden sword, and fights, leaping and hewing with the empty air? Even so the man-eaters huddled back to back and heaved up their axes, and laid on, and screamed as they laid on, and behold! no man to contend with them! only here and there Keola saw an axe swinging over against them without hands; and time and again a man of the tribe would fall before it, clove in twain or burst asunder, and his soul sped howling.

For awhile Keola looked upon this prodigy like one that dreams, and then fear took him by the midst as sharp as death, that he should behold such doings. Even in that same flash the high chief of the clan espied him standing, and pointed and called out his name. Thereat the whole tribe saw him also, and their eyes flashed, and their teeth clashed.

"I am too long here," thought Keola, and ran farther out of the wood and down the beach, not caring whither.

"Keola!" said a voice close by upon the empty sand.

"Lehua! is that you!" he cried, and gasped, and looked in vain for her; but by the eyesight he was stark alone.

"I saw you pass before," the voice answered; "but you would not hear me. Quick! get the leaves and the herbs, and let us flee."

"You are there with the mat?" he asked.

"Here, at your side," said she. And he felt her arms about him. "Quick! the leaves and the herbs, before my father can get back!"

So Keola ran for his life, and fetched the wizard fuel; and Lehua guided him back, and set his feet upon the mat, and made the fire. All the time of its burning, the sound of the battle towered out of the wood; the wizards and the man-eaters hard at fight; the wizards, the viewless ones, roaring out aloud like bulls upon the mountain, and the men of the tribe replying shrill and savage out of the terror of their souls. And all the time of the burning, Keola stood there and listened, and shook, and watched how the unseen hands of Lehua poured the leaves. She poured them fast, and the flame burned high, and scorched Keola's hands; and she speeded and blew the burning with her breath. The last leaf was eaten, the flame fell, and the shock followed, and there were Keola and Lehua in the room at home.

Now, when Keola could see his wife at last he was mighty pleased, and he was mighty pleased to be home again in Molokai and sit down beside a bowl of poi—for they make no poi on board ships, and there was none in the Isle of Voices—and he was out of the body with pleasure to be clean escaped out of the hands of the eaters of men. But there was another matter not so clear, and Lehua and Keola talked of it all night and were troubled. There was Kalamake left upon the isle. If, by the blessing of God, he could but stick there, all were well; but should he escape and return to Molokai, it would be an ill day for his daughter and her husband. They spoke of his gift of swelling, and whether he could wade that distance in the seas. But Keola knew by this time where that island was—and that is to say, in the Low or Dangerous Archipelago. So they fetched the atlas and looked upon the distance in the map, and by what they would make of it, it seemed a far way for an old gentleman to walk. Still, it would not do to make too sure of a warlock like Kalamake, and they determined at last to take counsel of a white missionary.

So the first one that came by Keola told him everything. And the missionary was very sharp on him for taking the second wife in the low island; but for all the rest, he vowed he could make neither head nor tail of it.

"However," says he, "if you think this money of your father's ill-gotten, my advice to you would be give some of it to the lepers and some to the missionary fund. And as for this extraordinary rigmarole, you can not do better than keep it to yourselves."

But he warned the police at Honolulu that, by all he could make out, Kalamake and Keola had been coining false money, and it would not be amiss to watch them.

Keola and Lehua took his advice, and gave many dollars to the lepers and the fund. And no doubt the advice must have been good, for from that day to this, Kalamake has never more been heard of. But whether he was slain in the battle by the trees, or whether he is still kicking his heels upon the Isle of Voices, who shall say?

His Decoration

"And now he appeared with all his decorations."
"And what decorations has he got?"
"He has a bronze medal for the census of 1897."
Anton Chekhov.

Football in the Sixteenth Century

By PHILLIP STUBBES

ANY exercise which withdraweth us from godliness, either upon the Sabaoth or any other day else, is wicked and to be forbidden. Now, who is so grossly blind, that seeth not that these aforesaid exercises not only withdraw us from godliness and virtue, but also hail and allure us to wickedness and sin. For as concerning football playing, I protest unto you it may rather be called a friendly kind of fight, than a play or recreation; a bloody and murthering practice, than a fellowly sport or pastime. For doth not every one lie in wait for his adversary, seeking to overthrow him, and to pitch him on his nose, though it be upon hard stones? in ditch or dale, in valley or hill, or what place soever it be, he careth not, so he have him down.

And he that can serve the most of this fashion, he is counted the only fellow, and who but he? so that by this means, sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their arms; sometime one part thrust out of joint, sometime another; sometime the noses gush out with blood, sometime their eyes start out; and sometimes hurt in one place, sometimes in another. But whosoever scapeth away the best, goeth not scotfree, but is either sore wounded, crazed, and bruised, so as he dieth of it, or else scapeth very hardly.

And no marvel, for they have the sleights to meet one betwixt two, to dash him against the heart with their elbows, to hit him under the short ribs with their gripped fists, and with their knees to catch him upon the hip, and to pitch him on his neck, with a hundred such murthering devices; and hereof groweth envy, malice, rancour, cholor, hatred, displeasure, enmitie, and what not else: and sometimes fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel picking, murther, homicide, and great effusion of blood, as experience daily teacheth.

Is this murthering play, now, an Exercise for the Sabaoth day? is this a Christian dealing, for one brother to maim and hurt another, and that upon prepensed malice, or set purpose? is this to do to another as we would wish another to do to us? *God make us more careful over the bodies of our Brethren!* *"Anatomy of Abuses." 1583.*

So They Say

Clarence Simpkins: *head of board of trustees of the Atco Undenominational Church, Hammonton, N. J., which deposed its pastor under charges of "teaching free love," holding "hysterical séances" and "mysterious rituals"*	"McLain was attempting to set himself up as the source of the true Messiah, and he chews tobacco."
Rev. Willis Watson: *Negro car repairer, who astonished Vice-President Dawes by breathing on the latter's handkerchief—when suddenly the linen burst into flames*	"I first learned to know the Lord when I was twelve. I saw Him in a shining beam of light. He gave me three words and told me they were in the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew. I found them there, each the last word in three different verses. Then I thought the Lord would show His special favour for me, and after a time I performed this miracle of burning up handkerchiefs with my breath."
Mrs. Rudolph Borgeson: *of Chicago, when a neighbour lady offered her $650 for her husband, "either as a purchase or on a long-time lease"*	"Although Rudolph is not worth that much, I refuse to sell him."
A Proud Father: *writing to Miss McMorris of the Income Tax unit,—having noted the tax regulation of "an allowance of $200 for each child under eighteen years of age"*	"Just a line to let you know that a fine baby girl arrived last night. When do I get my $200?"
Paul Poiret: *Paris couturier—with that usual willingness to be troubled in order that the ladies may have new things to buy*	"Why dress both legs alike?" (*As a result, Deauville had an outburst of legs displaying contrasting stockings.*)
Judge William B. Sheppard: *in the U. S. District Court in Brooklyn*	"False testimony in court is becoming as common as violations of the Volstead act."
Chinese Villagers: *after the great earthquake in the Province of Kansu*	"The mountains walked."
Rev. W. M. La Mance: *Methodist evangelist of Traverse City, Michigan, after matching his twenty-year son Bill for a boxing bout*	"A lot depends on this fight. I haven't decided whether to make Bill a preacher or a prize-fighter, but I will know soon."
Lieut. C. C. Champion: *describing his plunge from 36,000 feet altitude, in a blazing plane, while trying to beat the height record*	"I fell like a bat into hell."
English Theatrical Producer: *announcing the changes made in the play, "Potiphar's Wife" when the critics objected to the heroine's attire, worn by Jeanne de Casalis*	"The pajamas have been modified."
Arthur D. Geissler: *wealthy business man, answering his wife's charges of undue intimacy with an unnamed lady*	"My affection for this woman is the same as my affection for the President of the United States."
Sir Oliver Lodge: *British scientist and spiritualist*	"Sooner or later we shall be exercising control over the weather. I do not see why we should put up with bad weather if we do not want it."

Justice Lewis L. Fawcett: *of the New York Supreme Court*	"If you see a man with a drooping left eyelid or with wide-open, stary eyes, beware of having your pocket picked."
C. T. Strong: *president of a great motor company, who thinks motor horns have become so misused that they might better be left off the cars*	"If automobile owners would try to drive their cars without the aid of the electric siren which is now standard equipment on every car, I am sure they would find themselves driving with more care than they had exercised since their first experience as drivers."
Dr. Frederick A. Cook: *former explorer; editor of the "Leavenworth New Era"*	"The tragedy of our day is not bolshevism or atheism, not the misunderstandings of crime waves, but the failure to grasp the relation between earning capacity and spending capacity."
St. John Ervine: *English dramatist*	"It is very silly of race-horses to be restless and uneasy at the starting-post! Think how calm and collected cab-horses are!"
William F. Broening: *Ex-Mayor of Baltimore, laid aside the victor's crown when he looked at golden-haired Miss Beulah Goldsborough, who won the 1927 beauty contest as "Miss Baltimore"*	"Nature has crowned you so well that for me to do so, too, would be superfluous."
A. B. See: *who builds elevators, and tries to elevate the modern woman by pointing out her faults*	"Those who were young men forty years or so ago cannot see women smoke without there coming over them a feeling vague, undefined, that the woman they see smoking must be either a fallen woman, or have the proclivities of a fallen woman."
Chick Evans: *playing in amateur golf championship match at Minneapolis, after he had "blown" a sorely needed three-foot putt*	"The hole moved."
Edward, Prince of Wales: *who spent last summer on his ranch in Canada*	"There is a difference between a rawnch and a ranch. A ranch pays and a rawnch doesn't, but I am not going to give away which my place is."
Ambrose Wyrick: *Chicago operatic and concert tenor, believes that music offers a way of testing character*	"If you're considering matrimony, give your prospective partner $10 to spend for music. If he comes back with 'Home, Sweet Home,' among the pieces, then go ahead and marry; but if he spends the money on a lot of 'hot' noises, then it's a sure bet that the best thing to do is to give him the air."
Mr. A. J. Slomanson: *vice-president of an advertising agency, who advertised for a brunette stenographer*	"Blondes and red-haired girls are alert when they deem it advisable to be so, and are usually intelligent but not well balanced. In advertising work one must have a tranquil mind."
Charles Lesueur: *manager of a New York City store*	"We always prefer to have blondes in the perfume department of our stores. They are hard to find, but they look more appropriate selling perfumes than does a brunette."
Emily Stevens: *actress, admits the two loves of her life have been the stage and "Mr. Stevens" (her English bulldog)*	"He was always a gentleman, and too proud to fight. Only once or twice did he permit another dog to annoy him to the extent of forcing a fight on him. Those dogs he killed."
Dr. Thaddeus L. Bolton: *professor of psychology at Temple University, comments on the rabid baseball "fan".*	"There are mental and physical hypertrophies. Physically, they manifest themselves in the forms of corns, bunions, boils, etc.; mentally, in the case of the baseball fan, by a tendency toward over-ardent, hysterical devotion to the one particular sport."

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY: *English publisher and "muckraker," as he sat in the prison work-room stitching burlap bags, in reply to a visitor's query: "Sewing?"*	"No; reaping."
JAMES J. NORMILE: *in a letter to a New York newspaper*	"Why can we not have earrings for men? Wrist watches, finger rings and tie pins are worn and are considered proper, but many men like myself are fond of earrings and would like to wear them."
A N'YORLEANS NEGRO: *to another*	"Albert done went an' got runned over ag'in."
MISS HARRIET CHAMBERLIN: *of New York, in a talk to the National School of Cosmeticians*	"While the women were spending $75,000,000 for permanent waves last year the Government was spending only $16,852,119 for new ships."
AN OFFICIAL: *of the Bedford, N. Y. State Reformatory for women, when asked the meaning of the increase in prisoners*	"The women are getting more devilish around Greater New York, and that is all there is to it."
PROFESSOR A. M. LOW: *the English scientist*	"We should give more attention to unborn thoughts than to unborn bodies."
MRS. LUCY MAY KOCH: *director in the Art Workshop of the Bronxville Elementary School*	"I feel that children are as susceptible to beauty as they are to the measles."
MISS MARY ZAPP: *of Pocatello, Idaho*	"The modern girl rarely finds a man who meets with her approval as a companion and who still earns as much as she does."
DR. HARRIS KIRK: *of Baltimore*	"It seems almost an impertinence to suggest that so splendid a world as ours requires to be redeemed."
FANNIE HURST: *novelist*	"Our national voice is a cross between a bray, a peanut whistle, and the call of youth."
DR. JOSEPH COLLINS: *neurologist and author*	"The longer I practise medicine the more I am convinced that every physician should cultivate lying as a fine art."
DR. HAVEN EMERSON: *Professor of Public Health Administration, College of Physicians and Surgeons in Columbia University*	"Heart-disease kills a larger percentage of people every year. It causes more deaths every year in the United States than any other single factor."
WILLIAM DE COSTA: *Eighty-six, who with Mrs. De Costa, eighty-two, celebrated the sixty-fifth anniversary of their marriage; the couple have twenty-four children*	"I am always happy because I have always taken my wife's advice in everything I did."
MRS. JOHN BURKE: *who for 15 years ducked dishes thrown by her husband, arraigns him in court when he casts 12 raw eggs at her*	"His aim is fine, your Honor, but my dodging is better."
R. C. WALTON: *English, and his wife and daughter, were told to take the subway to Coney Island. As in London subways are for pedestrians, they walked on the tracks until rescued by motorman O'Donald*	"I thought it was odd, you know, that one must walk through such a dirty and unlighted place."
REV. CALEB R. STETSON: *of Trinity Episcopal Church*	"Only those who believe in the Christian ideal of marriage should have the right to be married in church."
MARTIN JOHNSON: *explorer*	"None of the white man's magic startles the black. The white man is always doing some fool thing. If he fails to do the wholly impossible, that astounds him more."
GROVER WHALEN: *Chairman of the Mayor's Welcoming Committee to New York*	"I believe these receptions which have been given Lindbergh, Byrd, and Chamberlin make us feel that New York after all has the biggest heart in the world."

Duke of Tovar: *a Spanish grandee who raises bullfight bulls*	"A bull is the bravest animal in the world. He is braver and stronger than lions and tigers, and always ready to fight with them. I once had a bull who even attacked a train."
Judge Henry A. Fuller: *in a last charge to a Grand Jury, after having been on the bench twenty years*	"Thou need not investigate, nor criticize, nor give advice. Congress does enough of that. Thou art on a job, not a junket."
Herbert M. Johnson: *manager of the Chicago opera*	"It is significant that each year we recruit more and more American singers and fewer foreign artists. Not only that, but they have been trained right in this country. We are achieving independence from European musical influences."
Miss Helen McAllen: *a pretty blonde of Chicago, slaps a taxi driver who criticizes her State*	"If anybody else had said anything derogatory to Chicago or Illinois, I'd hit them, too."
Mr. "Sparrow" Robertson: *"sporting editor of the Paris Herald" (W. O. McGeehan)*	"Oh, no, I have not swum the Channel yet, but can any time I want to. I have a permit from the A. A. U."
Mrs. Word Leigh: *who is a sun worshipper and is building a glass house in Nyack, N. Y.*	"The recipe is a simple one: To be beautiful worship the sun, soak in its rays, don't wear any clothes, that is, in your own home. The women of South Africa have the right idea and wear nothing at all. I would like to live like that myself. But I guess really we are not advanced enough for that yet."
A Greenwich Village Girl: *when asked to take part in an "ugliest-girl" contest to be held in the Village*	"Life isn't like that and neither am I,—and, besides, who said I was ugly?"
Prof. Wm. Pickens: *field secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People*	"People are never enslaved because of their colour, or the shape of their noses. The negroes of Africa were enslaved because they offered the greatest return for the smallest amount of outlay and effort to the slave hunter."
Rancis Hugon: *French troubadour and tramp poet, just before committing suicide*	"Men are now judged far more by the crease in their trousers and the way their cravat is knotted than by their intelligence, their wit or their learning."
Dr. W. Reid Blair: *director of the Bronx Park Zoölogical Gardens, New York*	"A great proportion of the animals in the Zoo were born right up there in the Bronx or in some other Zoo, and to quote a member of the Zoo's large staff, 'Never saw anything wilder than some of the people that stand there and stare at them every day.'"
Judge Chu Yen Chi: *Peking, where bare knees are a misdemeanor, to a girl dumped out of a rickshaw by accident,—and promptly arrested*	"The law is the law and many persons saw your knees. The fine is $10."
Judge F. E. Bradley: *of Lytham, Eng., upholds a privilege of the younger generation, when a neighbour protests*	"It is quite natural for a girl of sixteen to reward a boy with a kiss after a bicycle ride, if she thinks fit. There is nothing unseemly or disgraceful in that."
Mrs. Ethel Lindman: *who owns a chain of beauty shops through the Ohio corn belt*	"The farm woman now spends as much time taking care of herself as she does on the cows and chickens."
Dr. Tewfik Ruchdi Bey: *Minister of Foreign Affairs in Turkey, is convinced that the fez as a symbol had to go*	"The time will come later when the Turk can wear any hat he chooses, or none, for we don't believe as a principle in telling people what they can or cannot do."

The Savage as Scientist

By "FULAHN"

IT IS a popular notion that the African savage of the backveld kraals ranks little higher than the brute beast in intelligence. Living half-naked in the squalor of a mud-and-wattle hut in the remote wilds of the primeval bush, talking a gibberish that sounds to unaccustomed European ears like the jabberings of the kopje apes, soaked in weird superstitions, haunted by ghosts and demons of his own imagining, how can the brute mind of the savage be expected to glimmer with the light of intelligence that radiates from the civilized white man?

To aver that many a half-naked African may hold the keys to unsolved mysteries by which the keenest brains of science have been baffled would seem an assertion even more crazy, if that were possible, than the mumbo-jumbo with which half-witted witch-doctors, grovelling before a juju-pot, are said to delude the stupid black himself. But the fact remains that many an epoch-making scientific truth discovered by white men during the past few years was chit-chat and women's gossip in the backveld kraals of Africa centuries ago.

The discovery that general paralysis, a disease symptomized by the degeneration of the tissues of the spinal cord and brain, and hitherto regarded as incurable, can be cured by inoculating sufferers with malaria has been hailed as one of the most remarkable triumphs of medical research since Sir Ronald Ross, thirty years ago, discovered the connection between malaria and mosquitoes.

Yet more than four hundred years ago witch-doctors in the kraals of one Kitandu, then metmi or chief medicine-man of the Iramba tribe, a peaceful pastoral race of savages who, to this day, live on the Daua Plateau in Tanganyika, had not only discovered that malaria was a cure for general paralysis, but they were prescribing mosquito-bite as a medicine for paralytic patients in exactly the same manner as Harley Street specialists are doing in this twentieth century of progress and enlightenment!

Harley Street, having no malarial swamp at its door, brings mosquitoes to its patients. The witch-doctors of the Iramba send their patients to the mosquitoes. Otherwise the treatment does not vary a hair's-breadth!

In practice, mosquitoes, infective of malaria, are allowed to bite the patient, injecting the germs or trypanosomes of malaria into his system. Then, in the words of Sir Ronald Ross, "the paralysis germs and the malaria germs fight to the death, and the patient recovers from malaria with a few doses of quinine."

Those words are nearly an exact translation of what Mganga Mgendu, a savage, one of the medicine-men attendant upon Kinga she Kulu, the late chief of the Iramba Tribe of Tanganyika, told the writer in describing the treatment he advised as a cure for Kinga, who was suffering from general paralysis. Kinga, who was one of the most famous chiefs and rain-doctors in East Africa, refused to be moved from his Kraal at Mandi on the Daua Plateau down to Sekenke in the Wembare Plains, as medicine-man Mgendu urged; and Mgendu came to ask advice of the writer, who was then administrative officer in charge of the Iramba Tribe.

Said Mgendu: "The vidudu of paralysis must fight with the pilintu of malaria so that the pilintu may be devoured: then must Kinga eat of the nzizi chungu (bitter roots), and he will be strengthened."

"Vidudu" and "pilintu" are Iramba names for those mysterious causes of disease which get into a man's blood; they are the savage's equivalent of the civilized pathologist's trypanosomes and bacilli. Mgendu, of course, had never heard of trypanosomes and bacilli. Like most African medicine-men and witch-doctors, his medical knowledge had been handed down to him through generations of medicine-men in what is called the Kalusimo cha Atemi, or "Orations of the Chiefs," the unwritten history of the Iramba Tribe, which dates back at least four hundred years to Chief Kitandu's reign, and which every Mniramba medicine-man and witch-doctor learns off by heart.

How Kitandu or his forbears blundered on the fact that the vidudu or bacilli of paralysis fight the pilintu or trypanosomes of malaria, only one of many remarkable discoveries reputed to him, we shall never know. But it was discovered, and the knowledge is shared by the medicine-men of many African tribes.

It is sufficiently remarkable that savages knew long before the white man that both paralysis and malaria were caused by "germs." Pondering the mysteries of disease in those dark days the African somehow came to realize that disease was caused by mysterious "somethings" in the blood system. The savage could only hazard a wild guess at what those "somethings" were. He guessed correctly. He called the mysterious agents of disease "vidudu" and "pilintu," and it is astounding to note that Kircher, the first European scientist to write on disease germs in the seventeenth century, used the same words as the African savages to describe his newly discovered germs. Kircher called his microbes "minute living worms," and that is literally what the Iramba words "vidudu" and "pilintu" mean. Vidudu are mysterious insect-like things; a pilintu is a strange unknown worm-like thing.

So that, when medicine-man Mgendu urged Chief Kinga to move from Mandi on the plateau down to Sekenke in the plains and then afterwards to eat bitter roots, that half-naked savage doctor was prescribing the most up-to-date medical treatment for paralysis, based on the most recent discoveries of medical science.

Mandi on the plateau, being 5,000-odd feet above sea-level, is practically free from mosquitoes and malaria; but Sekenke, two thousand feet lower down in the plains, stands in the middle of a swamp, and is one of the worst malarial districts in all Africa. At Sekenke Chief Kinga could not fail to get bitten by mosquitoes, to contract malaria, the germs of which would fight with the germs of his paralysis; then he could eat bitter roots, in other words, "a few doses of quinine."

Quinine itself, one of the most valuable specifics known to medicine, was discovered by savages before it was known to the civilized world. It was introduced into European pharmaceutics soon after the discovery of Peru, where it had long been used by the savage forest-dwellers as a cure for malaria. But a cure was discovered quite independently by the African savage, who was denied the use of cinchona bark, which does not grow wild in Africa, and who by some remarkable process found out that the roots of various species of aconite possess curative powers in cases of malaria, inducing perspiration, reducing fever and acting as an anodyne. But the savage did still better. Not only did the ignorant black man discover drugs that cure malaria, but he discovered what caused malaria; and that was just what the keenest brains of science could not discover.

Everybody nowadays knows that mosquito bite causes malaria. But that epoch-making discovery is not yet thirty years old. It is only twenty-nine years since Sir Ronald Ross proved to an astounded scientific world that malaria was caused by mosquitoes. And science would scarcely believe it!

But it was common knowledge in the savage kraals of Africa generations ago, before the first white man ever set foot in that dark continent of ignorance and superstition.

While scientists were still grappling with the mystery, averring that marsh gases and the foul swamp miasmas caused malaria, that invisible germs floating in the air were inhaled and caused malaria, that the insidious rays of the tropical sun caused malaria, savage clay-bedaubed Masai and Nandi warriors roving the plains of what is now British East Africa, not only knew that mosquitoes when they bit a man gave him malaria, but they knew that the segetet tree contained a drug which cured malaria, and they took careful precautions against being bitten by mosquitoes so that they might escape infection!

Even Tap-arus-ei, the ignorant silly savage woman nursing her babe in the squalor of the Masai kraal, stirred up the greenwood fire and put her babe to sleep on the leeward side of it so that the pungent smoke should keep the mosquitoes away. Before she pulled the goat-hide coverlet over the sleeping piccanin she looked to its right wrist to make quite sure that the tingwich-pusaruk, the mosquito amulet, was firmly tied by its sheepskin thong to the tiny arm, warding the child from being mosquito-bitten and getting malaria.

Even when the big brown hover-fly came buzzing round the baby's face, Tap-arus-ei, being a savage and wise in the ways of the things of the wild, did not kill the insect, for she knew that the big brown hover-fly pounces on mosquitoes and makes a meal of them. She knew, too, that smearing her skin with strong-smelling fat kept off the mosquitoes when she went down to the water-hole; that if by chance a mosquito did bite, you could excise most of the poison from the wound by making a deep criss-cross mark in the bite with your thumb-nail. But had Tap-arus-ei and her husband Olwach spoken of those things to the white men who were to come trekking in their country in the after years, their words would have been recorded in some traveler's diary as another comical instance of the foolish things that the ignorant and superstitious native is prone to believe.

Many tribes, not only the Masai and Nandi of Kenya, knew the cause of malaria. The Somalis knew, for a British traveler in their country was told by Somali tribesmen thirteen years before Ross's discovery that the kan'ad or mosquito was a bad insect, biting a man and making his blood boil with the fever. Chief Kitandu of the Iramba tribe knew four centuries ago, for his minstrels sang to the twang of the lusembi, a primitive calabash guitar, "Ni aza kusengila pana nu imbu; nu imbu mbii masaka masemkila!" (Do not build huts where mosquitoes live; for mosquitoes are evil, and make your blood hot!)

And that song, with others full of savage wisdom, is to be heard to this day in the kraals of Tanganyika.

How many thousands of pounds might have been saved to British settlers in Africa and elsewhere in the world where sheep and cattle are ranched, if veterinary science, grappling with the problems of cattle scourge and sheep-bane in the sub-tropics, had consulted savage stock-owners and asked their opinion, will never be estimated; but here, again, savages had discovered what science had failed to probe.

The cattle-owning tribes of East Africa, chief amongst which are the Masai and Nandi, who *per capita* are the wealthiest people in the world, owning hundreds of thousands of head of cattle, sheep, and goats, knew long before the advent of the white man to their country that red-water scourge in cattle and heart-water bane in sheep are caused by the bite of grass ticks which infest the grazing grounds. While the world's veterinary experts dallied with this mystery, settlers in South Africa lost countless thousands of sheep and cattle from these two scourges. Yet there was scarcely a native in the span of Africa belonging to one of the great pastoral tribes who could not have gone on to any settler's farm and collected a bottleful of the ticks. The Masai and other tribes not only knew these ticks, but they gave them special names, and took the precaution of burning the grass on the grazing grounds every year-end, with the object of destroying the scourge-carrying pests which took such toll of their cattle and sheep.

The bite of another tick, a small insect not unlike a shriveled sunflower seed, and known to science as *Ornithodorus moubata* or the spirillum tick, is the cause of recurrent fever, one of the worst ills to which the white man in the tropics is prone. No certain and permanent cure for spirillum tick fever is yet known to medical science, but the savages of the west coast of Africa, the original home of this tick, found what is better than cure, and that is a means of prevention. These savages in fever-tick districts carry a pet tick in a small gourd, and at stated periods let these pet ticks feed upon their arms and so supply their system with a natural anti-toxin!

The use of toxins and anti-toxins in the now familiar practices known as vaccination and inoculation is one of the comparatively modern achievements of science. Yet vaccination was practiced by many African tribes long before it was thought of by white men. The Wakimbu of Tanganyika vaccinate each other against smallpox, serum from a native suffering from smallpox being injected into small cuts made on the arms, brows, or hips of healthy people who have not yet succumbed to an attack of smallpox.

In a recent case which the writer heard as a magistrate in Tanganyika, it came to light in evidence that the Wakimbu, the Isansu, the Iramba, and other tribes knew how to inoculate their enemies with the deadly germs of such diseases as leprosy. And it should not be forgotten that the only cure known to medical science for leprosy is treatment with a vegetable oil, known as chaulmoogra oil, which was used medicinally by savages long before its germ-suffocating properties—it really "drowns" the leprosy germ—were discovered by the doctors.

In the matter of poisons, savages are acknowledged experts, but it is remarkable to note that without any knowledge of toxicology they chose the right poisons for the right object, and did not mix poisons with the haphazard intention of merely causing death by general blood-poisoning. The poison used by the pygmy tribes of the Congo to smear the arrow-heads with which they shoot elephants and rhinoceri is prepared from a plant known to Bantu savages as urugi.

This plant when pulped yields a deadly heart poison in an impure drug containing large quantities of stropanthus. When injected into the blood system in any crude quantity stropanthus has a violent effect upon the muscles of the heart, causing almost instantaneous death. Stropanthin, its laboratory derivative, is a drug commonly used by the medical profession in cases domestically known as "heart trouble." It is curious to speculate how the Congo pygmies, amongst the most primitive of savage races, came to discover that stropanthin was the ideal and perhaps the only wild-growing poison which would give such a huge beast as elephants almost instantaneous death from heart failure'

Strychnine, another deadly poison, is also well known to most savage tribes, being readily obtained from various plants, the chief of which is known as kiligi. To kula kiligi is a savage expression meaning to commit suicide, literally to "eat strychnine," that deadly poison being the one that African suicides, mostly young girls disappointed in love, and wives whose marriage ideals have been shattered, take as their last sip from the tilted calabash before they tread that long dark trail which leads into the Valley of the Moon.

Turning from these practical savage discoveries in the fields of medicine, poison, and pathology, to mysterious riddles savouring of occultism which perplex the keenest brains of modern science to-day, we find convincing proof that the African savage, for centuries past, has been master of the mysteries which have so far baffled white men in the arts of hypnotism, mesmerism, auto-suggestion, telepathy, and, most of all, in that inexplicable psychological enigma known to science as lycanthropy, the alleged power of certain human beings to turn themselves into animals.

There is little doubt that a hypnotic eye, known to savages as jicho mbii or the "evil-eye," a cunning insight into the weaknesses of his fellow-tribesfolk, uncanny mesmeric powers, a weird and probably involuntary power of telepathic thought transference, some skill in primitive surgery and osteopathy, and a deep knowledge of herbalism, combined with a highly developed weather sense, form the stock-in-trade and professional qualifications of ninety-nine out of every hundred medicine-men, witch-doctors, and rain-doctors in Africa.

That analysis, bold as it may seem, is one which most men who have lived in real contact with savages do not dispute; it is the only conclusion which makes at all explicable the mysterious urogi or magic of savage medicine-men and witch-doctors.

Urogi, or witchcraft in its many different forms, is a commonplace every-day happening in the savage's kraals, and it is difficult to pick upon particular examples of it to illustrate the big part which the occult and psychic sciences, which we whites ignominiously dub "black magic," "mumbo-jumbo," "juju," and just "witchcraft," play in the every-day life of every African savage. But three instances from official records kept by the writer as a magistrate in Tanganyika will serve to show that, while science still hesitates on the threshold of these mysteries, the savage has not only explored them, but his grip upon the keys to them is sufficient to enable him to exploit them for his own ends.

Auto-suggestion, for example, is now being cautiously experimented with by the medical profession as a cure for nervous disorders. Savages not only know how to cure certain ills by suggestion, but medicine-men can and do inflict the pangs and torments of serious diseases by no other process than by making the victim convince himself that he is suffering from them. The foundation of this suggestive "magic" rests on the savages' implicit faith in, and ineradicable fear of, the baleful powers of medicine-men, and on the ingrained superstition in the black man's mind.

A very common form of this suggestive urogi or black magic takes the form of bewitching an enemy with rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach-ache, and similar inconveniences. A servant of the writer's, by name Bakari, got bewitched with neuritis as a result of a quarrel with another man. The manner in which he came by and cured his affliction, a purely imaginary complaint, is typical of hundreds of similar cases of auto-suggestive urogi which occur every day in savage kraals.

Following the usual practise of savages, Bakari's enemy secured by stealth some clippings of Bakari's hair; finger or toe-nail parings, or even a gourd of sand wetted by Bakari's spittle, would have done as well had his enemy been able to secure them, the idea being to get possession of a piece of Bakari. The enemy was then confident that Bakari was in his power. He took the clippings to a medicine-man, and paid that malevolent old gentleman a goat to bewitch Bakari, giving him upoozi or "paralysis"—*i.e.*, neuritis, in this case—of the right arm, which, of course, would seriously hamper Bakari in his duties as house-boy. While concealing the identity of his client, the medicine-man saw to it, in the insidious and secret way that medicine-men have, that Bakari, talking to other natives, should begin to feel suspicious, and eventually to discover that some enemy he did not know had stolen some of his hair-clippings with the object of bewitching him with a pain in his right arm. As soon as he knew that, the poison was in Bakari's system; he began to be afraid. He began to feel twinges of pain in his right arm. In a few days his arm hung stiff and useless at his side, racked with the cramp and shooting-pains of neuritis!

We were on trek at the time, and the nearest medicine-man was some miles back on our trail. Bakari could not be spared to go back, but a native whom we met volunteered to take a message to the medicine-man as he was going that way, and ask the medicine-man for irizi or magic to work a counter-spell. Bakari gave the messenger a black fowl as a fee for the medicine-man.

Two dawns later Bakari came to the writer's tent very early, and asked leave to go down to a near-by river to carry out the medicine-man's instructions. No one had brought a message into camp, but Bakari said that he had received nkano za kutambula kutui, or "words spoken from the brain"—*i.e.*, a telepathic message from the medicine-man to the effect that if Bakari went to the river, tied an ant-eater or pangolin scale to his right wrist, prayed to Munankali, the sun-god of his tribe, and then bathed in the river, his arm would at once get better.

These things he did, and shortly after breakfast he walked into camp singing and waving his arm, which was perfectly well and free from pain.

There had, of course, been nothing the matter with Bakari's arm, his pain in it being a product of his own terror. Such imaginary ills are well known to the medical profession, and, indeed, provide some of those amazing "cures" attributed to "touch-healing" quacks and to various quite valueless cure-all nostrums, faith being the curative medicine. In Bakari's case not only was he bewitched into having neuritis purely by auto-suggestion, but he was cured of it by the same means, his firm belief being that his medicine-man's magic could not possibly fail to cure. The manner in which Bakari received the medicine-man's message provides one of those inexplicable but everyday instances of what the African calls uchawi or helpful magic, and which can only be accounted for by accepting it as telepathic thought transference.

The savage practice of mass-hypnotism is even more unaccountable, and is well illustrated by the case of Kitandu's fig-tree, also taken from official records.

Kitandu's tree is a huge and ancient wild fig-tree standing on the Dulumo Plains of the sub-province of Mkalama in Tanganyika. The tree is claimed by the Anakumi clan of the Iramba tribe to be the dwelling-place of the spirit of Chief Kitandu, the founder and original paramount chief of their clan, and subsequently chief of all Iramba. As previously mentioned, he reigned at least four centuries ago, probably longer ago than that.

When any member of the Anakumi clan does anything to affront the sacred memory of Kitandu, the angry spirit of the chief inside the tree is said to uproot the mighty bole and hurl the tree crashing to the ground. While the writer was in charge of the Anakumi, one of the chiefs came in to the boma, or outpost headquarters, to say that this had happened, that the tree was lying prone and shattered on the ground, and that it would be imperative for the Anakumi clan to hold sacrificial ritual to appease Kitandu's angry ghost. Permission for this ritual was accorded, and the writer attended the ceremony.

Thousands of natives—men, women, and children of all ages, from graybeards to lusty warriors, from babes slung on their mothers' backs to wizened old amau or great-grandmothers—were assembled around the tree. To the writer's eyes the huge and noble fig-tree stood in its grandeur as it had always stood, its mighty branches, some forty and fifty feet in length, sweeping out as a leafy canopy above the heads of a group of sub-chiefs and medicine-men, who stood, with goats, an ox, and beer-pots, around the great gnarled trunk.

But a few judicious questions put here and there confirmed the cause of the expression of grief, fear, and horror stamped on every face amongst that savage throng.

Every savage there "saw" the tree lying shattered on the ground. After a solemn ritual in which the chief medicine-man slaughtered the ox and the goats and sprinkled their blood, mingled with the beer, upon the bole of the tree, he worked great magic to make the tree stand upright again. It is not credible that over three thousand savages of all ages and both sexes could simulate the tense apprehension which held that great throng in check as they watched their medicine-man uplift his arms, and the huge tree, rising to his bidding, stand once more upon its base, rearing its mighty boss of branches in the sky.

The shout of joy and relief as they "saw" the tree once more standing upright was broken with the sobbing of women, with deep gasps of relief from warriors and old men, with cries of amazement from children too young to understand aught of what they saw.

The writer, the only white man in that throng, was the only human being present amongst nearly three thousand who could not "see" the tree shattered on the ground, who did not "see" it once again upraised in all its majesty.

The ritual was similar to many tree rituals which white men in various parts of Africa and elsewhere amongst the savage races of the world have witnessed.

One can only hazard the explanation that the medicine-man in charge of the ceremony was possessed of such miraculous hypnotic powers that the mental vision of that mighty throng was in his hands to mould it as he would; his task, of course, would be the simpler by reason of the potent fact that already in each savage mind was firmly fixed the dread belief that Kitandu's tree had fallen, mingling with the fear that Kitandu's angry ghost might wreak his vengeance on any one of the assembled throng.

It is quite conceivable that the white man, as a mere onlooker, and marooned in the sea of his own skepticism, would be left outside the spell which gripped the savages.

Even more remarkable than such instances of what would seem a degree of mass-hypnotism never achieved or even explained by science is the strong native belief in the occult art of lycanthropy, or, as the savage calls it, the power to geuka nyama, or to turn round and become an animal.

It would be a bold man who would assert that any human being can, by black magic or any other means, transform his human self into the shape and being of a man-eating lion, a hyena, or a leopard. But the fact remains that untold thousands of African savages believe, and hold their belief on grounds that have not yet been disproved, that witch-doctors and medicine-men who belong to the antu-nsimba or lion-men society, can and do geuka nsimba, or turn themselves into lions, and can geuka nsui or fisi, or turn themselves into leopards and hyenas.

Astounding cases are on official record in nearly every administrative office in East and West Africa of this incredible phenomenon having happened.

Like most Europeans the writer pooh-poohed the idea of the antu-nsimba until he came into contact with them, when his views on the subject were brought to face the inexplicable. He had occasion to send a trustworthy native policeman to a distant kraal to bring in to outpost headquarters, at a station south of Lake Victoria Nyanza, an old man of the Anakilunzi clan of the Iramba tribe, his aged wife and his two grown-up children, a son and daughter.

In due course the native constable returned, but without his prisoners. They had proved obstreperous, he said, so he had thonged their hands with kamba or native plaited rope. All went well until one night when they had to camp in a forest on their way back. He was cooking a meal, he declared, when his prisoners suddenly turned themselves into hyenas, bit through their bonds, growled and snapped at him, and then bolted into the thickets.

He was placed under arrest for losing his prisoners, and charged also with being drunk. But the writer was soon to have startling proof of the truth of this honest native constable's story in a parallel case.

From an out-of-the-way corner of the Mkalama sub-province shortly afterwards reports came in with alarming frequency that natives were being killed by man-eating lions. The writer went to investigate, and was solemnly told by the natives of the Ushora, Urugu, and Ussure villages, where the man-eaters' raids had been most violent and frequent, that the lions were not ordinary "bush" lions, but none other than antu-nsimba or evil medicine-men who had geuka'd nsimba, or turned themselves into lions with the aid of black magic. One of these medicine-men had been attacked by an indignant mob of warriors from Ussure village, and was found by the writer alive, but almost decapitated. Another medicine-man had fled the district, but he was pursued and captured by the writer's native police, and brought back to Ussure village under a strong guard.

He was a big, truculent, fierce-eyed youth, and when warned that he would be criminally prosecuted for practicing witchcraft and probably for murder, he laughed aloud and jeered that that very night he would turn into a man-eating lion and escape. So defiantly did he fling this bold assertion in the writer's teeth that even common-sense reeled a little in the face of such an uncanny threat; the villagers were frankly terrified, and fled to their huts. Even the native police, most of whom were ex-askaris who had fought in the ranks of the British Army in Africa throughout the Great War, could not conceal their fear and apprehension.

To make sure that he would not escape, the witch-doctor was lashed to a pole for safe custody during the night.

His hands, handcuffed, were thonged with rope to one end of the pole; his feet, also handcuffed round the ankles, were lashed to the other end of the pole. The police were told off to keep guard over him with loaded rifles in shifts of three men at a time throughout the night. To make assurance doubly sure the pole with their prisoner lashed to it was anchored to the ground with iron chains taken from a big steel trap used for catching Africa's big cats. These chains seemed very appropriate bonds for a lion-man!

The writer had been asleep for some hours in a near-by tent that night, when the most fearful screams of terror he had ever heard rang out through the silence of the veld. He seized a rifle and rushed out to his police. He found the three constables on guard standing stock-still in their tracks, rigid with fear, their eyes glazed with fright, staring into the murk of the night; they were gibbering with fear. Crouching in the shadows of the hut behind them were the sergeant of police and his remaining seven men, also staring wildly into the darkness, afraid to move, and gasping hysterically with fright.

On the ground lay the pole, the handcuffs, the ropes, and the iron chains. But the witch-doctor had vanished.

By sheer brute force the writer shook sense into one of the three sentries, an ex-soldier who wore the medal ribbons of half a dozen campaigns.

"Where is the prisoner?" he was asked.

"Alhamdillah!" he whispered. "He turned into a lion: he is gone!"

The other two sentries, the sergeant and his seven men, collected their scattered wits. All ten swore by all the gods of Africa that the prisoner, struggling and cursing in his bonds, had suddenly turned himself into a man-eating lion, tawny, grizzly, fearsome. He had gnawed through and snapped his bonds, roared at the sentries, leaped snarling at them, and then with huge bounds had disappeared into the "bush."

Examination of the ropes showed that they had been gnawed through; of the chain and handcuffs, that they had been wrenched apart and snapped.

It should be stated that the native sergeant and his ten constables had all been warned beforehand that if their prisoner escaped they would be arrested themselves, degraded, and punished with imprisonment. It could have been through no connivance of theirs that the witch-doctor made his getaway.

It is incredible, of course, that he could really have turned himself into a man-eating lion. His astounding escape can only be explained by concluding that he was possessed of such incredible mesmeric powers that he was able to brand upon the fear-stricken and superstitious minds of the sergeant and his ten men the horrible picture of himself turning into the shape of a ferocious and awesome beast.

Science throws no helpful light upon this strange lycanthropic power of savage medicine-men. It is but one of many instances of the savage, grappling with the unsolved mysteries of the world, blundering in his brutish uncouth way upon weird secrets too uncannily elusive for the immaculate processes of modern science to grasp.

Parson Gooch . . . used to ride to his churches on a gray pony and would follow the hounds on the same steed, being very fond of hunting. He had a great objection to changing his linen, and when his shirt was too dirty to be respectable would cover its deficiencies by wearing another on top of it; sometimes having as many as eight shirts on his back. When the weight of all these garments became insupportable, he would have a stripping day and start afresh.

He carried his eccentricities into the pulpit. On one occasion he chose as his text: "A little while and ye shall see Me, and yet a little while and ye shall not see Me," and the rustic congregation were flabbergasted when Parson suited action to the word and dropped out of sight on the pulpit floor! *The Days of Dickens.* ARTHUR L. HAYWARD.

At the Top of the Mast

By PETER B. KYNE

Peter B Kyne

IN THE office of the captain of detectives in the city of San Francisco there used to hang over the captain's desk a framed enlargement of a kodak picture. It portrayed a youth seated with arms outstretched on a table, his head bowed, in an attitude of profound hopelessness and sorrow, upon his left arm. The boyish face, half turned to the right, was drawn in all the unutterable woe and tragedy of the ages. The eyes were closed—the pale cheeks were streaked with tears. It was a terrible, a colossal exemplification of the ancient biblical quotation, "The wages of sin is death"; for the hands of the boy were manacled.

It was a dreadful, a brutal thing, and why they kept it there is a mystery. The picture made of the neat and orderly office of the captain of detectives a chamber of horror. It was impossible for any human being, save a detective, to gaze upon it without being awed and chilled by its monumental awfulness. Probably they kept it there as one of the props in that pitiful human tragedy colloquially designated as "the third degree." Young Hen Maguire, who did night police for the *Herald*, never went into the office of the captain of detectives without first asking Munson, the chief's clerk, to turn that picture to the wall. But when he wanted to write a great newspaper story with the final scene laid in a prison cell, and pointing a moral, young Maguire would walk into the upper office and gape at that picture; for to Henry, who was temperamental and imaginative, it was unfailing inspiration for a sob. That picture had been responsible for more than one raise in Hen's salary, although there were other drawbacks. For instance, the picture had, for some indefinable reason, aroused in young Hen Maguire a fierce resentment of our vaunted civilization in the matter of our treatment of the transgressor, so he wrote stories that earned the enmity of all in the upper office with the exception of Detective Sergeant Michael O'Shea; consequently, when young Hen started out to reform the police department he decided to experiment first on O'Shea. He presented that astute individual with a book and bade him read it for the good of his immortal soul. The book was Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*.

"Why this French book, Henny?" demanded Detective O'Shea.

"There's a character in it that's a dead ringer for you, Mike, only he's a Frenchman——"

"More's the pity," interrupted Michael O'Shea.

"I consider this character, Javert, one of Hugo's greatest. He was an honest gumshoe man like you, Mike, and he got results without a dictograph. He held the same theories regarding crime and criminals, and he was a human wolf when it came to going after his man. He always landed him. Only in the end he turned crook himself."

"Huh-huh!" grunted Michael O'Shea. "And what did he get for it?"

"Not a sou. He did it on principle, Mike, and when he found he couldn't be faithful to his trust, he removed his shield, threw it into the Seine and jumped in after it."

"D'ye mean to say he bumped himself off?" demanded the honest Michael.

"Exactly."

"The lobster! Just like a Frenchman to get excited over nothing. Why didn't he resign from the department when he found the dips were getting his goat?"

"Well, he had to commit suicide or there wouldn't have been any story, you bonehead. You hate him all through the story, but when he turns off his light—Mike, you've simply got to cry, that's all."

Michael O'Shea knew better than that.

"Well, Henny, I've heard of a fly-cop turning crook for cash, but never for glory. I don't suppose there's a man on the present gambling detail that hasn't turned crook for five a week. I've known 'em to go as low as four a week for protecting a handbook. But tell me, Henry Maguire, are you trying to sneak up on the blind side of me for a scoop, that you insist on me taking this book and reading it?"

"Not a bit of it, Mike. It will be good for your soul. You're too hard on the under-dogs, Mike. Why, only this morning I saw you pick up an ex-con in Market Street and make him give an account of himself. The unfortunate cuss didn't look like a hard nut, either. The only criminal thing that I could see about him was his prison suit of 'free' clothes, and they shrieked his shame to high heaven. Now, I dare say that poor devil had been out of San Quentin for about four hours; he'd just crossed the bay and was breezing up Market Street, enjoying the wicked old world again when he bumped into you, and——"

"Not a bit of it, Henny. I bumped into him. I had the tip that he was due in town, and I was watching for him. Want to know who it was you saw me pick up? That was St. Louis Slim. Give that bird the time and a good set of tools to work with, and he'll burgle his way through any armour-plate steel door that ever swung on hinges."

"But he isn't a criminal any more, Mike. Can't you see the point? He's served his time; he's paid his debt to society and he's entitled to go his way in peace. You have no right to interfere with him. I suppose you ordered him to report at headquarters every day or two, never pausing to think, of course, that he might want to get a job and work at it."

"True," assented Detective Sergeant Michael O'Shea. "That's why he has to report. The chief's afraid he'll find a job—and work at it. He works at night, Henny, so it's easy for him to report by day."

Michael O'Shea chuckled at this flash of his Hibernian wit. But young Hen Maguire was too temperamental for a night police reporter. He was peeved at "the system," so he said:

"Mike, do you know what I'd do if I were St. Louis Slim? I'd lay for you and the likes of you and bump you off some dark night in an alley."

"That's why I keep out of dark alleys, Henny. Don't worry about St. Louis Slim or his lack of intentions. He'll do for me fast enough if I ever let him have the chance."

Detective O'Shea, callous to crime and long since inured to the shame and sorrow of the underworld, patted young Henry's shoulder patronizingly. He was fond of young Hen, for the reporter had brains and character, as did likewise Michael O'Shea himself.

"Everybody to his own taste, Henny boy, as the old lady said when she kissed the cow. You've got too many of them advanced ideas in your head for a police reporter, and they ain't buying you anything around headquarters. Of course, I don't mind you springing them on me, because I understand you and we're good friends, but don't shoot off your mouth around the chief or you'll get yourself disliked and the other boys will be scooping you every blessed day. A loose tongue may cost you your job, Henny. You've been tearing things open with a pretty high hand lately, and take it from your friend Mike, you're not any too popular around here right now. However, I'll take this French book and read it and tell you what I think about it, anyway."

"Thank you, Mike. I'll buy a good cigar for that. You're so absolutely on the level with yourself and your friends that it hurts me to know you won't give an ex-convict an even break. However, I've said all I'm going to say until you've finished reading that book. If Victor Hugo, who was one of the greatest writers that ever lived, can't convince you, it's a hopeless job for a mere police reporter. When you've read the book pass it along, Mike."

"I will," promised Michael O'Shea. "Now buy me that good cigar before you forget."

"Mike," queried Horton, the captain of detectives, "how you going to spend your vacation? It starts next Monday."

"Around the house with the wife and kids, of course," replied the detective. "I'm going to put in a lawn and set out some geraniums and sweet peas. I'll fuss around home all morning, and in the afternoon I'll go to the ball game and take my boy Jim. If you can beat that for spending a vacation, Chief, show me."

"Well, you have two weeks of it, Mike, under the city charter, and on full pay. But the police commissioners have the power to extend your vacation indefinitely—and I might so arrange it for you. For instance, you might have an attack of rheumatism and have to go to the Springs."

"Not on pay," warned Michael O'Shea, who was famed for his honesty. "My record's straight to date, and I won't have any man say I grafted a cent of pay off the city without giving value received."

"Easy, Mike. There may be a wad of money in this for both of us. The job's not exactly official."

"Is the money clean?"

"Chemically pure, Mike. It's a five-thousand-dollar reward for a crook."

"Well, that's clean enough for the O'Shea family, Chief." The detective leaned a large ruddy ear toward Horton. "I'm listening," he said. "Who pays the freight if the city don't? I have no money to speculate with."

"The Pacific Life Insurance Company."

"Insurance swindle, eh? Some class to this case, eh? I'm tired of picking up cheap dips and yeggs and bunco-steerers, and a run-in with a brainy crook will be a change. Tell me the sad story."

"Two years ago," began Horton, "the Pacific Life Insurance Company issued a $20,000 policy to one John F. Mallory, a resident of Sacramento. Six months later Mallory's body was found half buried on a sand-bar in the Sacramento River near Kennett. Mallory had been missing for two months prior to the discovery of the body and it was proved that the last seen of him was aboard the Shasta Express. He was then bound north for the headwaters of the Sacramento on a fishing trip, from which he never returned."

"How did he pay his premium?" demanded Detective O'Shea. "Quarterly, semi-annually, or annually?"

"Annually."

"Then there's no swindle, Chief. No crook's going to throw away a couple of hundred dollars by paying his premium annually, in advance, when he intends to pull the trick in six months. However——"

"Prior to embarking on this fishing excursion," continued Horton, "Mallory had purchased in a Sacramento sporting-goods house a pair of gum hip-boots, two pairs of heavy gray woolen socks and a brown corduroy outing suit. When the body was found it was identified immediately. The clerk who sold Mallory the boots and clothing testified, and in addition Mallory's watch and his pocket-book, with his name in gold letters on it, was on the body. The body itself was not recognizable when found. However, in height and approximate weight it closely resembled Mallory. The identification was complete enough for all practical purposes, and the insurance company was satisfied. It paid over to Mallory's widow the amount of her husband's life insurance policy."

"I see," observed Detective O'Shea, "but where's the bug? John H. Mallory hasn't been seen around Sacramento since, has he?"

"No, but one James Pike, a former neighbour of Mallory in Sacramento, informs the life insurance company that on a recent visit to Victoria, British Columbia, he saw John H. Mallory seated at a desk in the real estate office of the firm of McDougall & Rand. Mallory did not see Pike, but Pike swears it is either Mallory or his double. Now, if it's Mallory, there's been a $20,000 swindle put over."

"Naturally. But how about Mallory's widow?"

"She doesn't appear to be in on it. She has resided quietly in Sacramento ever since, and after keeping Mallory's grave free of weeds for a year she has remarried."

"What did she do with the twenty thousand? It might have been a frame-up and they split the swag, Mallory agreeing to disappear permanently and permit her to marry some one she thought more of. That would have been a safe arrangement, you know. While he would have her for bigamy, she'd have him for felony. Neither one could blackmail the other in that event. You remember the Hudson case in Delaware nine years ago——"

"No chance, Mike. When Mrs. Mallory remarried, her No. 2 was a clerk in a dry-goods store. She staked him to the $20,000 and set him up in business for himself."

"So far so good, Cap. But I can't see a man putting over a grab of that size unless he's going to profit by it himself. Remember, he paid his premium annually."

"There's been a swindle pulled off all right," retorted Horton, doggedly, "and I can prove it to you." He reached into the drawer of his desk and drew out a large envelope. "John F. Mallory has done time," he continued, "three years in Joliet for forgery under the name of Henry Price. You see, Mike, when the insurance company tipped me off to this suspicion of a swindle, I figured that the Sacramento papers might have run his picture at the time of his disappearance, if not when the body was recovered. Sure enough they had, and I secured an original photograph, had copies made and sent to the wardens of every penitentiary in the United States and Canada, together with a circular letter of inquiry. And I dug Mallory up on the records of Joliet. I have his Bertillon measurements and his prison photographs right here."

Detective Sergeant Michael P. O'Shea was a skeptic no longer. "That settles it," he said. "Once a crook, always a crook. This is the job for Michael P. Show me the fellow's mug, Cap."

He studied the photographs with the eye of the trained thief-catcher, but even after a long scrutiny he glanced up at his chief, disappointment showing plainly in his big, ruddy face. Even with cropped head and shaven face—a condition which brings out forcibly every criminal angle in the human head, there was nothing about John F. Mallory that would indicate the criminal save the horrible barred suit and the number on his breast. O'Shea compared the prison photographs with the one published in the Sacramento papers.

"They're pictures of the same man," he announced. "And yet, that's a good face, Cap—a good, strong, manly face. I see he was wearing a mustache when he disappeared."

"It's a cinch to locate him, Mike. You'll notice he's just a trifle myopic; he might be wearing spectacles now. The job before you, Mike, is to proceed to Victoria, B. C., and find John F. Mallory under whatever alias he may be living. He was seen at a desk in the office of the real estate firm of McDougall & Rand. Of course you understand that this is a roping job, Mike. While a felony is extraditable under our treaty with Canada, we can't commence extradition proceedings without a Grand Jury indictment, and we haven't any real proof that a felony has been committed; besides which, if this thing leaks out, it's an official job and our reward goes glimmering. It's up to you to entice him across Puget Sound into American territory and hold him there, on some pretext, until you can communicate with me by wire. Then I'll have a warrant sworn to here, on information and belief, and forward it to you. Once we get him back in Sacramento it's easy to cook the case against him, if he's the man, and you and I split the five thousand. Of course you understand that I must never appear in this at all. You're on your vacation and this is an unofficial job."

"I don't like a roping job," protested O'Shea. "It makes me feel like a stool-pigeon; and if this fellow hadn't done time and wasn't an out-and-out crook I wouldn't take the job, Cap."

"Well, you can't walk into his office, knock him down and identify him by his thumb print and Bertillon measurements and then call in the Victoria police, can you? Be sensible, Mike. You're the only man big enough for the job, and the only one I can trust to play fair with me. The rest of the dicks around this office would blackmail him for his roll, if they thought he'd come through stronger than their cut of the reward, and then they'd turn him loose, hot-foot back to San Francisco and tell me it was a case of mistaken identity. *But I don't think it is.* I do not believe the body found in the river was that of John F. Mallory. I know it ain't a pleasant job, Mike, but it's on the level. I've put you next the good thing—now go forth and gather. Remember, there's $2,500 in this for each of us, no publicity and no questions asked. Gad! Imagine what the private detective agencies would do if they had our information, Mike."

Out of his vast experience Mike could readily imagine. And, as the captain said, it was a fair game, in playing which Mike O'Shea would be merely using his skill as a detective in a purely private and individual capacity. Mike O'Shea never felt any pity for a crook. His motto was "Deliver the goods," or, in police parlance, "Get your man."

"I'll spend my vacation in British Columbia, Cap," he said. "I need the money."

He did, indeed. He was buying a little home on the installment plan, and since he supported a numerous family on his salary as a detective sergeant and scorned the "pickings" of his profession, the prospect of $2,500 in clean money, with vacation, travel, and expense money, not to mention the professional pleasure, the artistic delight of consummating a difficult task and landing a crook, this chance was distinctly alluring. Only he wished it wasn't a roping job! To hunt a criminal down, no matter how faint the clews, to walk up to his man, tap him on the shoulder and say softly: "Hold out your hands. I'm going to put the bracelets on you"—that was quite ethical. But the task of gaining even a crook's confidence for the purpose of destroying him—it seemed hardly a sporting proposition. However, Mike O'Shea had been raised in a hard school, and he did not pause to analyze this faint feeling of repugnance at the task assigned him. It was sufficient that he disliked it none the less but needed the money more.

For the remainder of that week O'Shea

spent much of his time delving into the minute details of the case and the habits and personal peculiarities of the late John F. Mallory. Upon the day his vacation commenced he took steamer for Victoria, armed with a large roll of bills and the other impedimenta requisite to the success of his mission. Before he left, however, he dropped in at the Central Station and called young Hen Maguire out of the reporters' room.

"Henny," he said, "here's that French book you loaned me. I haven't had time to finish it and I found it as dull as a reform administration. I got as far as where this crook, Jean Valjean, pinched the bishop's silver candlesticks that he thought so much of; and then, when the cops caught him with the goods red-handed, and the bishop lied and said he'd given the crook the candlesticks—well, that was too much for Michael P. O'Shea. It ain't logic, Henny, my son. You know just as well as I do that a bishop won't lie—more particularly when you swipe his silver candlesticks. A bishop is human the same as you and me, Henny, and a good sterling silver candlestick on his little private altar means more to him than it does to anybody else. Now, here was this cheap dip, Jean Valjean, just out of stir, hungry and broke. The good bishop gets wise to his needs, takes him into his house like a gentleman and stakes him to the pork-chops. And at that, remember, the bishop ain't any too well prepared for a guest. He has a poor diocese and he's living awful cheap and simple. But he's got a good heart for the poor, and he feeds this Jean Valjean and gives him a night's lodging. And what does the crook do? What does he do? Why, what every crook always does. He bites the hand that feeds him. In the middle of the night he gets up and lifts the bishop's candlesticks. That's gratitude for you—crooks' gratitude!"

"But Mike, you big bonehead, listen—"

Michael P. O'Shea raised a large protesting hand. "Nix on the gabble, Henny. You're all wrong. You're giving me this book to convince me I'm wrong for the way I treat a crook, and here's a case true to life, right down in black and white, and you ain't convinced yourself!" And Michael P. O'Shea chuckled pleasurably. "I tell you, Henny, when you've had as much to do with crooks as I've had, you'll know they're all bad, every one of 'em. I tell you, son, a crook's a crook. If he wasn't, I wouldn't be a detective sergeant. Here's your book. I'm obliged to you, Henny, but there's better reading, and more interesting and true to life, in the files of the upper office."

"I see," observed young Hen Maguire, thoroughly chastened. "Your tastes in literature lean toward the school of realism."

"Every time."

"But you've missed the part I wanted you to read, Mike. About Javert, when he took off his shield and jumped into the Seine. Take the book with you and read it on the boat."

"I've had enough, Henny. Now, you forget these dynamite theories of yours, boy, and listen to your old Uncle Mike. I'm digging out of town to-day on a quiet little job of my own, and if luck comes my way I'm going to hand you the swellest little scoop ever. I've got a peach of a story for you, Henny—all canned for you. Remember that. It's a peach of a story."

Young Hen's eyes glistened. He was every inch a reporter.

"Thanks, Mike, awfully. You know me. When I write the story, M. P. O'Shea gets all the publicity that's coming to him. Remember that—you—and don't forget to tip me off."

They shook hands and parted. They understood each other well, these two. The reporter gazed after the bulky form of the detective as the latter hurried down the corridor, suit-case in hand.

"Ah, Javert, Javert!" he murmured. "What a pity an honest man like you has to be a detective!"

The two natural gifts which made of Michael P. O'Shea a great detective were a marvelous memory and a photographic eye. All of the written information on crimes and criminals contained in the upper office filing cabinets was on perennial tap in O'Shea's brain. Crooks he had never seen before in the flesh he recognized at a glance, provided he had once seen their photographs. Courage he had to spare, and bulk and brawn, and Irish cunning, combined with an attractive and winning personality when he desired to forget the argot of his calling and play a part. His were no hamlike hands, no cold, forbidding eyes. His neck was not thick, nor his brow low and receding, nor his lower jaw prognathous and blue, after the popular conception of the great detectives of the regular force. Far from it. For five successive years Michael P. O'Shea had been voted the Adonis of the department and elected to lead the grand march at the policeman's ball for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the department. Indeed, in a rented dress-suit and Mrs. O'Shea on his arm he was always worth two sticks of publicity and a picture lay-out in the newspaper accounts of the ball.

Arrayed now in a handsome suit of tweeds, which he had ventured to order on the strength of his prospective share in the $5,000 reward, and a liberal expense account from the insurance company, and carrying a gold-headed cane which had belonged to his father, Detective Sergeant O'Shea landed at Victoria, B. C., and registered at the best hotel as M. P. O'Shea, of Decatur, Illinois. He lunched with the utmost enjoyment, filled his pockets with twenty-five-cent cigars and strolled up town to the real-estate office of McDougall & Rand.

In front of the office he paused and displayed great interest in an array of cards advertising bargains in small farms, timber lands and bungalows. He puffed thoughtfully at his cigar for several minutes while he studied the signs, then he glanced casually into the office of McDougall & Rand and saw a man at a desk. This man was watching Michael P. O'Shea, for the window display was a bait to catch the transient investor, and O'Shea was immediately conscious of a feeling which must be greatly akin to those of a deerhound when he picks up a warm trail; for the man at the desk was either John F. Mallory or his double!

O'Shea's glance wandered again to the window display. Once more he read the advertised bargains, scratched his ear in evident indecision, pulled out his watch, started to walk away, paused undecided, looked at his watch—and stepped into the office of McDougall & Rand. He approached the man at the desk.

"Is Mr. McDougall or Mr. Rand in?"

"I am Mr. Rand, at your service, sir. What can I do for you?"

"Well," replied O'Shea, "I haven't got much time to discuss the matter with you now, Mr. Rand, but I happened to notice that timber-land advertisement in your window. I'm in the market for some timber, but that acreage is too small for my purpose. If you have larger tracts I would be interested in looking over your maps and other information with a view to doing business if the land suited me."

"We have larger tracts, Mr.——"

"O'Shea. M. P. O'Shea. I'm from Decatur, Illinois, looking around in your big western country for a timber investment."

"How long do you propose remaining in Victoria, Mr. O'Shea?"

O'Shea smiled—and a particularly likable smile had Detective-Sergeant O'Shea when he chose to use it. It had its instant effect on Rand. Mentally he labelled M. P. O'Shea as a bluff, brisk, keen Irish-American gentleman with money to burn.

"I'm flitting around, Mr. Rand, hoping to light somewhere and grow up with the country. I don't know exactly what I want, but I thought a few hundred thousand put into timber wouldn't be a bad investment."

"'Buy trees and grow rich,' is the motto of this country, Mr. O'Shea. However, if you are pressed for time just now, you might care to have me look over our timber lists and wait upon you later at your hotel, at some hour convenient to you."

"That would be bully, if you'll do it, Mr. Rand. I'm staying at the Empress. Suppose you do that. Look over your lists of large tracts and meet me at the hotel at six-thirty this evening. We can dine together and discuss the timber situation. I am a stranger in your country and anxious to glean a little information."

"Delighted," replied Rand. "Thank you, sir. I shall be there at six-thirty. I think we can fix you up. Thinking of erecting a sawmill and engaging in the lumber business?"

"Not I," laughed Detective O'Shea. "I'm going to take it easy. But I have a boy growing up, and he can tackle it fifteen years from now if he feels like it. I understand timber values are increasing very rapidly." He glanced again at his watch. "I must be running along, Mr. Rand. See you at six-thirty. So long," and with a friendly wave of his hand he was gone in a great hurry, swinging his father's gold-headed cane.

"Ain't I the great come-on kiddo?" he asked himself admiringly, as he turned the corner and slowed down to a leisurely walk. His plans were working out well, for he had had the precaution to investigate the Canadian timber laws. He had learned that one can not buy timber outright and let it lie idle as an investment. On the contrary, the contracts of purchase from the Dominion Government specify that milling operations must commence within a certain period and that a royalty on the manufactured product must be paid to the Government. It was this knowledge that had led O'Shea to feign an interest in timber lands, for by talking carelessly of an investment of a couple of hundred thousand dollars he knew he would arouse Rand's interest. Then, with that interest aroused, O'Shea planned to discover, regretfully, that an investment in Canadian timber was impossible. He must have his lands in fee simple, and the only place where such timber lands were for sale was the United States.

"If the prospect of a big commission doesn't lure that bird across the water where I want him," mused Detective O'Shea, "I'm a boob, and I'll resign from the department the minute I get back to San Francisco."

Rand arrived at the hotel at six o'clock and talked timber lands until six-thirty, when they went in to dinner. By ten o'clock, O'Shea, by adroit questioning, had fathomed every angle of the Canadian laws relating to purchases of timber, and with well-simulated regret he played his trump card.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rand," he said, "but after talking this matter over with you, it seems best that I should abandon the idea of purchasing on this side of the water. I want a tract of timber, but I want to buy it now and forget all about it for ten years, at least. For an operator your propositions are well worthy of consideration, but as an investment—no."

Rand's face plainly showed his disappointment.

"However," continued O'Shea, "you have been to some little trouble to go into this matter with me, and if you can find me a suitable tract in Washington or Oregon I shall be very glad to permit your firm to consummate the business for me. I leave for Seattle to-morrow morning, and will be in Portland, Oregon, Wednesday night. Now, if you can line up a tract within the next week or ten days, a wire from you will reach me at the Hotel Portland. Unless I have found what I want by that time I shall leave for California and look into the sugar and white pine country there."

Relief was apparent in Rand's face now. "Thank you, Mr. O'Shea," he said. "I appreciate your courtesy greatly, I assure you. I'll look around and see what I can find for you. Perhaps my partner may know of something."

They shook hands cordially and departed. O'Shea went into the writing-room and sent a brief note to Horton, his chief.

"Frederick Rand is John F. Mallory, and John F. Mallory is Henry Price, late Convict No. 23187 at Joliet. He has the mole behind his left ear in the edge of the hair, scar on little finger of the left hand, slight nervous affliction of the right eyelid. As nearly as I can judge, the measurements are the same—height, weight, complexion, everything. I expect him in Portland to see me some day next week. When I wire you he is on his way, send the warrant."

For three days following his arrival in Portland Detective O'Shea gave himself up to seeing the sights of that interesting city while he waited for a telegram from Rand. It came, on the evening of the third day. Rand wired that he had a splendid property down on Coos Bay, Oregon, and was sending his partner, McDougall, to Portland the following day to consult with him. O'Shea wired back immediately:

> "Would prefer that you come yourself, if possible. Haven't met McDougall and would much prefer to do business with you."

"That will make him uneasy," O'Shea mused, "and he'll be afraid to take chances. So will his partner, and he'll urge Rand to come in person. Rand can't refuse, for his partner will batter down all of his excuses. Guess I'd better wire Horton."

He did. Whereupon Horton swore to a complaint, on information and belief, and a felony warrant was issued for John F. Mallory, alias Frederick Rand, alias Henry Price, and dropped in the mail with a special-delivery stamp on the envelope. That envelope had no sooner been deposited in the San Francisco post-office than Detective O'Shea received a wire from Rand, stating that in deference to the former's wishes he was coming to Portland himself.

Rand arrived at O'Shea's hotel in Portland some eight hours before the warrant for his arrest. He had a map of ten thousand acres of Douglas fir down on Coos Bay, and suggested that they go down there, starting the following morning, for an examination of the property.

O'Shea was on the point of dissenting and playing for delay until the warrant should arrive, whereupon he would place Rand under arrest, until it occurred to him that he was on his vacation! Why not, then, combine business with pleasure? Rand would, without doubt, secure guides, cruisers and horses and take him on a tour of inspection of the property, and the trip would doubtless be most enjoyable. It would take them a week at least to make even a cursory survey of the property.

The prospect of a week's camping trip in the great northern woods decided Detective O'Shea. He would not serve the warrant in Portland, but would hold it in case of emergency. He would look at the land, declare himself willing to purchase it, and *induce Rand to accompany him to San Francisco voluntarily for the alleged purpose of closing the deal.* And he would so arrange it with Horton that immediately upon their arrival in San Francisco some other officer would make the actual arrest, and Rand would be none the wiser, for, once arrested and charged with a felony, he would, of course, naturally abandon any further efforts to close for the timber lands with O'Shea. He would consider that his arrest and impending conviction would frighten his pseudo customer away.

"I'll just do that," soliloquized O'Shea. "Somehow or other I like this fellow, and I hate this roping business. I'll just play this thing so Rand will never find me out. He's a crook, and I'm on my vacation. Damn the odds. I'll give him the old bunk about my bankers and my wife's consent, and once he thinks he has me hooked he'll be afraid to let me out of his sight. After all, why should he be suspicious? To all intents and purposes he's been dead a year and a half. He'll take a chance and follow me to close this deal."

"We'll start in the morning, Mr. Rand," he informed his victim. "And as I suppose we'll be out in the woods at least a week, I'm going to buy a fishing rod and a rifle and some outing clothes."

"By all means," replied Rand, and he went with Detective O'Shea and helped him select his purchases.

That was without doubt the finest vacation Detective O'Shea had ever had. The manager of the North Bend Lumber Company, which owned the land that O'Shea pretended to be inspecting, furnished them with horses, a guide, an excellent cook and grub for ten days, and they plunged into the wilderness. When they returned they were bearded, ragged and tanned and excessively cheerful. O'Shea professed himself as delighted with the property, and but one obstacle stood in the way of his immediate purchase of it. As a matter of principle he always consulted his wife and advised with her, but this, he assured Rand, was a mere formality. Would Rand accompany him to San Francisco and consummate the deal? It would be necessary for O'Shea to arrange with the bank there for the transfer of funds from his bank in Decatur, Illinois. Moreover, the main office of the North Bend Lumber Company was in San Francisco, and it would be necessary to proceed there in order to look over the abstract of title and have the deed drawn up by a reliable attorney. In fact, O'Shea cited a number of reasons why Rand should accompany him to San Francisco, any one of which dwindled into insignificance when compared with the all-important reason—the desire for a tremendous commission to McDougall & Rand.

As O'Shea had figured he would, Rand readily consented to accompany him. As a steamer was sailing from North Bend for San Francisco the following morning, he suggested that they book their passage on her, and O'Shea declared he would go and purchase tickets. When he returned he was secretly amused to discover that as a precautionary measure Rand had shaved his mustache!

"Hello!" O'Shea said, bluntly. "Why did you do that? You're an ugly customer without a mustache."

"I know it, Mr. O'Shea. But while shaving I accidentally chopped a piece off it. It was lopsided then, so I had to sacrifice it entirely."

The coasting steamer *Omega*, carrying miscellaneous freight and passengers (also miscellaneous, for the list included Detective Sergeant O'Shea and John F. Mallory, alias Henry Price, alias Frederick Rand), proceeded slowly down the winding channel of Coos Bay and breasted the choppy seas that rolled in from the Pacific to lash themselves into a wild smother of foam on Coos Bay bar. To the south and west the sky was dark and lowering, and a southerly breeze, carrying a hint of rain, sang through the rigging of the *Omega*. Detective O'Shea, finding that his head and his stomach were inclined to behave in the open air, left his stateroom a few minutes after the first premonitory wallow of the steamer informed him she was passing out, and climbed to the hurricane deck.

In the lee of the chart-house and just aft the bridge he paused to light a cigar. The captain, enveloped in a heavy watch coat, was striding nervously backward and forward across the bridge, pausing occasionally to stick his head through a little opening from the bridge into the pilot house and address a brief order to the man at the wheel. While O'Shea was standing there Rand came up on deck and joined him.

"I don't like the looks of this bar, O'Shea," he said. "It's breaking very heavily."

"I do wish we'd crossed out earlier in the day. It's getting rougher every minute, and dinner is out of the question until we strike smooth water—*good land of love, Rand, look at that wave!*"

"Hang on!" yelled the captain, and the two passengers sprang for the iron bridge railing and grasped it, just as a huge green sea came in over the port counter, swept the entire length of the hurricane deck and poured off in huge cascades on the starboard side, carrying everything movable with it. O'Shea and Rand were drenched to the skin and a little frightened as the water receded and left them, half blinded and gasping, still clinging to the iron bridge railing. They could feel the *Omega* shiver with the impact of the terrific slap from that sea.

"The helmsman let her fall off that time," sputtered Rand. "She took that sea over her counter. Listen to the skipper roast him."

The skipper was, indeed, reproving the helmsman in no uncertain language. "Hold her head up, you blighter!" he roared. "Hold her up. D'ye want to blanket her and sink us like pig-lead?"

"She won't hold up, sir," the helmsman shouted back. "I gave her half a dozen spokes that time, sir, and she wouldn't answer me."

O'Shea saw the captain spring to the speaking-tube that led to the engine-room. "Kick her wide open and give her all you have," he called to the chief. He looked up as he turned from the tube and saw his two passengers still clinging to the rail. O'Shea expected the captain would grin at their bedraggled appearance, but instead the sight of him and Rand appeared to deepen the anxious look in the master's eyes, and instinctively O'Shea scented trouble.

"Go below and lock yourselves in your cabins, gentlemen," the captain commanded. "We're in for a bad buffeting on the bar, and if you hang around on deck we're extremely liable to lose you—*hard-a-port!*"

The last words were a ringing shout, and through the little aperture leading from the bridge into the pilot house O'Shea could see the spokes flying as the helmsman spun the wheel. But the *Omega* was sluggish and another sea came in over her counter, completely blanketing her. As it receded the captain again took up the speaking-tube and O'Shea pressed nearer to hear what he might say.

"What's the matter down there?" he heard. "Haven't you got any steam? She keeps falling off, Chief. She won't buck into them and ride them out—*leaky tubes!* Oh, damn the owners! Why will they send us to sea in a coffin? . . . Yes, Chief, I know. But pour the fuel into her. I *can't* turn back now. I might lose my rudder. It's safer to go ahead. Maybe we'll weather it."

Slowly the *Omega* crept out over the bar, shipping a sea every few minutes, wallowing frightfully, and groaning in all her aged timbers. They were almost over when a succession of monstrous combers came rushing in from sea to meet her. She rose to the first and rode it out, swung a little, despite the helmsman's desperate efforts to hold her head up, and took the second wave over her lower decks. While she was still awash, yawing frightfully, the third sea blanketed her completely.

"What the devil's the matter with her?" shouted O'Shea.

"Leaky, rotten boilers, that's all," replied Rand, coolly. "She's a big boat in a frightful sea, and she hasn't power enough to buck her way through." He reached for a cork ring that hung on the bridge railing at the starboard end and slipped it over his shoulders.

"Better help yourself, O'Shea," he advised. "We'll be lucky if we aren't kicked back on the bar, smothered and banged to pieces."

At that instant the fourth wave hit her. She heeled far over on the port side and swung broadside on in the trough of that awful sea. An instant later another sea had snatched her rudder out as clean as a dentist extracts a tooth, and O'Shea saw the wreckage whirled by, riding high on the crest of the departing wave. Thirty seconds later another monster wave raked her, and before their very eyes the chart-house tore loose from its anchor bolts and went over the side. The captain, grasping the other cork ring at the port end of the bridge, went with it.

"This is no place for the head of the O'Shea family," gasped Mike O'Shea. "To the top of the mast for me. This is a wet spot," and as the water receded for a brief period he rushed for the mainmast shrouds. Rand followed him, and ere the next wave swept the doomed *Omega*, driving her a hundred yards shoreward, hunter and hunted were high in the ratlines above the boiling wash of the decks.

Screams echoed through the dying ship, and beyond, in the smother of foam, O'Shea could make out half a dozen human forms struggling hopelessly. With her rudder gone the *Omega* was helpless, and under a merciless and trip-hammer buffeting from the ravenous seas she drove rapidly toward shore. A dozen of her crew and passengers had sought safety in the mizzen rigging, but the main rigging remained occupied exclusively by O'Shea and Rand.

Presently, as the battered hull drifted over the darkening water, her house went by the board and tons of water poured into her engine room, exploding her boilers and drowning her engine crew like rats in a hole. With the engine dead the boat drifted more rapidly. She presently entered the long fringe of white spume that marked a sunken reef. Over the first ledge she drove; rose high on the crest of a wave and fell with a horrible crash, impaling herself on a spindle of rock that thrust its cruel nose six feet into her vitals. Her back was broken, and her stern tore loose, carrying the poor devils in the mizzen rigging into eternity. Detective O'Shea turned his face away and climbed higher in the rigging, nor paused until he had reached the masthead. Rand followed him.

They were alone on the wreck of the *Omega*, and of the *Omega* all that showed above the water was sixty feet of mainmast, at the top of which the two men clung. Rand still had his cork ring around his body, but O'Shea had nothing but his two sturdy arms and legs to defend his life when the mast should eventually go.

In fifteen years on the San Francisco police force Mike O'Shea had risked his life too often to be afraid now in the face of death. Moreover, he was of the breed that dares to face it smiling, and he smiled now as he glanced down at the man he had been sent to rope. Fate had played Horton and him a colossal joke, and Michael P. O'Shea was human enough to laugh any time the joke was on him. Rand glanced up and met the detective's half-sad, half-whimsical, smile. He did not smile back, for there was no humour in this dreadful predicament for him. Nevertheless he essayed a jest.

"It's pretty tough, losing a nice fat commission, after I've worked so hard to put this land deal over," he complained.

Again O'Shea smiled. He liked Rand for that speech. "I wish you joy of your life preserver," he retorted. "If a fellow could win past these breakers there's fairly smooth water inside the reef. I believe I could make it, but drat the luck, I never learned to swim."

"It will be rather hard on Mrs. O'Shea and the kiddies," said Rand sympathetically. "Still, it isn't half so hard when a man knows he's leaving his family well provided for."

O'Shea winced at that. He thought of his wife and the little girls and his boy Jim awaiting his return in the little mortgaged cottage in the Mission, and the whimsical look died out in his Irish face while his fine eyes filled with tears.

"It's tough," he murmured. "It's awful tough."

Rand unswung the cork ring from his body and handed it up to Detective Sergeant Michael P. O'Shea. "A wise business man always protects his deals," he said with another faint attempt at humour. "I can swim a little, and we might get through and put this deal over yet. If I don't—well, what matter? You've got a family—you've got responsibilities—the world needs you. Take the life preserver, my friend, and try for the shore before you get chilled clinging here in your wet clothing."

O'Shea choked up. He could not speak, so filled was he with admiration and gratitude to this hunted man for his simple sacrifice. He wanted that cork ring—not for himself, but for his loved ones at home—for his girls, that he might guard and protect them, for his boy, that he might train him in the same rugged honesty that had brought his father to his death. But under the circumstances Michael P. O'Shea knew he could not accept. He was a roper, and this man who made the offer was a crook. O'Shea shook his head.

"You're a brave man," said Rand simply. He reached out his hand and clasped O'Shea's. "But I'm not afraid to go, either. In fact, I'm a little glad it's coming, friend. It may save me the disgrace of some day blowing out my own light!"

Even in that supreme moment Mike O'Shea was detective enough to be a good listener.

"I have something on my mind, O'Shea," Rand continued quickly. "It's sat on my soul so long I've got to tell it to somebody, and of all the men I've ever met you seem to be the only one that would understand."

He drew a check-book and a fountain-pen from his pocket. "Hold me, O'Shea," he continued. "I want to write something."

O'Shea held him and Rand wrote. The detective couldn't help seeing what it was his victim was writing. It was a promissory note for twenty thousand dollars, in favour of the Pacific Life Insurance Company, and Rand signed it "John F. Mallory." Then he blotted it and endorsed the note "Frederick Rand." He handed it to O'Shea.

"We're going to take our chances together on this cork ring, O'Shea," he said. "I want you to take this promissory note. It constitutes a valid claim against my estate, which is able to pay it. If I am drowned and you survive, turn this note over to the Pacific Life Insurance Company at San Francisco. I owe them twenty thousand dollars. Now listen to what I'm going to tell you, O'Shea. It's important, and your testimony is all that will help right a wrong—that is, if you survive. If we both go out—why, the thing ends there. But if one or other of us gets through I want to square myself. I've always intended to, but I've procrastinated, and besides, nobody knew me and I needed the money to give myself another chance in life——"

Detective Sergeant Michael P. O'Shea tucked the note, written on the back of a blank check, in his inside vest pocket.

"Very well, Henry Price," he said calmly. "I'll do that for you, if I live. And never mind your story. I know all about it—everything except the motives back of it. The fact of the matter is, my friend, I'm not a timber-buyer at all. I'm Michael P. O'Shea, a detective sergeant from the San Francisco police bureau, and I came to Victoria to get you. I'm what we call a roper. I've induced you to put your foot on American soil, and if we had reached San Francisco you would have been arrested and charged with a felony on this insurance deal the moment you came down the gangplank," and O'Shea unbuttoned his vest and showed his shield pinned to his suspender. From an inside coat pocket he brought forth the warrant for Rand's arrest and showed it to his prisoner.

"There's the warrant for you," he said blithely. "Watch me serve it," and he tore it up and tossed the fragments into the surf.

Rand's face was very white and pitiful. "But I—I—" he stammered.

—"But you are no crook," supplemented O'Shea. "You're an honest man and the only honest man I ever knew that did time. You forged a check and did three years in Joliet. Why?"

"It was a woman's honour against mine," replied Rand brokenly. "I thought more of hers."

"I believe you," O'Shea answered. "And this insurance deal—that was an accident. I always said so. You paid the premium a year in advance, which was throwing away money, because you pulled the trick in six months. Again, why?"

"I married, you know—and I changed my name and moved to California before that. I didn't tell my wife. I thought perhaps she would never know. I——"

"One of your old friends from Joliet bumped into you and blackmailed you, eh? They usually do—the damned crooks!"

Rand nodded. "My poor wife had social aspirations, O'Shea, and the good Lord hadn't given her a very broad vision. The news hurt. She was ashamed of me, although she stuck by me. But I know she didn't love me any more, and life was a hell. She was always afraid the neighbours would find it out and she'd be disgraced. You see, O'Shea, I had to leave her, because she wasn't happy with me. I didn't think it was fair to myself to commit suicide. One day I went fishing up the Sacramento, and in the bushes at the edge of the railroad embankment where the Shasta road skirts the river, I found a dead tramp. He'd been pitched from a car roof on the curve, I guess; I think his neck was broken. He looked a good deal like me—about my weight and height——"

"I see," interrupted O'Shea. "It was a good idea. You changed clothing and salted the stiff with your watch and pocketbook and shoved him off into the river. Then you disappeared. And you'd done all this before you remembered about the life insurance."

"I never thought about the life insurance at all. I just wanted to get away clean and start life all over again. I came to Victoria, got a job as salesman with the McDougall Realty Company, made a few deals and got some money together and bought into a partnership. The insurance policy had been collected before I heard about it, and while I was wondering how I was going to square the company my wife married again. That complicated matters worse, and now—what are you going to do with me, O'Shea?" Poor Rand's face was very pitiful as he raised it to the detective.

"Ask you to forgive me, you poor devil," murmured O'Shea, and extended one cold hand. "I've played a dirty game, old man, and it wasn't even in the line of duty. I was doing it for money—blood-money. There was $2,500 in it for me, and I'm a poor man and needed the money. Most crooks do, I guess," he added humbly.

"I understand that pressure—thoroughly." Rand smiled wanly as he took the detective's hand. "Of course I forgive you. I think I like you better in your true rôle. It's worth losing that commission to know you. But if you reach shore alive you'll have to make a report on me."

"When we reach shore," retorted Mike O'Shea—"and we'll try for it before we get any colder or stiffer—you head north and I'll head south. I won't see you again, and as far as the law is concerned, I'll square this case. Are you ready to swim for the shore, sailor?"

"Ready," responded Rand, and they descended the ratlines until the seas swept them to their keees; then, each with one arm looped into the cork ring between them, they went out into the breakers, paddling desperately with their free arms.

It was an hour before they won to the firm white sand of the beach, and they were too weak to walk. O'Shea found some matches in his pocket in a waterproof safe, and crawled around on his hands and knees collecting driftwood for a fire. When he had the fire blazing well, he dragged his benumbed companion to the flames, undressed him and slapped the life back into him.

At daybreak they parted. "Good-by, Fred," said Detective Sergeant O'Shea, addressing his prisoner by the first part of his latest alias. "Go your way and sin no more, and God bless you. You're the finest crook I've ever met."

Young Henny Maguire strolled into the office of Captain of Detectives Horton and draped his person over the chief's desk.

"When will Mike be back?" he demanded. "He's overstaying his leave."

"He was in the wreck of the steamer *Omega*," said Horton sourly. "He writes me he is the only survivor and he's resting up at a farm-house near the beach where he came ashore. He was all in for a week afterward, but he's on his way home now. I expect him in some time to-morrow forenoon. Now get out, Henny, I'm a busy man."

Young Henny got out. In the doorway he met a man coming in. The man looked excited about something, so Henny Maguire hung around in the corridor, planning to go back later and question Munson, the chief clerk. While he was standing there a heavy hand fell on his shoulder and whirled him about.

"Hello, Henny," said Detective Michael P. O'Shea. "How are you?"

The reporter greeted his friend warmly, and felicitated him upon his miraculous escape from drowning. For a minute they exchanged the usual commonplaces, and then Henny Maguire remembered that he was a police reporter.

"About that scoop you promised me, Mike," he reminded O'Shea.

O'Shea's face clouded. "Not yet," he replied evasively. "I must report to the chief," and he opened the door to Horton's office and entered, just as a stranger departed. Horton looked up as O'Shea crossed the room and held out his hand.

"Well, Chief," he began cheerfully, "I'm back, and mighty glad of it." He arched one eyebrow toward Munson. It was a silent request to the chief to dismiss his clerk while O'Shea made his confidential report.

"I won't need you for a few minutes, Munson," growled the captain of detectives, and Munson, taking the hint, went out in the hall and commenced to chat with Henny Maguire.

"Well, I roped him in all right," began O'Shea confidentially, "and I had him on the steamer with me. You know the story. It was every man for himself, and I'm a family man, Chief."

"He was drowned, then," ventured Horton. "How do you know?"

"I saw him perish," replied O'Shea glibly, and went on to unfold a vivid story of Rand's death and his own miraculous escape. But the chief was gazing at him with an ugly leer on his face, and suddenly O'Shea paused confused. Horton continued to glare at him, and presently he spoke.

"You saw him drowned, eh? And you have the nerve to come back here with that story and think it will wash with me? Mike, you're immense. Upon my word you are. Now, let me tell you exactly what happened. You and this crook, Rand, or Mallory, got ashore all right and you made the pinch. Then you shook him down for all the traffic would bear and turned him loose, while you come back here and give me this cock-and-bull story about seeing him drowned." Horton laughed. "And you're the honest dick I sent out to bring home the bacon, eh? Mike, as I said before, you're immense. Did you see that man that went out of my office as you came in? Well, that's the local manager of the Pacific Life Insurance Company, and he just dropped in to tell me to forget about that John F. Mallory case. His people are no longer interested. He says Mallory's widow has returned his company the twenty thousand dollars, and he wants the matter dropped. Well, I'll drop it. I'll have to, because the insurance company will refuse to swear to a complaint.

And there are other reasons. But I'm not through with you, you—you dirty crook! Just pass over two thousand five hundred bucks, Mike. You got more than that for squaring this case. Rand had money, and you made him come through to the company, of course. Naturally, you charged him a piece of money for the privilege. You wouldn't be a cop if you hadn't. So I want my bit. We were partners in this. Shell out, and be quick about it."

"Chief," protested O'Shea, "I didn't get a red cent. The man wasn't a crook, after all. I tell you, I couldn't rope him, Chief. He was the finest gentleman——"

"Tell all that to Sweeny. I want twenty-five hundred dollars."

"But I can't give you any money."

Horton smiled. "To-morrow, Mike," he said sweetly, "you go back to pounding a beat. And you'll pound it in Ingleside, where the fog is thick enough to give you a good mouthful every time you open that lying trap of yours. I'll try you on that for a month, and if you don't come across then, I'll break you. You left the State without the permission of the Board of Police Commissioners, and I can get you for that. Now, be reasonable, Mike. You're a man of family, and a patrolman's salary——"

"Chief," said Detective Sergeant O'Shea, "you're too crooked to believe there are some men in this world above a price. And if I stick around this department any longer I'll have that point of view myself." He opened his coat, unpinned his shield and laid it on Horton's desk.

"I've resigned from the department," he said. "No cheap dip like you, Horton, can get the goat of an O'Shea." He turned, and as he did, his haggard glance rested on the picture of the manacled boy. For a few seconds he surveyed the terrible thing, then reached for Horton's inkwell and dashed it against the picture. There was the sound of shivering glass and the picture was ruined.

"Pinch me for that, you dog," said Michael O'Shea. "Just go ahead and pinch me."

"No, Mike," replied Horton calmly, "I won't. You'd spill the whole story to that Henny Maguire and he'd make a hero of you. Good morning, Mike. I'll recommend the acceptance of your resignation."

So that is how Detective Sergeant Michael P. O'Shea happened to leave the department. In the hall outside he met Henny Maguire, who was waiting for him.

"About that scoop, Mike," began Henny anxiously. Mike laid a friendly hand on the reporter's shoulder.

"Henny, you'll have to let me off on that promise. I can't deliver the goods. And I'm sorry, too, Henny, because it was a big story."

"But why can't you tell me, Mike?" protested Henny, disappointed.

"It concerns the honour of a poor devil that's done time, Henny," replied O'Shea. "It's just one of these stories that can't ever be written. But I'll tip you off to one piece of news that the other boys haven't got. Remember that awful damned picture over the chief's desk? Well, I just threw the chief's inkwell through it, and resigned from the department."

"Javert," said Henny Maguire, "I'll buy you a good two-bit cigar for that."

"See that you do," said Mr. Michael O'Shea, and arm and arm he and Henny walked out of the hall of Justice.

"What line will you tackle now, Mike?" Henny inquired.

"Real estate," O'Shea retorted blithely. "I have a good friend up in Victoria, B. C., who told me if I ever quit the force to wire him. He has a good job waiting for me right now, and if I make good I can work into a partnership."

The Metamorphosis

By SIR JOHN SUCKLING

THE little boy to show his might and power,
Turn'd Io to a cow, Narcissus to a flower;
Transformed Apollo to a homely swain,
And Jove himself into a golden rain.
These shapes were tolerable, but by the mass
He's metamorphosed me into an ass.

Come What May—A Comedy in One Act

By ANATOLE FRANCE

Translated by Frederic Chapman and J. Lewis May

MADAME DE SESCOURT (GERMAINE)
MADAME LAVERNE (CECILE).
NALEGE.
JACQUES CHAMBRY.
FRANCOIS.
A drawing-room in Paris, 1895.

SCENE I

GERMAINE, *then* CECILE

GERMAINE (*alone, writing*)—Acroclinium, rose, twelve packets; double acroclinium, white, twenty-four packets. Alpine plants are all small. And if I am to choose the species, you must tell me whether they will have a north or south aspect. . . .

CECILE (*coming in*)—Good morning, Germaine. I am fortunate. You are not yet flown.

GERMAINE—Good morning, Cécile. You have something to tell me?

CECILE—No, nothing . . . everything. . . . Never mind. Finish your letter.

GERMAINE—I have but a couple more lines to write. (*Writes.*) Californian Eschscholtzia, mandarin, rose . . .

CECILE—Good heavens! whatever is that?

GERMAINE (*writing*)—A flower, my dear girl, a pretty little white flower touched with rose. (*Writing.*) Heliotropium, Browalle Czerwiakowskii.

CECILE—Goodness! In what language do you conduct your correspondence?

GERMAINE—In the language of seedsmen. I am replying to Adalbert who wants me to choose him flowers for his garden. Each spring, for five years past, comes the same touching letter: "Dear Germaine, when my poor brother was alive you chose flowers for the parterres at Seuilly. Do so, now that Seuilly is mine. You have so much taste." I can not refuse him. And whatever I do, the parterres at Seuilly will be none the fairer for it.

CECILE—Why?

GERMAINE (*closing her letter*)—I don't know. It is a gift. The Sescourts are unfortunate in all their undertakings. My husband had but a single passion—horses. His stable was always unlucky. Adalbert loves flowers. Flowers will not grow for him.

CECILE—Do you think it is so?

GERMAINE—I am sure of it.

CECILE—But your husband was a much cleverer man than Adalbert.

GERMAINE—Do you say that to flatter me, or because you think it?

CECILE—Oh, I know that he was not the last word in husbands. He was not incomparable. You deserved a better. But I have ideas on the subject. A woman should not be too well married. On the contrary, a good marriage becomes an inconvenience in the end. Yes, I assure you . . . it prevents things. I, for instance, have a husband. . . .

GERMAINE—A charming one! Your husband is charming.

CECILE—Charming! Well, it has put a stop to everything. I tell myself at times that there is some good in a bad match. It leaves an opening, it leaves possibilities, and one can hope at large. A delicious state! . . .

GERMAINE—You have some very unruly notions to-day, my dearest. Say at once, with Paul Chambry, that a woman marries only to get into circulation. (*Enter* NALEGE.)

SCENE II

The same and NALEGE

NALEGE (*to* MADAME DE SESCOURT)—Madame! (*To* MADAME LAVERNE)—Dear Madame! (*He bows.*)

CECILE—Monsieur de Nalège! . . . I thought you were at home, in your woods.

NALEGE—I come from them, Madame. I came but yesterday.

CECILE—Your first visit is for Madame de Sescourt. I claim the second for myself. Come and see me when you leave here. You will find my husband, who grows every day more devoted to you, and soon will be unable to get on without you. Which, for once in a way, does not mean . . . I will leave you. I have visits to pay from which I may not free myself, for they are to people I do not know. Good-bye. Exchange confidences of the fairest, and, if you speak of me, say: "She is lovable." (*She goes out.*)

SCENE III

GERMAINE *and* NALEGE

GERMAINE—True enough, she is lovable.

NALEGE—Very.

GERMAINE—Isn't she? And men don't seem to see it. She says to me time and again: "I am not plainer than others, nor sillier. And yet—you may not believe it—no one makes love to me."

NALEGE—And to you they do it all day long?

GERMAINE—Pooh!

NALEGE—All day long.

GERMAINE—No. From five to seven.

NALEGE—And it amuses you to hear all their insipidities, their nonsense. It flatters you to receive the compliments of imbeciles who do not mean a single word they say.

GERMAINE—Monsieur de Nalège, what have you been doing with yourself this winter?

NALEGE—I, Madame? I have lived alone in my woods, with my dog, my pipe, and my gun. I have passed whole days without seeing a human countenance. Two days ago I slept in a charcoal-burner's empty hut. I had lost myself in my own forests on a grand stormy night.

GERMAINE—Just so! Such existence has left on you a trace of the wilds.

NALEGE—Ah! You find me rough because I tell you that you are fond of empty compliments.

GERMAINE—Not at all.

NALEGE—. . . and because I suspect you of being entertained by fine words which hold but little meaning. Do you believe, Madame, that you are not to be caught as others are by phrases and grimaces? Do you believe that it is so easy to detect true feeling, and to see to the depths of the heart?

GERMAINE—I believe that men can see nothing in that regard, even the cleverest. A silly woman can make them believe anything she wishes. Vanity blinds them. And women are not taken in by grimaces. They can very well distinguish under compliments the feelings that inspire them.

NALEGE—You are sure of that?

GERMAINE—Certainly I am. We see at once with whom we have to do.

NALEGE—Yes, you think, you women, that you have a mysterious gift, that you hold the divining-rod which strains towards the hidden point of love. You believe that you can tell, among all others, the one who loves you the most and the best. Women are never mistaken. They say so, and they believe it until long experience has disabused them. I knew in her old age an Italian princess, a former beauty in Milan—and in Paris, too—in the days when Frenchmen wore nankeen trousers and sang Béranger's songs. In her declining days she would tell her tales to a grand-nephew of hers. And one day she began in these words: "At that time I was perfectly beautiful." The young man clicked his tongue and looked at his grand-aunt, as much as to say, "and you profited by it!" Thereupon the princess replied, with a sigh: "Well, then, if you will have it, nephew mine, I have been abominably robbed in my time." The fact is that in these matters the women and the men proceed . . . I do not say by touch, for that obviously would not be such a bad way of going about it—I will not say as at blind-man's buff, for at that people scream danger at you, but crossways through all sorts of phantasmagoria and devilments, like Don Quixote when he bestrode the good steed Chevillard to pursue the Infanta.

GERMAINE—Extraordinary person that you are! You issue from your charcoal-burner's hut to persuade me, by means of an Italian princess and Don Quixote, that a woman cannot see when someone has a feeling—a liking—for her.

NALEGE—Even so. Sincere feeling, profound passion—a woman can pass them by without seeing them.

GERMAINE—Oh, do not let us talk of passion. We have no notion on the subject. One does not know passion by sight—one has never seen it——

NALEGE—Never?

GERMAINE—Never. Passion is like a thunderstorm—it never hits the mark. Once at Grand' Combe I was caught in a thunderstorm. I took refuge from it. The sky seemed on fire, the thunder never ceased its rumbling. The lightning split a poplar from crown to base a hundred yards from me. I was none the worse. Passion is like the thunderbolt—it is terrible, but it falls wide. A sentiment, on the other hand . . . a liking . . . a woman may inspire them—well and good—and she is aware of it.

NALEGE—Madame, I will give you methodical proof to the contrary. I am a man of method. I have a scientific mind.

I have applied these faculties to agriculture. The results were disastrous. But a rational method must be judged in itself and not by effects for which it is not altogether responsible. I am going to prove to you, in the most rigorous manner, that, generally, if a woman perceives that one has a liking for her, it is because that sentiment is not very pronounced, and that the stronger it is the less she will recognize it.

GERMAINE—Proceed with your demonstration.

NALEGE—Must we first define this . . . liking . . . of which we speak?

GERMAINE—That would not help us.

NALEGE—But, Madame, it would not be without use. Still, it would, perhaps, border on impropriety.

GERMAINE—Impropriety? Why, what do you mean?

NALEGE—I think a precise definition might offend your delicacy. And what I say should not cause you surprise, for, in fact, when a man is sitting thus near a lady, as I am near you, and says to himself in his heart as he looks at her—thus, as I am looking at you: "Madame So-and-So is delightful," this reflection holds . . . I hope it may not shock you?

GERMAINE—Not at all.

NALEGE—The reflection has in it the germ of an idea at the same time natural, physical, psychological, the presentation of which in all its strength and simplicity is utterly opposed to established manners. The mere reflection that "Madame So-and-So is delightful" denotes when it crosses the mind the birth of a sequence of vivid pictures, of curious feelings, and violent desires which succeed one another, multiply themselves, rush to the front, and know no pause till—which know no pause, Madame. . . .

GERMAINE—You trifle!

NALEGE—No, Madame, I do not trifle. I am but establishing the groundwork of my argument. It follows from what I have just set forth that the ordinary, average, everyday man who thinks, as he sees you, "She is charming," and who entertains the thought without ardour of sentiment, without power of reflection, without strength of soul or body, without even knowing what he thinks or whether he thinks at all, such an one may stay near you and be pleasing, endearing, ingratiating. He talks, smiles, has the will to please. He pleases. Whereas the unhappy man who, above all others, thinks that you are charming, but also feels the full force of that thought, he contains himself, conceals it, shuts it away. He is fearful lest it escape, in spite of him, in untimely turbulence, and he is uneasy. He is mute and depressed. You think he is bored, and he bores you. You say: "Poor man, he becomes rather wearisome." And that because he is only too well aware of your grace and beauty, because he has received a mortal thrust, because he has conceived a strong and generous inclination towards you. Because, in a word, he is—as people used to say—very hard hit.

GERMAINE—He is somewhat absurd, your good man.

NALEGE—Certainly. He is conscious of the disproportion existing between the ideas he entertains and those he must express. He feels himself ridiculous. He becomes so. It is an absurd incongruity, a burlesque breach of manners, to think of a lady too clearly in terms of a woman. The thought may border on the tragicomic.

GERMAINE—And then——

NALEGE—Then, instead of making pretty speeches and venturing oneself adroitly, one shows oneself downcast and timid. Even if one is not so by nature, one becomes so. One gives up all attempt at saying what may be said only by overweakening its expression. One falls into a dull despondency, into a stupidity that weighs one down. . . . (*A silence.*)

GERMAINE—. . . from which one issues no more?

NALEGE—From which one issues at the first charming note of the beloved voice. One gathers oneself together, one starts again . . . and if one happens to be a rustic and a ruminant, a solitary who has wandered dreaming in the woods with his gun, his book, and his dog, one spins wide theories, lays down systems, holds forth on the subject of love. One takes up again the thread of long demonstrations. One argues. It is a foolish business to argue in the presence of a pretty woman, but one argues. One grows dogged, and follows one line of argument with obstinacy and contentiousness . . . or perhaps . . .

GERMAINE—Or perhaps . . . ?

NALEGE—Or perhaps one has a brusque change of mood. One becomes gay, trifling, flippant, indulges in pleasantry. One springs up and sits down again, looks about, interests oneself in odds and ends, says: "Here's a pretty miniature on this box." (*He picks up a box from the table.*) Who is this lady in powder—do you know?

GERMAINE—It is Mademoiselle Fel.

NALEGE (*dryly*)—Ah . . . Mademoiselle Fel.

GERMAINE—At least, I believe so. You may compare it with the pastel by Latour at St.-Quentin.

NALEGE—I will not fail to do so, Madame. Thank you for having given me an interesting occupation. I will give my leisure time to it.

GERMAINE—Why do you employ that tone? What is the matter?

NALEGE—Nothing whatever. I proceed with my demonstration. I say, you look round, you make yourself pleasant—lumberingly pleasant—you gambol like an elephant, or perhaps . . . do you follow me?

GERMAINE—I am with you . . . go on.

NALEGE—You take an inward revenge. You decry with sincerity—oh, yes, sincerely . . . the too precious object. You look at it with the eye of a disdainful connoisseur. You say to yourself: "I see well enough . . . clear and pure colouring, light golden hair, pretty skin, neck and shoulders of harmonious line, rounded and supple figure." Well, after all—is it unique? Is it rare? One knows what it is. What folly to hanker after it, what folly to suffer for it!

GERMAINE—Ah! does one indeed?

NALEGE—Yes, you say that, and you try to believe it. And then you pity your very self. You long for some happiness, some rest and tranquillity. You say to yourself: "Go—go and smoke your pipe in the woods, seek your horse and your dog, seek the open sky, idiot that you are." And you pick up your hat (*he takes his hat*) and say: "Good day, Madame." (*He leaves.*)

SCENE IV

GERMAINE *alone. Later,* FRANCOIS

GERMAINE—He has gone. . . . Pleasant journey, Monsieur de Nalège. Au revoir . . . good-bye . . . good-bye . . . au revoir. Who knows? A little brusque, a little queer, Monsieur de Nalège. What can one expect? . . . A man who sleeps out in the woods in a storm, in a charcoal-burner's hut! Five o'clock. . . . A savage who, nevertheless. . . . Ah! my letter to poor Adalbert! . . . (*She rings.*) Perhaps what Cécile says is true, that Adalbert is more stupid than . . . his brother. But that is of no importance . . . oh! . . . none . . . (*Enter* FRANCOIS). That is for the post. . . . If anyone calls, I am not at home. (FRANCOIS *gives her a card, which she reads.*) Jacques Chambry. . . . Show him in.

SCENE V

GERMAINE, JACQUES CHAMBRY

GERMAINE—It is quite by chance that you find me at home. Usually I do not return home so early.

CHAMBRY—By chance? Rather by good luck . . . such a pleasure.

GERMAINE—And a somewhat rare pleasure, for you do not often indulge in it. For instance, yesterday, at the play, you did not come to see me in my box. You denied yourself that pleasure.

CHAMBRY—I did not dare. . . . Positively did not dare. In your box I perceived dragons, ogres, ogresses, dwarfs—it was terrifying.

GERMAINE—What do you mean, dragons and ogres?

CHAMBRY—A fairy's bodyguard; quite as it should be. But I shuddered. Behind you was counsel in the person of Billaine, rolling his great eyes; Colonel Herpin, weeping behind your back; and Baron Michiels, sleeping. He was the dwarf. He was quite appalling.

GERMAINE—The play was charming. Did you not think so?

CHAMBRY—Oh, yes. Boring—yes, very boring.

GERMAINE—But no, I assure you—delightful, charming.

CHAMBRY—Charming? Possibly. I only saw one act. . . .

GERMAINE—Come, come—you stayed in the beautiful Madame Desenne's box all the time. There were no dwarfs, or ogres, or dragons in her box. There was only Desenne, who is deaf, and little Malcy, who is dumb. You were quite happy there.

CHAMBRY—Very, Madame. I could see you all the time.

GERMAINE—From afar.

CHAMBRY—From afar, but in duplicate. I saw you full face and in profile at the same time. You were reflected in profile in the mirror of the stage-box—showing the nape of your neck. And it is not always that the nape of the neck is pretty. Nay, it is very rare. I have seen but five so far . . .

GERMAINE—You are a collector?

CHAMBRY—In so far as I have a correct eye and know how to use it. Do not laugh. It isn't every one who has the faculty. I know people who have loved a woman for months, years . . . three years . . . four years . . .

GERMAINE—Four years. . . ?

CHAMBRY—If that frightens you, say eighteen months—two years . . . men who have adored a woman for years, who have loved her . . . in every way . . . and who do not even know if she is well made, or what are her good and what her second-rate points. They are not aware of these things, and they never will be. They lack the trained eye, and that is irreparable. On people like that exquisite things are lost. People whose eyes are unable to read a woman constitute the great majority. I can give you an example. You know Thouvenin, old Thouvenin of the Congo Railway. You know that he has lived for years with Mercédès, the dancer . . .

GERMAINE—No—I know nothing whatever about it.

CHAMBRY—Anyhow, it is so. Well, one day last week I came across Thouvenin in a very well-known house. But not of your world. He was in the drawing-room, turning over an album filled with portraits of young ladies, whose only costumes were their ear-rings and their rings. I was looking over his shoulder. All at once I caught sight of a slight, slender brunette, who possessing no veil but her fan, was, with very proper feeling, hiding her eyes with it. I said to Thouvenin: "There is Mercédès." Staggered, he exclaimed: "Where?" "There, Monsieur Thouvenin, there in the book of specimens." "Impossible—what makes you think so?" "Everything." "Nothing that I can see. How do you expect one to recognize her?" And pray observe that Thouvenin is parting with 15,000 francs a month for the possession of charms that he fails to recognize when he can't see the tip of her nose. The moral of this story . . .

GERMAINE—Oh—there is a moral?

CHAMBRY—And you shall unravel it yourself.

GERMAINE—I? I do not even know what you have been saying. I was not listening.

CHAMBRY—Listen, at least, to the moral. . . . It is melancholy to have to tell one's self one is pretty; but there are few connoisseurs, very few.

GERMAINE—So you have merely a vague idea of this play we saw . . . together. That is a pity. It was interesting.

CHAMBRY—But I have already told you, I only looked at you. You will never know how charming you looked last night.

GERMAINE—Describe me, then, describe me. I am certain that you do not even know the colour of my gown.

CHAMBRY—Your gown . . . the colour . . . ? (*After a while.*) Blue.

GERMAINE—What a pity that you were unable to see yourself as you replied "Blue"! You were like this: (*she imitates him*). Wandering eyes, puckered brow, arm outstretched, with fingers feeling in the air like a small boy drawing a number out of a bag.

CHAMBRY—Well?

GERMAINE—Well, you have won.

CHAMBRY—And that blue gown suited you to perfection.

GERMAINE—Oh, you thought so? As it happened, an old friend who was in my box said to me: "That dress does not suit you at all. You are a hundredfold prettier in pink than in blue." And I confess, Monsieur Chambry, I was touched and flattered by this remark because I believed it to be the truth, because I felt its sincerity and that it betokened a real desire to see me to my advantage.

CHAMBRY—It was the dwarf who told you that?

GERMAINE—The dwarf?

CHAMBRY—Yes, Baron Michiels. He affects a rough outspokenness with you. He subjugates you by his calm assurance in judging your frocks. Well, he is colour-blind. He cannot tell red from green. One day in a sale room I found him in ecstasy over some cherries by Madeleine Lemaire. He thought they were plums. Just imagine, then, how this gnome must appreciate the rose of your cheek, which melts so imperceptibly into the soft white of your throat . . .

GERMAINE—Poor Monsieur Michiels! He is such a good friend. So devoted.

CHAMBRY—Do not believe it. He is sulky, and evilly disposed, that is all. What advantage can you see in surrounding yourself with a bodyguard borrowed from the Law Courts, the Stock Exchange, and the Army, which watches over you with a vigilance at once fierce and grotesque? You are never to be found alone.

GERMAINE—It appears to me that at this moment . . .

CHAMBRY—Ah, once in a while—in your drawing-room, with doors. It is all doors this room.

GERMAINE—There are four. It is like every other drawing-room. Surely you do not imagine . . .

CHAMBRY—Lord! yes—I do imagine . . .

GERMAINE—I am ignorant of your ideas on furnishing. I like airy rooms, bright, and with simple lines and plenty of space.

CHAMBRY (*rises, and mines first the things on a table, next in a glass-fronted cupboard, then on a side table*)—You have taste; you have a feeling for art, it is true. You may believe me. I understand the matter.

GERMAINE—I do believe you.

CHAMBRY—You have some nice things. Those perfume burners are very pretty in their old setting . . . old china . . . old Sèvres, celadon . . . soft paste. . . (*He takes up a box from the table.*) This box, with a miniature on a ground of vernis Martin, striped like one's great-grandmother's frock, is pleasing to the eye and to the touch. I love knick-knacks that one may handle with pleasure, which love, themselves, to be caressed. This miniature is a portrait of a well-known woman. It is . . . wait a moment . . . I will tell you . . .

GERMAINE—It is said to be Mademoiselle Fel.

CHAMBRY—And it is. She resembles Latour's pastel.

GERMAINE—Oh, so you know Latour's pastel? Good!

CHAMBRY—That surprises you because you consort only with savages. Do you like miniatures? Because if you like them I could show you some rather pretty ones at my house.

GERMAINE—Yes, I like miniatures very much, but not to excess.

CHAMBRY—And would one have to love them to excess to come and see some tomorrow between five and six at No. 18 Place Vendôme, ground floor, left-hand side, no stairs, just three steps? (*He picks up a book from the table.*)

GERMAINE—Look what you are holding in your hand.

CHAMBRY—I see . . . morocco binding . . . delicate tooling. Superb!

GERMAINE—You will not be able to lay the blame upon me for having given it to you. You have found it for yourself. Who is it says, "One cannot avoid one's fate"? You have gone to meet yours. What you hold in your hand is the Album. Yes, monsieur, that morocco binding is its cover. I, like all the rest, have one. (*She offers him a pen.*)

CHAMBRY (*turning over the leaves*)—I see, it is an autograph album. And, as such things go, it is not too bad. . . . Falguière, Paul Hervieu, Massenet . . . Henri Lavedan, Paul Bourget, Deschanel, Ludovic Halévy. . . . All the elect. Distinguished names crowd its vellum. Ah,—here and there one finds others less illustrious. I do not know whether I am mistaken, but it seems to me that names such as Janvier Dupont, Colonel Herpin, and Paul Floche do not shine with dazzling effulgence. You mingle the illustrious and the obscure in your album.

GERMAINE—That is all as it should be. And I will tell you why. Sometimes—oh, not often—a man of the world will write a pretty thing in this album—a celebrity, never! Oh, you may judge yourself, for look what Jules Lemaître, Pailleron, Sardou, Vanderem have written.

CHAMBRY (*turning over the leaves and reading in an undertone*)—Yes. You are quite right. . . . Insignificant . . . feeble . . . nothing at all.

GERMAINE—And what about Dumas? Read what Dumas has written. At the beginning . . . at the top of a page . . . there——

CHAMBRY (*reading aloud*)—"*At the beginning of winter we have the chimneys swept.*" ALEXANDER DUMAS fils.

CHAMBRY (*reading aloud*)—"*Love blossoms in our tears.*" PAUL FLOCHE.

GERMAINE—Now, that is pretty.

CHAMBRY—Yes, it is pretty. And it recalls an impression one has experienced sometimes, something one has felt before. What is he, this Monsieur Paul Floche?

GERMAINE—I do not quite know. I think he has something to do with wood pavements. (*Seeing* CHAMBRY *is about to close the album.*) Oh, your turn has come. You are not going to get off. Write . . .

CHAMBRY (*opening the album*)—What depresses me is not so much what is written here, it is this white—all this blank space. The sight of it makes one think of all the inanities to come, of all the feeble, halting, abortive thoughts that the future may have in store (*he writes*), and which will find a home here.

GERMAINE—Write!

CHAMBRY—It is done, Madame. It is done.

GERMAINE—What have you put? (*He holds out the album, and* GERMAINE *reads aloud*) "*Love is a stream that mirrors Heaven.*" It is charming.

CHAMBRY—And I believe it. Yes, I believe that did love not add colour to our life we should perish from despair and boredom. I am a dreamer, at heart a sentimentalist.

GERMAINE—"*Love is a stream that mirrors Heaven.*" It is delicious. But water flows if the heavens remain. You are pledged to nothing.

CHAMBRY—The stream unceasingly gives back the sky and murmurs and flows unceasingly. The stars of heaven tremble in its waves.

GERMAINE—But, tell me, does this stream flow from a spring?

CHAMBRY—But . . .

GERMAINE—Or does it not rather issue from a reservoir, from a very small reservoir whose key you hold, and which you lock up on a fine evening before going out walking?

CHAMBRY—You are rash. You are to be blamed if you mock at love.

GERMAINE—I am not mocking at love. At the worst, I am only mocking at your little stream.

CHAMBRY—It is wrong of you. And more unfair than you imagine. If you only knew . . .

GERMAINE—Ah, but you see, I don't know.

CHAMBRY—You believe me incapable of feeling—of tenderness?

GERMAINE—I confess that I have no views on the subject.

CHAMBRY—Yes, yes. Madame, because I do not affect a blunt outspokenness, like Baron Michiels, because I do not roll great eyes, like old Billaine, because I do not weep on your shoulder silently during a whole evening, like the gallant Colonel Herpin—you imagine I am indifferent, that I am unable to appreciate you, that I fail to see that you are charming, exquisite, adorable.

GERMAINE—I do not imagine anything; believe me, I beg of you.

CHAMBRY—You misjudge me: you do not believe in me. Shall I tell you why? Because in love you are all for the classic tradition, for the established forms, for the protocols. You would be made love to by method, you lean to lovers grave and correct. That is a perversity. They ruin a woman when they get her, people of that kind. Do not put yourself in their hands—it would be a crime.

GERMAINE—Have you been to the Exhibition of Water Colours yet? It is a very good show this year.

CHAMBRY—Why do you not believe that I love you? Because I have not told you so? Well, sometimes the more one thinks the less one says.

GERMAINE—Frankly, Monsieur Chambry, had you told me so I should believe it none the more.

CHAMBRY—Why?

GERMAINE—Because as soon as you get to know a woman you say that sort of thing as naturally as another man tells you that it's raining or that it's a fine day. The thought has no importance for you. You have not given it a thought—you say it and you think no more about it. It is a mere civility.

CHAMBRY—No—oh, no!

GERMAINE—An incivility then, if you like.

CHAMBRY—Nevertheless, it is true that I love you. And if I tell you so after the fashion you describe, it is certainly not to appear civil, not even to appear uncivil, however much I might wish to be so. It is quite simply because I am sincere, and because I *do* love you.

GERMAINE—It is odd. . . . Yet one is bound to believe that there are women who are taken in by what you say—because if it did not come off now and then, you would probably have given it up. True enough, women are foolish at times.

CHAMBRY—It is I who am foolish. Let us be foolish together. It is the best thing in the world. You have never been happy. You have never been loved. You do not know what it is. Do not waste your youth, your beauty. (*He kneels down and kisses her hand.*) Unbend, forgive, soften your heart. Do not become your own heart's enemy. Germaine, I beseech you . . . for my sake . . . for your own . . .

GERMAINE—Get up. There is a ring at the bell. I hear some one coming.

CHAMBRY—No, I will not get up. There is no one coming. No one must come. It would be ridiculous. Just like a theatrical scene. I shall remain at your feet. I shall keep your hand pressed to my lips until you believe me.

GERMAINE—Oh, I believe—that I am not utterly distasteful to you. There! Get up.

SCENE VI

The same. CECILE

CECILE—It is I once more, darling. How do you do, Monsieur Chambry?

CHAMBRY—Madame, I am really enchanted. . . .

CECILE—I am sure you are. (*To* GERMAINE.) Is not Nalège here?

GERMAINE—He left more than an hour ago—he went, indeed, in some haste.

CECILE—It was to see me. But he will return; I told him to meet me here. He went off with my husband, who was to show him a horse on the way, and drop him at your door. Why isn't he here by this time?

CHAMBRY—Oh, you will have to wait. When lovers of horses get their feet in the straw and their noses on a crupper, hours seem to them like seconds.

CECILE—You do not know Monsieur de Nalège: his greatest delight is to be out with his gun and his book. But do not misjudge him, although very serious, he has a very pleasant side.

CHAMBRY—And plenty of wit. Unfortunately, it is like my Aunt Clemence's furniture. They say it is upholstered in admirable Beauvais, but no one has seen anything but the holland covers. Oh, were Nalège to take off his cover! What splendour would be revealed! But he will not take it off.

CECILE—That is to say, he will not take it off for every one. He is not commonplace.

CHAMBRY—Anyway, he has an advantage for which I envy him. He pleases you. (*Then to* GERMAINE) Dear lady . . .

GERMAINE—Must you go?

CHAMBRY (*in an undertone*)—I shall return. I must speak to you.

SCENE VII

GERMAINE, CECILE

CECILE—Was he making love to you?

GERMAINE—A little. Does it show?

CECILE—A declaration of love shows when it "takes," like vaccination. It lends a slight rosiness to the skin.

GERMAINE—How fond you are of talking nonsense.

CECILE—But, dearest, it was easy to guess. He makes love to every woman. He has even made love to me. To me—whom men do not even look at! It is quite true, I have no success. And I am blessed if I know why . . . I am neither uglier, nor more stupid than others.

GERMAINE—You are very nice to look at.

CECILE—No, I am not nice looking. I am merely comfortable looking and normal—oh, normal. Do you remember when we attended Monsieur Blanchard's classes together? In one geographical atlas there were heads representing types of the human race: the black, the yellow race, and the white race. Well, the white race was a striking likeness of me. You wrote my name underneath.

GERMAINE—And you complain! It was Venus!

CECILE—Do you think so?

GERMAINE—I am certain. The Medici Venus. Apollo was on her left—underneath a Red Skin. I can see them now.

CECILE—Well then, you must believe that the Medici Venus is no longer in demand, save by Chambry. And the worst of it is that I am normal morally, as well as physically—normal to my very soul. Yes, indeed . . . You know, underneath the white race was written in our atlas, "The women of this race are active, intelligent, courageous, and faithful." That is just what I am. I conform to type, neither more nor less. I am normal to absolute commonplace.

GERMAINE—But you do not think me an exception—a monstrosity?

CECILE—You, you possess charm, and I believe you are straight.

GERMAINE—Thank you, Cécile.

CECILE—Yes, I believe you are straight. I think so to begin with because it is pleasanter between friends—I must say it, and why shouldn't I believe it? Then, perhaps, it is true. I have no proof to the contrary.

GERMAINE—Really?

CECILE—And then, you are a widow, you are free. Liberty holds you back, perhaps. . . . I know quite well that you are not very sensible. But it is the sensible women who commit the greatest follies. For instance, Madame de Saint-Vincent, she was sensible, austere, classically beautiful, and with lofty sentiments. Well, no sooner did Chambry deign to insult her virtue than she fell swooning into his arms. Ever since she pursues him like a mad woman. Her children, her reputation, her husband's diplomatic career—she has sacrificed them all to this good-looking young scamp who laughs at her, as you may imagine.

GERMAINE—It makes me nervous.

CECILE—Oh, you know Chambry is a terrible undertaking for a woman. He is vain, he is a liar. I never give advice, even unasked—which, after all, is not quite as silly as to give it when one is asked! But were I to do so, how good my advice would be! I, dearest, hold no cards, so I see the game very well; while the most subtle players . . .

GERMAINE—Do not give it, Cécile, do not give it. I should do the opposite, as people always do, and you would have a fearful responsibility. But do not be afraid. I shall commit no follies. There is one thing positive, though, and that is that I am bored with life. Well, seeing that I succeed in that so admirably by myself, it is superfluous to seek assistance. It is better to bore myself than to be bored, just as it is less irritating to do one's hair badly than to have it ill done by a lady's maid. I have no more illusions, my dear. Marriage made me quarrel with love. The men whom I meet have not yet induced me to patch it up. The sincere ones are deadly, and the others—those who perchance afford us a little pleasure—make fun of us. Under these conditions it is hardly worth while complicating one's existence. I am neither tenderhearted nor generous, Cécile—give me your esteem—I have not enough heart to behave badly.

CECILE—Agreed that you have not enough heart; but do not put too much trust in that. It is not absolutely necessary to be a saint to behave badly. Now, let us talk seriously. You are dining with me and we will go to the play. Nalège and my husband will come with us. Go and put on your hat. (FRANCOIS *hands her a card.*)

GERMAINE (reading) — Monsieur de Nalège.

CECILE—Go and put on your hat, quickly. I will receive him.

SCENE VIII

CECILE, NALEGE

CECILE—Madame de Sescourt begs you to wait for her a moment. She is just coming. Well—did you buy the horse that my husband took you to inspect?

NALEGE—Yes. Has Madame de Sescourt gone out to shed the light of her presence elsewhere? For in that case she will doubtless be long detained.

CECILE—No, she is in her room, putting on her hat.

NALEGE—That will also take some time. But as it is one of the most important things she can very well do . . .

CECILE—I fail to see the importance of it.

NALEGE—I see it very well. What stamps a woman, what gives her her rightful value, what makes her a power in the world which is only equalled by the possession of money, is her dress and her hat.

CECILE—And her fine linen, Monsieur.

NALEGE—And her fine linen. You are quite right.

CECILE—Monsieur de Nalège, you think women inferior beings. Maybe you are not wrong in thinking so. But you are surely wrong to let them see it. It is not tactful.

NALEGE—Then you, Madame, want us to admire your sentiments as much as your hats?

CECILE—It is not a question of myself. Moreover, Monsieur de Nalège, do not be disagreeable to me. You have no excuse. You are not in love with me. And what's more, it would be unjust: I have just been praising you and defending you against Monsieur Chambry, who will have it that you keep on your cover.

NALEGE—My cover?

CECILE—Do not seek to understand . . . I said that you had a very cultured, exceedingly attractive, and not at all commonplace mind, and that you always had a book in your pocket. Is it so?

NALEGE—It is true enough about the book. (*He pulls a little book out of his pocket.*)

CECILE—A serious author . . . a philosopher . . .

NALEGE—Or a poet. . . . This one is Ronsard.

CECILE (*taking the book from him*)—Show me. . . . Oh! how ancient he looks . . .

NALEGE—And I find him adorably young.

SCENE IX

GERMAINE, NALEGE, CECILE

CECILE—Here is Monsieur de Nalège, accompanied by Ronsard—a gentleman from Vendôme.

GERMAINE—Ah, so you have returned, Monsieur de Nalège?

NALEGE—How could I help myself?

GERMAINE—You are polite.

NALEGE—No, Madame, not polite enough. I was wrong. Forgive me.

CECILE (*turning over the pages of Ronsard*) —Monsieur de Nalège, you press flowers in the leaves of your books.

NALEGE—Yes, Madame. A bibliophile would find fault with me. But I read in the woods and I put in a flower to mark the pages I love.

GERMAINE—Meanwhile, what happens to your dog and your gun?

NALEGE—They go to sleep.

CECILE—There is a periwinkle at "*When you are old, at dusk, by candlelight.*" Those lines are pretty, then?

NALEGE—The form is unpolished and the style old-fashioned. But I think them the most beautiful in the world. (*To* GERMAINE) Do you not know them?

GERMAINE—No.

NALEGE—What a pity.

CECILE—And neither do I. I do not know them, and it is as great a pity. Even more so. For I have a great love for verse and understand it. But it is not a quality that shows. Whereas Germaine, because she inspires it, is thought to love it. . . . Oh, yes, she inspires it. Her album is full of poems dedicated to her. (*Turning over the leaves of the album*) Listen:

> "*Pourquoi l'azur de vos prunelles*
> *Est-il soudain plein d'étincelles?*"[1]

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[1] Wherefore does the blue of your eyes
Suddenly become full of stars?

And that is to be sung. There is music to the words. (*Turning the leaves.*)

"A Madame de Sescourt.
Quand l'aubepine fleurie de tes bras
Etend ses rameaux las de blancheurs et de parfums."[1]

NALEGE—Those are bold lines . . .

CECILE—And a thought quite lately flowered.

"L'amour est un ruisseau qui reflète le ciel."[2]

And this flower appears to-day, Germaine?

NALEGE—That is by Renan.

CECILE—No, it is by Paul Chambry.

NALEGE—It is by Ernest Renan. He wrote those lines in every album indifferently.

CECILE—Well, Paul Chambry has signed his name to them.

NALEGE—He is an impudent plagiarist, that's all!

GERMAINE—No, if he had the thought he had the right to sign it.

CECILE—Are you coming, Nalège? He did not want to come, and now he does not want to go. I have no time to wait for you. I must go and dress. . . . Germaine, dear, do not make us dine too late. The play begins at eight o'clock—try to get there not later than nine.

GERMAINE—I do not remember ever having seen the opening of a play.

CECILE—Neither do I! (*She goes out.*)

SCENE X

NALEGE, GERMAINE

GERMAINE—What, Monsieur de Nalège, you let her go alone?

NALEGE—Only one word, Madame. A moment ago you thought me brusque, odd, and unbearable . . .

GERMAINE—No, I failed to find such a quantity of attributes in you—I merely thought you a little put out. That was owing, no doubt, to what we were talking about. You chose an unfortunate subject. Next time you must try another, that's all. There is no lack of others.

NALEGE—No lack of subjects of conversation between a French woman and a French man? No, Madame, there is but one, but there can be infinite variations on it. In future, if you will allow me, I will treat it in an entirely different manner, and I shall be pleasing, amiable, and almost attractive.

GERMAINE—I was going to suggest it.

NALEGE—Would you like it at once?

GERMAINE—Be quick, then. I can give you three minutes. My maid is waiting for me.

NALEGE—That is very little, so it must be an abridged edition, a summary. But the essentials shall be there, and I believe that you will be satisfied. (*With a fictitious ardour and a pretence of gallantry.*) So, Madame, I love but you. You alone fill my thoughts and trouble my mind. When I appear to linger near another, it is an excuse to look at you from afar, discreetly, without annoying you. I wait until the swarm which buzzes around you disperses. I want you to myself, to myself alone. I despair at having to dispute my right to you with so many others. Yet, nevertheless, you ought to know that I am the only one who admires you and understands you. You are the most beautiful, you alone are really beautiful. You embody the ideal formed in my dreams. You believe me to be frivolous, light, in love with every woman. I love only you. I love and admire you. (*He makes a pretence of putting his arm round her waist.*)

GERMAINE—Monsieur de Nalège, the three minutes are over.

NALEGE—Yes, but I have had time to give you pleasure.

GERMAINE—To give me pleasure is saying a great deal. But I confess I find you far more agreeable than you were recently.

NALEGE—Quite so. You find me agreeable because I talked to you as do those who delight in your prettiness. I pleased you because round my words hung the scent of untruth. Madame, whatever you may say, women are captivated only by make-believe.

GERMAINE (*at the door*): Julie, put out my white frock. (*To* NALEGE.) Monsieur de Nalège, you no longer please me in the very least. You make me regret your former natural manner, your transparency, as painters say. Go, and allow me to dress—we are to dine together and spend the evening together—you ought to be satisfied.

NALEGE—No, Madame. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE XI

GERMAINE *alone*

GERMAINE—He has forgotten his book . . . *"Les Amours de Pierre de Ronsard."* Chambry certainly does not tell me anything absolutely fresh—nothing that has not been said before, and that will not be said again. But he brought a certain charm of manner to it and a certain note which is his own. As regards Nalège . . . neither are his rough ways particularly novel. And they are irritating. . . . "*Les Amours de Pierre de Ronsard*." . . . True, he presses flowers between the pages of his poet. This pretty custom is quite touching. He is a good fellow, after all—Nalège. Here is the periwinkle marking the tenderest verses. (*Reads.*)

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[1] When the bloom-laden hawthorn that is your arms
Stretches forth its branches languid with pallor and perfume.

[2] Love is a stream that mirrors Heaven.

"*Live on, believe me, do not wait the morrow,*
Gather the roses of your life to-day."

Perhaps he is right—Monsieur de Nalège's poet.

"*Gather the roses of your life to-day.*"

SCENE XIII

GERMAINE, CHAMBRY

GERMAINE—You!

CHAMBRY—I was on the look-out. I climbed upstairs again. How he must bore you, your rustic! . . . At last we are alone. I have so much to tell you.

GERMAINE—You were watching? . . . You climbed . . . Monsieur Chambry, do me the kindness to go at once. You enter like a thief. You look as if you had come out of a cupboard. It is ridiculous.

CHAMBRY—No, it is not ridiculous. You mean to say it is unusual. You are right, it is not conventional. I am fully aware of it.

GERMAINE—Merely ridiculous.

CHAMBRY—Let us say, inadmissible. It is the drawback to our position.

GERMAINE—What do you mean?

CHAMBRY—It is the drawback to our position. It is full of drawbacks. It cannot go on. It would be most imprudent. It is *beforehand* that one runs the risk of compromising a woman. It is *beforehand* that the tactless thing occurs. Yes. Afterwards there is an understanding, agreement, mutual warning. One acts with prudence, and one avoids danger. To compromise a woman *afterwards* one must be a cad or the greatest fool . . . or else a savage, like Nalège. There is the kind of man who, were some luckless woman to grant him favours, would bear it writ large in his eyes like the numbers on lotto cards.

GERMAINE—Monsieur Chambry, my maid is waiting for me. Go away.

CHAMBRY—To be imprudent *afterwards* is unforgivable. It ought not to happen. But *beforehand* the most gallant gentleman in the world cannot be sure of himself. I would not guarantee that we are not being talked about. It has to be gone through.

GERMAINE—It is strange that I am not angrier. Confess that you yourself find it strange.

CHAMBRY—On the contrary, it is very natural, since you know that I love you.

GERMAINE—I wish you good-night, Monsieur Chambry.

CHAMBRY—Where are we going?

GERMAINE—I? . . . I am dining at Madame Laverne's.

CHAMBRY—No, you are not going to dine at Madame Laverne's.

GERMAINE—I am not going to dine at . . . ? You are mad! Eight o'clock . . . Cécile . . . and Monsieur de Nalège, who are waiting for me . . .

CHAMBRY—Ah, no—not that of all things. . . . You will not dine with Nalège. You will dine with me somewhere in an arbour in the country.

GERMAINE — You grow very ridiculous.

CHAMBRY (*handing her a pen*)—Write . . . "My dear Cécile, an awful headache . . ."

GERMAINE—Monsieur Chambry, I am speaking seriously now. Go away!

CHAMBRY—No—I shall not go. I shall not allow you to meet Nalège again. Germaine . . . stay . . . I love you.

GERMAINE—Go away, I beseech you.

CHAMBRY—I cannot leave you. It is true, I cannot. It is stronger than I am . . . Germaine, you will make me very unhappy. I am speaking sincerely. Really, you will make me very unhappy.

GERMAINE—Unhappy? Why? Because of Nalège?

CHAMBRY—Yes.

GERMAINE—Oh, well, if it is because of Nalège, don't be unhappy. There is no need to be, I assure you.

CHAMBRY—Quite true? You prefer me?

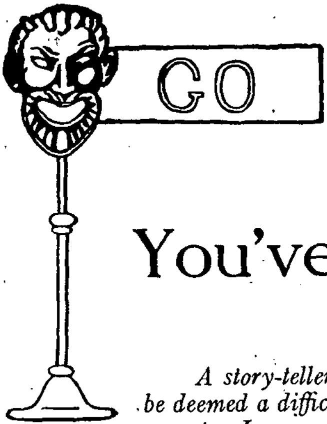
GERMAINE—I prefer you. Are you pleased?

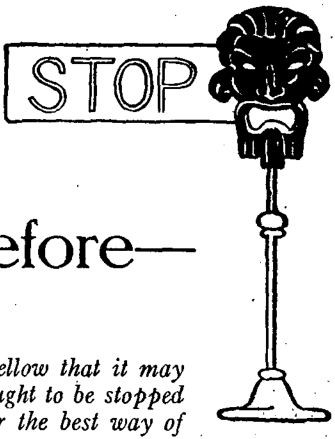
CHAMBRY—Very pleased.

GERMAINE—Well then . . . now—go.

CHAMBRY—To-morrow — five o'clock. You will come for certain? Three steps. . . . I will change the carpet in your honour. (*He goes out.*)

GERMAINE (*alone*)—Come what may!





If You've Heard it Before—

MAXIM EIGHTH

A story-teller is so often a mighty pleasant fellow that it may be deemed a difficult matter to decide whether he ought to be stopped or not. In case, however, that it be required, far the best way of doing it is this: After he has discharged his first tale, say across to some confederate (for this method requires confederates, like some jugglers' tricks): Number one. As soon as he has told a second, in like manner say: Number two. Perhaps he may perceive it, and if so he stops: if not, the very moment his third story is told, laugh out quite loud, and cry to your friend: "I trouble you for the sovereign. You see I was right, when I betted you that he would tell these three stories exactly in that order, in the first twenty minutes after his arrival in the room." Depend on it he is mum after that.—WILLIAM MAGINN.

ANATOLE FRANCE used to tell of a small girl who returned from school one day in considerable perturbation of mind.

"What's the matter?" asked her mother.

"Teacher says——" began the youngster, almost crying. "Mother, is it true? Am I descended from a monkey?"

"I do not know, my child," remarked the mother. "I have very little knowledge of your father's family."

* * *

SOME years ago the literary circles of the small town on Manhattan Island suddenly buzzed with gossip about a well-known woman novelist and an equally well-known publicist (whatever that is). It was announced publicly that these two were collaborating on a novel. Privately it was related with gusto that they were first living their romance. The superior deplored; the gay laughed; the "advanced" welcomed the tale as evidence that we were approaching the true artistic abandon of the Continent.

But, after all, it was nobody's business except that of the high contracting parties; and since novelty is the breath of life to scandal, the buzz presently subsided.

It happened shortly thereafter that a New York editor took an early fall vacation in an Adirondack section familiar since his boyhood.

Reaching the backwoods deer-shooter's hotel, he was warmly greeted by his old friend Bill the proprietor—who had acquired an Oriental faculty of contemplation during long hours on the sunny porch, chewing his cud of tobacco and watching the procession of the Universe move by.

The Editor put his duffle into his room, and glanced at the register. There were inscribed, two weeks before, the names of the Novelist and Publicist. The city story was still fresh in his ears.

He came out where Bill was absorbing sunshine and cosmic vibrations.

"Well, I see you've been having distinguished guests."

Bill shifted his quid. "That so?"

"Why, yes. Mrs. X. and Mr. Y. They're famous people down our way."

"Oh,—them," remarked the host.

"What were they doing up here in the woods?" persisted the editor.

Bill sent an accurate arc from his lips over the railing to the ground below:

"Well, b'gee, they called it *co-operatin'*."

The Defence of Tarascon

By ALPHONSE DAUDET

Alph. Daudet

Translated by Marian McIntyre

GOD be praised! at last, news of Tarascon! For five months I have merely existed, such was my state of suspense! Knowing the exaltation of that good town, knowing the bellicose humour of its inhabitants, I said to myself again and again, Who can tell what Tarascon has been doing? May it not have rushed in a body upon the barbarians, been bombarded like Strasbourg, burned alive like Châteaudun? Perhaps like Paris, it is dying of hunger! Perhaps, like Laôn and its intrepid citadel, it has been blown up in a savage paroxysm of patriotism. None of these things, my friends. Tarascon has not been burned, Tarascon is not blown up! Tarascon is where it has always been, its peaceful site surrounded by vineyards, the glad sunshine flooding its streets, its cellars full of fine Muscat, and the Rhône, which bathes that amiable locality, bears to the sea, as of old, the image of a prosperous town; and on the river's shining surface may still be seen the reflection of green blinds, and well-raked gardens, and militia, in new coats, drilling all along the quay.

But do not suppose for a moment that Tarascon has been sitting with hands folded during the war. On the contrary, it has behaved admirably, and its heroic resistance, which I shall attempt to describe to you, deserves its place in history as a type of local resistance, a living symbol of the defence of the South!

THE SINGING-SOCIETIES

I WILL admit that, until Sedan was fought, our gallant Tarasconians stayed at home, and their sentiments were quite peaceful. These proud sons of the Alpilles never considered that possibly the Fatherland had received its death-blow on this battlefield. It was the Empire, and the Emperor's soldiers that were perishing. But once the Fourth of September had come and the Republic, with Attila encamped about Paris, ah! then it was that Tarascon awoke, and perceived this was naught else than a national war! Of course it began with a demonstration on the part of the Singing-Societies. You know what a passion for music they have in the South. At Tarascon especially it becomes a perfect frenzy. In the streets, as you pass, all the windows are singing at you, and every balcony drops romantic lays upon your head!

No matter what shop you enter, at the desk there is always a guitar sighing, and even the apothecary's boys, as they serve you, whistle "The Nightingale," and "The Spanish Lute"—*Tra la la! la la la!* And, as if these private concerts were not enough, the Tarasconese have also a town brass band, a college band, and I dare not say how many singing-societies.

It was Saint Christopher's singing-society and its admirable three-part chorus, "On, to save France!" which struck the first note of the national movement.

"Yes, yes!—On to save France!" cried the worthy Tarasconians, and handkerchiefs were waved from the windows, and men clapped their hands, and women threw kisses to the harmonious phalanx, which paraded the Esplanade, marching four rows deep, keeping step proudly, a banner at its head. An impetus had been given to the movement. From that day no more barcarolles, no more pensive sighing of guitars. Everywhere "The Spanish Lute" yielded to "The Marseillaise," and twice every week people were almost smothered upon the Esplanade, where they gathered to listen to the college band playing the *Chant du Départ*. Fabulous prices were paid for seats.

But the Tarasconese did not stop at that.

THE CAVALCADES

AFTER the demonstration of the singing-societies, there were historical cavalcades for the benefit of the wounded. What more pleasing sight than that presented upon a bright Sabbath-day, when all the valorous youth of Tarascon might be seen, in hunting-boots and light tights, soliciting contributions from door to door, and caracoling under the balconies, armed with halberds and butterfly nets! But finest of all was a patriotic tournament,—Francis I. at the battle of Pavia. This was held thrice in succession on the Esplanade by the gentlemen of the Club. He who missed that sight has not lived! The Marseilles Theatre loaned the costumes. Gold and silk and velvet, embroidered standards, shields and helmets, caparisons, ribbons, bow-knots, rosettes, lance-heads, and breastplates, made the Esplanade flash and glitter like a mirror for enticing larks. And then a strong, sudden breath of the mistral, which handled all this splendour somewhat roughly. It was indeed a magnificent sight. But, unfortunately, when, after a fierce contest, Francis I.—Monsieur Bompard, director of the Club—found that he was surrounded by a body of Reiters, the luckless Bompard, in surrendering his sword, did so with a shrug of the shoulders so enigmatic that, instead of announcing "All is lost save honour!" it seemed rather to say: "Digo-li que vengue, moun bon!"[1] But the Tarasconese were not too close observers, and patriotic tears sparkled in every eye.

THE BREACH

WITH such spectacles as these, such songs, amid such glory of river and sky, no wonder all heads were turned. And their exaltation reached its highest point upon reading the Government Bulletins. People accosted each other upon the Esplanade with a threatening air, their teeth tightly closed, chewing their words like bullets. Their conversations smelt of powder. There was saltpetre in the air! And, above all, one should have heard these effervescent Tarasconians at a breakfast in the *Café de la Comédie*.

They would exclaim, "What are they doing, these Parisians, with that *tron de Dieu* General Trochu of theirs? They will never, never cut through the enemy! *Coquin de bon sort!* If now it was Tarascon! *Trrr!* Long ago we would have made a breach!" And while Paris was choking upon its oat-bread, these gentlemen devoured succulent red-legged partridges, washing them down with the good wine of Avignon, and when they had eaten till they could eat no more, their shining faces steeped in gravy up to the ears, they would shout like deaf men, striking the table vigorously, "A breach there! Make a breach, why don't you?" And really, they were quite right about it!

THE CLUB'S DEFENCE

MEANWHILE the barbarian invasion was gradually gaining southward. Dijon taken, Lyon was threatened, and already the Uhlans' mares had caught a whiff of the fragrant fields of the Rhône Valley, and neighed longingly for them. "Let us organize our defence," said the Tarasconese, and every one set to work. In an instant the town was protected, barricaded, casemated. Every house became a fortress. At Costecalde's, the gunsmith, there was in front of the shop, a trench two metres wide, with a drawbridge too,—really a charming affair! At the Club the defensive works were of such magnitude that every one visited them, moved by curiosity. Monsieur Bompard, the Club's director, stood at the head of the stairway, his chassepot in one hand, and furnished explanations to the ladies. "If they should approach on this side, piff! paff! If, on the other hand, they come from that direction, piff! paff!" And at every street-corner people would stop you with a mysterious air, and tell you, "The *Café de la Comédie* is impregnable!" or even more mysteriously, "They have just put torpedoes under the Esplanade!" Certainly the barbarians might do well to reflect!

THE SHARP-SHOOTERS

AT the same time companies of sharp-shooters were organized with an enthusiasm amounting to frenzy. *Brothers of Death, Narbonnese Jackals, Blunderbussers of the Rhône*;—they had all sorts of titles and colours, like the centaurea in a field of oats; and such panaches, and cock's-plumes, gigantic hats, and enormous belts! That he might have a more formidable air, every sharp-shooter allowed his moustache and beard to grow, so that one acquaintance could no longer recognize another if they met, out for a walk. At a distance you would sight a brigand of the Abruzzi, bearing down upon you with flaming eyes, bristling moustache, and a rattling of sabres, revolvers, and yataghans; and when he came nearer it was only Pégoulade, the collector. Another time you would encounter on the stairway Robinson Crusoe himself, with his pointed hat, saw-toothed cutlass, and gun upon his shoulder, but, after all, it was only the gunsmith Costecalde returning from town where he had been dining. But, the worst of it was that in giving themselves such a ferocious appearance, the Tarasconese actually became frightened of themselves, and soon no one dared walk abroad.

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[1] Provençal: "Tell him to come on, my brave!"

WILD RABBITS AND TAME RABBITS

THE Bordeaux decree for the organization of the national guards put an end to this intolerable situation. At the powerful bidding of the triumvirs, *prrrt!* the cock's-plumes suddenly vanished, and Jackals, Blunderbussers, and others presented themselves to be made into honest militia-men, under orders of the gallant General Bravida, aged Captain of the Wardrobe. Now ensued new complications. The Bordeaux decree, as you know, recognized two classes in the national guards, the national guard that was to form part of the moving army, and the *sédentaires*,—"the wild rabbits, and the tame rabbits," as Pégoulade the collector observed drolly enough. At first, while the companies were forming, those of the guard who were wild rabbits naturally had the leading rôle to play. Every morning they drilled upon the Esplanade, gallant General Bravida at their head; there was firing and skirmishing—"*Couchez-vous! levez-vous!*"—and divers orders. These sham-fights attracted crowds of spectators. The ladies of Tarascon would not miss a single one of them, and even the ladies from Beaucaire would sometimes cross the bridge, just to admire our rabbits. All this time, those poor tame rabbits of the national guard modestly did duty-service in the town, and were on guard before the museum, where there was nothing to guard but an old lizard stuffed with moss, and two falcons of the time of good King René; and besides, the Beaucaire ladies never crossed the bridge to see them! But after three months of skirmishing, when it was perceived that the wild rabbits of the national guard never once budged from the Esplanade, the popular enthusiasm began to cool.

All in vain did General Bravida cry to his rabbits, "*Couchez-vous! levez-vous!*" No one watched them now, and soon these mock-skirmishes were the laughing-stock of the town. Heaven knows, it was not the fault of these unfortunate rabbits that they received no marching orders. They were mad enough about it. At last one day they refused to drill.

"No more parade!" they cried with patriotic fervour; "we are the moving army, and we want to march!"

"And so you shall, or my name will not be Bravida!" exclaimed the gallant general, and swelling with anger he went to the *mairie*, and demanded an explanation. At the *mairie*, he was told no orders had been received; it was for the prefecture to give them.

"To the prefecture, then, I will go," said Bravida; and a little later he was on the express, bound for Marseilles, in search of the prefect. Now this was no easy matter, for at Marseilles there are five or six prefects permanently located, and none who can tell you which one of them all is the special prefect with whom you have to do. However, by a stroke of good luck, Bravida put his hand upon the right one at the first moment, for all the prefects were assembled in council, when the gallant general addressed them in the name of his men, and with all the authority of a veteran Captain of the Wardrobe.

But after he had spoken a few words, the prefect interrupted him,——

"Pardon, general, but how is it that your soldiers ask you that they may be allowed to move, while they ask me for permission to stay at home! Read this."

And with a smile upon his lips, he tendered the general a most pathetic petition addressed to the prefecture, emanating from two of the wild rabbits, the very ones who had displayed the most furious zeal for marching; the petition contained a postscript from the doctor, from the priest, and from the notary of the town, and the petitioners requested that on account of physical infirmities they might be permitted to join the ranks of the tame rabbits.

"And I have more than three hundred just like them," added the prefect, still smiling. "Now you understand, general, why we have not pressed your men to march. Unfortunately, too many already have been compelled to move, when they wanted to stay at home. No more of that! And so, God save the Republic! and—good luck to your rabbits!"

THE FAREWELL PUNCH

IT need not be said that the general returned to Tarascon crestfallen. But now for another story! What had the Tarasconese done during his absence? They had actually completed all the arrangements for a farewell punch, by subscription, for the rabbits who were about to leave! All to no purpose did the gallant General Bravida inform them that they need not take the trouble, that no one was going to leave. The punch was subscribed for, ordered; nothing remained now but to drink it, and they did. And so, one Sunday evening, that touching ceremony of drinking the farewell punch took place in the rooms of the *mairie*, and through the small hours toasts, vivats, addresses, and patriotic songs made the windows of the municipal building tremble. Every one knew, of course, how much significance this farewell punch had. The tame rabbits of the guard, who had paid for it, were strongly convinced that their comrades had no intention of leaving. The wild rabbits, who drank the punch, were of the same conviction, and the venerable deputy-mayor, who, in a voice trembling with emotion, protested in the hearing of all these braves that he was ready to march at their head, knew better than any other there that they were not to march at all. But what difference did that make? These *mêridionaux* are such extraordinary creatures that before the farewell punch was finished everybody was in tears, every one embracing his neighbour, and, strangest of all, everybody was sincere about it, even the general.

At Tarascon, as indeed throughout all the South of France, I have frequently observed this result of mirage.

My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is

By SIR EDWARD DYER

MY MIND to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall:
For why? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty (surfeits) oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get with toil, they keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies:
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store;
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's pain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weight their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust;
A cloakéd craft their store of skill:
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease:
My conscience clear my chief defence;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence:
Thus do I live; thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

The Man Higher Up

By O. HENRY

ACROSS our two dishes of spaghetti, in a corner of Provenzano's restaurant, Jeff Peters was explaining to me the three kinds of graft.

Every winter Jeff comes to New York to eat spaghetti, to watch the shipping in the East River from the depths of his chinchilla overcoat, and to lay in a supply of Chicago-made clothing at one of the Fulton street stores. During the other three seasons he may be found further west—his range is from Spokane to Tampa. In his profession he takes a pride which he supports and defends with a serious and unique philosophy of ethics. His profession is no new one. He is an incorporated, uncapitalized, unlimited asylum for the reception of the restless and unwise dollars of his fellowmen.

In the wilderness of stone in which Jeff seeks his annual lonely holiday he is glad to palaver of his many adventures, as a boy will whistle after sundown in a wood. Wherefore, I mark on my calendar the time of his coming, and open a question of privilege at Provenzano's concerning the little wine-stained table in the corner between the rakish rubber plant and the framed Palazzio della something on the wall.

"There are two kinds of grafts," said Jeff, "that ought to be wiped out by law. I mean Wall Street speculation, and burglary."

"Nearly everybody will agree with you as to one of them," said I, with a laugh.

"Well, burglary ought to be wiped out, too," said Jeff; and I wondered whether the laugh had been redundant.

"About three months ago," said Jeff, "it was my privilege to become familiar with a sample of each of the aforesaid branches of illegitimate art. I was *sine qua grata* with a member of the house-breakers' union and one of the John D. Napoleons of finance at the same time."

"Interesting combination," said I, with a yawn. "Did I tell you I bagged a duck and a ground-squirrel at one shot last week over in the Ramapos?" I knew well how to draw Jeff's stories.

"Let me tell you first about these barnacles that clog the wheels of society by poisoning the springs of rectitude with their upas-like eye," said Jeff, with the pure gleam of the muck-raker in his own.

"As I said, three months ago I got into bad company. There are two times in a man's life when he does this—when he's dead broke, and when he's rich.

"Now and then the most legitimate business runs out of luck. It was out in Arkansas I made the wrong turn at a cross-road, and drives into this town of Peavine by mistake. It seems I had already assaulted and disfigured Peavine the spring of the year before. I had sold $600 worth of young fruit trees there—plums, cherries, peaches and pears. The Peaviners were keeping an eye on the country road and hoping I might pass that way again. I drove down Main street as far as the Crystal Palace drugstore before I realized I had committed ambush upon myself and my white horse Bill.

"The Peaviners took me by surprise and Bill by the bridle and began a conversation that wasn't entirely disassociated with the subject of fruit trees. A committee of 'em ran some trace-chains through the arm-holes of my vest, and escorted me through their gardens and orchards.

"Their fruit trees hadn't lived up to their labels. Most of 'em had turned out to be persimmons and dogwoods, with a grove or two of blackjacks and poplars. The only one that showed any signs of bearing anything was a fine young cotton-wood that had put forth a hornet's nest and half of an old corset-cover.

"The Peaviners protracted our fruitless stroll to the edge of town. They took my watch and money on account; and they kept Bill and the wagon as hostages. They said the first time one of them dogwood trees put forth an Amsden's June peach I might come back and get my things. Then they took off the trace-chains and jerked their thumbs in the direction of the Rocky Mountains; and I struck a Lewis and Clark lope for the swollen rivers and impenetrable forests.

"When I regained intellectualness I found myself walking into an unidentified town on the A., T. & S. F. railroad. The Peaviners hadn't left anything in my pockets except a plug of chewing—they wasn't after my life—and that saved it. I bit off a chunk and sits down on a pile of ties by the track to recogitate my sensations of thought and perspicacity.

"And then along comes a fast freight which slows up a little at the town; and off of it drops a black bundle that rolls for twenty yards in a cloud of dust and then gets up and begins to spit soft coal and interjections. I see it is a young man broad across the face, dressed more for Pullmans than freights, and with a cheerful kind of smile in spite of it all that made Phœbe Snow's job look like a chimney-sweep's.

"'Fall off?' says I.

"'Nunk,' says he. 'Got off. Arrived at my destination. What town is this?'

"'Haven't looked it up on the map yet,' says I. 'I got in about five minutes before you did. How does it strike you?'

"'Hard,' says he, twisting one of his arms around. 'I believe that shoulder—no, it's all right.'

"He stoops over to brush the dust off his clothes, when out of his pocket drops a fine, nine-inch burglar's steel jimmy. He picks it up and looks at me sharp, and then grins and holds out his hand.

"'Brother,' says he, 'greetings. Didn't I see you in Southern Missouri last summer selling coloured sand at half-a-dollar a teaspoonful to put into lamps to keep the oil from exploding?'

"'Oil,' says I, 'never explodes. It's the gas that forms that explodes.' But I shakes hands with him, anyway.

"'My name's Bill Bassett," says he to me, 'and if you'll call it professional pride instead of conceit, I'll inform you that you have the pleasure of meeting the best burglar that ever set a gum-shoe on ground drained by the Mississippi River.'

"Well, me and this Bill Bassett sits on the ties and exchanges brags as artists in kindred lines will do. It seems he didn't have a cent, either, and we went into close caucus. He explained why an able burglar sometimes had to travel on freights by telling me that a servant girl had played him false in Little Rock, and he was making a quick get-away.

"'It's part of my business,' says Bill Bassett, 'to play up to the ruffles when I want to make a riffle as Raffles. 'Tis loves that makes the bit go 'round. Show me a house with the swag in it and a pretty parlour-maid, and you might as well call the silver melted down and sold, and me spilling truffles and that Château stuff on the napkin under my chin, while the police are calling it an inside job just because the old lady's nephew teaches a Bible class. I first make an impression on the girl,' says Bill, 'and when she lets me inside I make an impression on the locks. But this one in Little Rock done me,' says he. 'She saw me taking a trolley ride with another girl, and when I came 'round on the night she was to leave the door open for me it was fast. And I had keys made for the doors upstairs. But, no sir. She had sure cut off my locks. She was a Delilah,' says Bill Bassett.

"It seems that Bill tried to break in anyhow with his jimmy, but the girl emitted a succession of bravura noises like the top-riders of a tally-ho, and Bill had to take all the hurdles between there and the depot. As he had no baggage they tried hard to check his departure, but he made a train that was just pulling out.

"'Well,' says Bill Bassett, when we had exchanged memoirs of our dead lives, 'I could eat. This town don't look like it was kept under a Yale lock. Suppose we commit some mild atrocity that will bring in temporary expense money. I don't suppose you've brought along any hair tonic or rolled gold watch-chains, or similar law-defying swindles that you could sell on the plaza to the pikers of the paretic populace, have you?'

"'No,' says I, 'I left an elegant line of Patagonian diamond earrings and rainy-day sunbursts in my valise at Peavine. But they're to stay there till some of them black-gum trees begin to glut the market with yellow clings and Japanese plums. I reckon we can't count on them unless we take Luther Burbank in for a partner.'

"'Very well,' says Bassett, 'we'll do the best we can. Maybe after dark I'll borrow a hairpin from some lady, and open the Farmers' and Drovers' Marine Bank with it.'

"While we were talking, up pulls a passenger train to the depot near by. A person in a high hat gets off on the wrong side of the train and comes tripping down the track toward us. He was a little, fat man with a big nose and rat's eyes, but dressed expensive, and carrying a hand-satchel careful, as if it had eggs or railroad bonds in it. He passes by us and keeps on down the track, not appearing to notice the town.

"'Come on,' says Bill Bassett to me, starting after him.

"'Where?' I asks.

"'Lordy!' says Bill, 'had you forgot you was in the desert? Didn't you see Colonel Manna drop down right before your eyes? Don't you hear the rustling of General Raven's wings? I'm surprised at you, Elijah.'

"We overtook the stranger in the edge of some woods, and, as it was after sundown and in a quiet place, nobody saw us stop him. Bill takes the silk hat off the man's head and brushes it with his sleeve and puts it back.

"'What does this mean, sir?' says the man.

"'When I wore one of these,' says Bill, 'and felt embarrassed, I always done that. Not having one now I had to use yours. I hardly know how to begin, sir, in explaining our business with you, but I guess we'll try your pockets first.'

"Bill Bassett felt in all of them, and looked disgusted.

"'Not even a watch,' he says. 'Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you whited sculpture? Going about dressed like a head-waiter, and financed like a Count! You haven't even got carfare. What did you do with your transfer?'

"The man speaks up and says he has no assets or valuables of any sort. But Bassett takes his hand-satchel and opens it. Out comes some collars and socks and a half a page of a newspaper clipped out. Bill reads the clipping careful, and holds out his hand to the held-up party.

"'Brother,' says he, 'greetings! Accept the apologies of friends. I am Bill Bassett, the burglar. Mr. Peters, you must make the acquaintance of Mr. Alfred E. Ricks. Shake hands. Mr. Peters,' says Bill, 'stands about halfway between me and you, Mr. Ricks, in the line of havoc and corruption. He always gives something for the money he gets. I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Ricks—you and Mr. Peters. This is the first time I ever attended a full gathering of the National Synod of Sharks—housebreaking, swindling, and financiering all represented. Please examine Mr. Rick's credentials, Mr. Peters.'

"The piece of newspaper that Bill Bassett handed me had a good picture of this Ricks on it. It was a Chicago paper, and it had obloquies of Ricks in every paragraph. By reading it over I harvested the intelligence that said alleged Ricks had laid off all that portion of the State of Florida that lies under water into town lots, and sold 'em to alleged innocent investors from his magnificently furnished offices in Chicago. After he had taken in a hundred thousand or so dollars one of these fussy purchasers that are always making trouble (I've had 'em actually try gold watches I've sold 'em, with acid) took a cheap excursion down to the land where it is always just before supper to look at his lot and see if it didn't need a new paling or two on the fence, and market a few lemons in time for the Christmas-present trade. He hires a surveyor to find his lot for him. They run the line out and find the flourishing town of Paradise Hollow, so advertised, to be about 40 rods and 16 poles S., 27° E. of the middle of Lake Okeechobee. This man's lot was under thirty-six feet of water, and, besides, had been preëmpted so long by the alligators and gars that his title looked fishy.

"Naturally, the man goes back to Chicago and makes it as hot for Alfred E. Ricks as the morning after a prediction of snow by the weather bureau. Ricks defied the allegation, but he couldn't deny the alligators. One morning the papers came out with a column about it, and Ricks come out by the fire-escape. It seems the alleged authorities had beat him to the safe-deposit box where he kept his winnings, and Ricks has to westward ho! with only feetwear and a dozen 15½ English pokes in his shopping bag. He happened to have some mileage left in his book, and that took him as far as the town in the wilderness where he was spilled out on me and Bill Bassett as Elijah III. with not a raven in sight for any of us.

"Then this Alfred E. Ricks lets out a squeak that he is hungry, too, and denies the hypothesis that he is good for the value, let alone the price, of a meal. And so, there was the three of us, representing, if we had a mind to draw syllogisms and parabolas, labour and trade and capital. Now, when trade has no capital there isn't a dicker to be made. And when capital has no money there's a stagnation in steak and onions. That put it up to the man with the jimmy.

"'Brother bushrangers,' says Bill Bassett, 'never yet, in trouble, did I desert a pal. Hard by, in yon woods, I seem to see unfurnished lodgings. Let us go there and wait till dark.'

"There was an old, deserted cabin in the grove, and we three took possession of it. After dark Bill Bassett tells us to wait, and goes out for half an hour. He comes back with a armful of bread and spareribs and pies.

"'Panhandled 'em at a farmhouse on Washita Avenue,' says he. 'Eat, drink and be leary.'

"The full moon was coming up bright, so we sat on the floor of the cabin and ate in the light of it. And this Bill Bassett begins to brag.

"'Sometimes,' says he, with his mouth full of country produce, 'I lose all patience with you people that think you are higher up in the profession than I am. Now, what could either of you have done in the present emergency to set us on our feet again? Could you do it, Ricksy?'

"'I must confess, Mr. Bassett,' says Ricks, speaking nearly inaudible out of a slice of pie, 'that at this immediate juncture I could not, perhaps, promote an enterprise to relieve the situation. Large operations, such as I direct, naturally require careful preparation in advance. I—'

"'I know, Ricksy,' breaks in Bill Bassett. 'You needn't finish. You need $500 to make the first payment on a blond typewriter, and four roomsful of quartered oak furniture. And you need $500 more for advertising contracts. And you need two weeks' time for the fish to begin to bite. Your line of relief would be about as useful in an emergency as advocating municipal ownership to cure a man suffocated by eighty-cent gas. And your graft ain't much swifter, Brother Peters,' he winds up.

"'Oh,' says I, 'I haven't seen you turn anything into gold with your wand yet, Mr. Good Fairy. 'Most anybody could rub the magic ring for a little left-over victuals.'

"'That was only getting the pumpkin ready,' says Bassett, braggy and cheerful. 'The coach and six'll drive up to the door before you know it, Miss Cinderella. Maybe you've got some scheme under your sleeve-holders that will give us a start.'

"'Son,' says I, 'I'm fifteen years older than you are, and young enough yet to take out an endowment policy. I've been broke before. We can see the lights of that town not half a mile away. I learned under Montague Silver, the greatest street man that ever spoke from a wagon. There are hundreds of men walking those streets this moment with grease spots on their clothes. Give me a gasoline lamp, a dry-goods box, and a two-dollar bar of white castile soap, cut into little——'

"'Where's your two dollars?' snickered Bill Bassett into my discourse. There was no use arguing with that burglar.

"'No, he goes on; 'you're both babes-in-the-wood. Finance has closed the mahogany desk, and trade has put the shutters up. Both of you look to labour to start the wheels going. All right. You admit it. To-night I'll show you what Bill Bassett can do.'

"Bassett tells me and Ricks not to leave the cabin till he comes back, even if it's daylight, and then he starts off toward town, whistling gay.

"This Alfred E. Ricks pulls off his shoes and his coat, lays a silk handkerchief over his hat, and lays down on the floor.

"'I think I will endeavour to secure a little slumber,' he squeaks. 'The day has been fatiguing. Good-night, my dear Mr. Peters.'

"'My regards to Morpheus,' says I. 'I think I'll sit up a while.'

"About two o'clock, as near as I could guess by my watch in Peavine, home comes our labouring man and kicks up Ricks, and calls us to the streak of bright moonlight shining in the cabin door. Then he spreads out five packages of one thousand dollars each on the floor, and begins to cackle over the nest-egg like a hen.

"'I'll tell you a few things about that town,' says he. 'It's named Rocky Springs, and they're building a Masonic temple, and it looks like the Democratic candidate for mayor is going to get soaked by a Pop, and Judge Tucker's wife, who has been down with pleurisy, is some better. I had a talk on these liliputian thesises before I could get a siphon in the fountain of knowledge that I was after. And there's a bank there called the Lumberman's Fidelity and Plowman's Savings Institution. It closed for business yesterday with $23,000 cash on hand. It will open this morning with $18,000—all silver—that's the reason I didn't bring more. There you are, trade and capital. Now, will you be bad?"

"'My young friend,' says Alfred E. Ricks, holding up his hands, 'have you robbed this bank? Dear me, dear me!'

"'You couldn't call it that,' says Bassett. '"Robbing" sounds harsh. All I had to do was to find out what street it was on. That town is so quiet that I could stand on the corner and hear the tumblers clicking in that safe lock—"right to 45; left twice to 80; right once to 60; left to 15"—as plain as the Yale captain giving orders in the football dialect. Now, boys,' says Bassett, 'this is an early rising town. They tell me the citizens are all up and stirring before daylight. I asked what for, and they said because breakfast was ready at that time. And what of merry Robin Hood? It must be Yoicks! and away with the tinkers' chorus. I'll stake you. How much do you want? Speak up. Capital?'

"'My dear young friend,' says this ground squirrel of a Ricks, standing on his hind legs and juggling nuts in his paws, 'I have friends in Denver who would assist me. If I had a hundred dollars I——'

"Bassett unpins a package of the currency and throws five twenties to Ricks.

"'Trade, how much?' he says to me.

"'Put your money up, Labour,' says I. 'I never yet drew upon honest toil for its hard-earned pittance. The dollars I get are surplus ones that are burning the pockets of damfools and greenhorns. When I stand on a street corner and sell a solid gold diamond ring to a yap for $3.00, I make just $2.60. And I know he's going to give it to a girl in return for all the benefits accruing from a $125.00 ring. His profits are $122.00. Which of us is the biggest faker?'

"'And when you sell a poor woman a pinch of sand for fifty cents to keep her lamp from exploding,' says Bassett, 'what do you figure her gross earnings to be, with sand at forty cents a ton?'

"'Listen,' says I. 'I instruct her to keep her lamp clean and well filled. If she does that it can't burst. And with the sand in it she knows it can't, and she don't worry. It's a kind of Industrial Christian Science. She pays fifty cents, and gets both Rockefeller and Mrs. Eddy on the job. It ain't everybody that can let the gold-dust twins do their work.'

"Alfred E. Ricks all but licks the dust off of Bill Bassett's shoes.

"'My dear young friend,' says he, 'I will never forget your generosity. Heaven will reward you. But let me implore you to turn from your ways of violence and crime.'

"'Mousie,' says Bill, 'the hole in the wainscoting for yours. Your dogmas and inculcations sound to me like the last words of a bicycle pump. What has your high moral, elevator-service system of pillage brought you to? Penuriousness and want. Even Brother Peters, who insists upon contaminating the art of robbery with theories of commerce and trade, admitted he was on the lift. Both of you live by the gilded rule. Brother Peters,' says Bill, 'you'd better choose a slice of this embalmed currency. You're welcome.'

"I told Bill Bassett once more to put his money in his pocket. I never had the respect for burglary that some people have. I always gave something for the money I took, even if it was only some little trifle for a souvenir to remind 'em not to get caught again.

"And then Alfred E. Ricks grovels at Bill's feet again, and bids us adieu. He says he will have a team at a farmhouse, and drive to the station below, and take the train for Denver. It salubrified the atmosphere when that lamentable boll-worm took his departure. He was a disgrace to every non-industrial profession in the country. With all his big schemes and fine offices he had wound up unable even to get an honest meal except by the kindness of a strange and maybe unscrupulous burglar. I was glad to see him go, though I felt a little sorry for him, now that he was ruined forever. What could such a man do without a big capital to work with? Why, Alfred E. Ricks, as we left him, was as helpless as a turtle on its back. He couldn't have worked a scheme to beat a little girl out of a penny slate-pencil.

"When me and Bill Bassett was left alone I did a little sleight-of-mind turn in my head with a trade secret at the end of it. Thinks I, I'll show this Mr. Burglar Man the difference between business and labour. He had hurt some of my professional self-adulation by casting his Persians upon commerce and trade.

"'I won't take any of your money as a gift, Mr. Bassett,' says I to him, 'but if you'll pay my expenses as a traveling companion until we get out of the danger zone of the immoral deficit you have caused in this town's finances to-night, I'll be obliged.'

"Bill Bassett agreed to that, and we hiked westward as soon as we could catch a safe train.

"When we got to a town in Arizona called Los Perros I suggested that we once more try our luck on terra-cotta. That was the home of Montague Silver, my old instructor, now retired from business. I knew Monty would stake me to web money if I could show him a fly buzzing 'round in the locality. Bill Bassett said all towns looked alike to him, as he worked mainly in the dark. So we got off the train in Los Perros, a fine little town in the silver region.

"I had an elegant little sure thing in the way of a commercial slungshot that I intended to hit Bassett behind the ear with. I wasn't going to take his money while he was asleep, but I was going to leave him with a lottery ticket that would represent in experience to him $4,755—I think that was the amount he had when we got off the train. But the first time I hinted to him about an investment, he turns on me and disencumbers himself of the following terms and expressions.

"'Brother Peters,' says he, 'it ain't a bad idea to go into an enterprise of some kind, as you suggest. I think I will. But if I do it will be such a cold proposition that nobody but Robert E. Peary and Charlie Fairbanks will be able to sit on the board of directors.'

"'I thought you might want to turn your money over,' says I.

"'I do,' says he, 'frequently. I can't sleep on one side all night. I'll tell you, Brother Peters,' says he, 'I'm going to start a poker room. I don't seem to care for the humdrum in swindling, such as peddling egg-beaters and working off breakfast food on Barnum and Bailey for sawdust to strew in their circus rings. But the gambling business,' says he, 'from the profitable side of the table is a good compromise between swiping silver spoons and selling penwipers at a Waldorf-Astoria charity bazar.'

"'Then,' says I, 'Mr. Bassett, you don't care to talk over my little business proposition?'

"'Why,' says he, 'do you know, you can't get a Pasteur institute to start up within fifty miles of where I live. I bite so seldom.'

"So, Bassett rents a room over a saloon and looks around for some furniture and chromos. The same night I went to Monty Silver's house, and he let me have $200 on my prospects. Then I went to the only store in Los Perros that sold playing cards and bought every deck in the house. The next morning when the store opened I was there bringing all the cards back with me. I said that my partner that was going to back me in the game had changed his mind; and I wanted to sell the cards back again. The storekeeper took 'em at half price.

"Yes, I was seventy-five dollars loser up to that time. But while I had the cards that night I marked every one in every deck. That was labour. And then trade and commerce had their innings, and the bread I had cast upon the waters began to come back in the form of cottage pudding with wine sauce.

"Of course I was among the first to buy chips at Bill Bassett's game. He had bought the only cards there was to be had in town; and I knew the back of every one of them better than I know the back of my head when the barber shows me my haircut in the two mirrors.

"When the game closed I had the five thousand and a few odd dollars, and all Bill Bassett had was the wanderlust and a black cat he had bought for a mascot. Bill shook hands with me when I left.

"'Brother Peters,' says he, 'I have no business being in business. I was preordained to labour. When a No. 1 burglar tries to make a James out of his jimmy he perpetrates an improfundity. You have a well-oiled and efficacious system of luck at cards,' says he. 'Peace go with you.' And I never afterward sees Bill Bassett again."

"Well, Jeff," said I, when the Autolycan adventurer seemed to have divulged the gist of his tale, "I hope you took care of the money. That would be a respecta—that is, a considerable working capital if you should choose some day to settle down to some sort of regular business."

"Me?" said Jeff, virtuously. "You can bet I've taken care of that five thousand."

He tapped his coat over the region of his chest exultantly.

"Gold mining stock," he explained, "every cent of it. Shares par value one dollar. Bound to go up 500 per cent. within a year. Non-assessable. The Blue Gopher Mine. Just discovered a month ago. Better get in yourself if you've any spare dollars on hand."

"Sometimes," said I, "these mines are not——"

"Oh, this one's solid as an old goose," said Jeff. "Fifty thousand dollars' worth of ore in sight, and 10 per cent. monthly earnings guaranteed."

He drew a long envelope from his pocket and cast it on the table.

"Always carry it with me," said he. "So the burglar can't corrupt or the capitalist break in and water it."

I looked at the beautifully engraved certificate of stock.

"In Colorado, I see," said I. "And, by the way, Jeff, what was the name of the little man who went to Denver—the one you and Bill met at the station?"

"Alfred E. Ricks," said Jeff, "was the toad's designation."

"I see," said I, "the president of this mining company signs himself A. L. Fredericks. I was wondering——"

"Let me see that stock," said Jeff quickly, almost snatching it from me.

To mitigate, even though slightly, the embarrassment, I summoned the waiter and ordered another bottle of the Barbera. I thought it was the least I could do.

The Tendency of History

By HENRY ADAMS

I. The Problem

THE mechanical theory of the universe governed physical science for three hundred years. Directly succeeding the theological scheme of a universe existing as a unity by the will of an infinite and eternal Creator, it affirmed or assumed the unity and indestructibility of Force or Energy, as a scientific dogma or Law, which was called the Law of the Conservation of Energy. Under this Law the quantity of matter in the universe remained invariable; the sum of movement remained constant; energy was indestructible; "nothing was added; nothing was lost"; nothing was created, nothing was destroyed.

Towards the middle of the nineteenth century,—that is, about 1850,—a new school of physicists appeared in Europe, dating from an Essay on the Motive Power of Heat, published by Sadi Carnot in 1824, and made famous by the names of William Thomson, Lord Kelvin, in England, and of Clausius and Helmholz in Germany, who announced a second law of dynamics. The first law said that Energy was never lost; the second said that it was never saved; that, while the sum of energy in the universe might remain constant,—granting that the universe was a closed box from which nothing could escape,—the higher powers of energy tended always to fall lower, and that this process had no known limit.

The second law was briefly stated by Thomson in a paper "On a Universal Tendency in Nature to the Dissipation of Mechanical Energy," published in October, 1852, which is now as classic as Kepler's or Newton's Laws, and quite as necessary to a scientific education. Quoted exactly from Thomson's "Mathematical and Physical Papers" the Law of Dissipation runs thus:—

"1. There is at present in the material world a universal tendency to the dissipation of mechanical energy.

"2. Any restoration of mechanical energy, without more than an equivalent of dissipation, is impossible in inanimate material processes, and is probably never effected by means of organized matter, either endowed with vegetable life or subjected to the will of an animated creature.

"3. Within a finite period of time past, the earth must have been, and within a finite period of time to come, the earth must again be, unfit for the habitation of man as at present constituted, unless operations have been, or are to be performed, which are impossible under the laws to which the known operations going on at present in the material world, are subject."

When this young man of twenty-eight thus tossed the universe into the ash-heap, few scientific authorities took him seriously; but after the first gasp of surprise physicists began to give him qualified support which soon became absolute. "This conclusion made much noise," says Ostwald ("L'Énergie," Paris, 1910); "the more because Helmholz and Clausius gave in their adherence to it. We owe to the latter the following formula: 'The Entropy of the Universe tends toward a maximum.'" To physicists, this law of Entropy became "a prodigiously abstract conception," according to the familiar phrase of M. Poincaré; but to the vulgar and ignorant historian it meant only that the ash-heap was constantly increasing in size; while the public understood little and cared less about Entropy, and the literary class knew only that the Newtonian universe, in which they had been cradled, admitted no loss of energy in the solar system, where the planets, at the end of their planetary years, returned exactly to their positions at the beginning. Gravitation showed no waste of energy whatever, except where friction occurred; but had planets gone off like comets, and never returned, the scholar of 1860 would still have feared to question the scientific dogma which asserted resolutely, without qualification, the fact that nothing in nature was lost. If no other assurance had satisfied him, all doubts were silenced by the famous outbursts of eloquence with which Tyndall concluded his Lectures in 1862, on "Heat as a Mode of Motion." Old men can still recall how, after explaining that "the quantity of the solar heat intercepted by the earth is only $\frac{1}{2,300,000,000}$ of the total radiation," Tyndall refrained from telling what became of the heat not intercepted by the earth, and went on to expatiate with enthusiasm on the unity of the universe and its energy:—

"Look at the integrated energies of our world,—the stored power of our coalfields; —our winds and rivers;—our fleets, armies and guns! What are they? They are all generated by a portion of the sun's energy which does not amount to $\frac{1}{2,300,000,000}$ of the whole. This, in fact, is the entire fraction of the sun's force intercepted by the earth, and in reality we convert but a small fraction of this fraction into mechanical energy. Multiplying all our powers by millions of millions, we do not reach the sun's expenditure. And, still, notwithstanding this enormous drain, in the lapse of human history we are unable to detect a diminution of his store. Measured by our largest terrestrial standards, such a reservoir of power is infinite; but it is our privilege to rise above these standards, and to regard the sun himself as a speck in infinite extension,—a mere drop in the universal sea. We analyze the space in which he is immersed, and which is the vehicle of his power. We pass to other systems and other suns, each pouring forth energy like our own, but still without infringement of the law which reveals immutability in the midst of change, which recognizes incessant transference and conversion, but neither final gain nor loss. This law generalizes the aphorism of Solomon, that there is nothing new under the sun, by teaching us to detect everywhere, under its infinite variety of appearances, the same primeval force. To nature nothing can be added; from nature nothing can be taken away; the sum of her energies is constant, and the utmost man can do in the pursuit of physical truth, or in the application of physical knowledge, is to shift the constituents of the never-varying total, and out of one of them to form another. The law of conservation rigidly excludes both creation and annihilation. Waves may change to ripples and ripples to waves,—magnitude may be substituted for number, and number for magnitude,—asteroids may aggregate to suns, suns may resolve themselves into floræ and faunæ, and floræ and faunæ melt in air,—the flux of power is eternally the same. It rolls in music through the ages, and all terrestrial energy,—the manifestations of life as well as the display of phenomena, are but the modulations of its rhythm."

This magisterial tone irritated some of the new physicists to the point of hinting that Tyndall deliberately misstated the facts of physics, for fear lest some one should drive him into a logical snare, ending in the necessity of admitting a Creation. In flat contradiction to Tyndall, Kelvin and Tait affirmed that "the same primeval force" could never be detected,—much less recovered; that all nature's energies were slowly converting themselves into heat and vanishing in space, until, at the last, nothing would be left except a dead ocean of energy at its lowest possible level,—say, of heat at 1° Centigrade, or—272° C. below freezing point of water,—and incapable of doing any work whatever, since work could be done only by a fall of tension, as water does work in falling to sea-level.

Between such authorities the unscientific student could not interfere. Naturally, all his sympathies were with Tyndall. The idea that the entire sidereal universe could have gone on for eternity dissipating energy, and never restoring it, seemed, at the least, unreasonable; while the astronomers drew up lists of nebulæ by hundreds in the very act of generating universes, and the geologists showered the theory with rocks in order to show that the sun had already reached an age many times greater than Thomson was willing to allow it.

No one knew, although every one explained what had caused the inequalities of energy; least of all could the historian of human society assert or deny that energy could be created or could not be destroyed. The subject was beyond his province. Since the Church had lost its authority, the historian's field had shrunk into narrow limits of rigorously human action; but, strictly within those limits, he was clear that the energy with which history had to deal could not be reduced directly to a mechanical or physico-chemical process. He was therefore obliged either to deny that social energy was an energy at all; or to assert that it was an energy independent of physical laws. Yet how could he deny that social energy was a true form of energy when he had no reason for existence, as professor, except to describe and discuss its acts? He could neither doubt nor dispute its existence without putting an end to his own; and therefore he was of necessity a Vitalist, or adherent of the doctrine that Vital Energy was independent of mechanical law. Vitalists are of many kinds.

"In former times a special force was adduced,—the force of life. More recently, when many phenomena of plant life had been successfully reduced to simple chemical and mechanical processes, this vital force was derided and effaced from the list of natural agencies. But by what name shall we now designate that force in nature which is liable to perish while the protoplasm suffers no physical alteration? . . . This force in nature is not electricity or magnetism; it is not identical with any other natural force, for it manifests a series of characteristic effects which differ from all other forms of energy. Therefore I do not hesitate again to designate as 'vital force' this natural agency, not to be identified with any other, whose immediate instrument is the protoplasm, and whose peculiar effects we call life. The atoms and molecules of protoplasm only fulfil the functions which constitute life so long as they are swayed by this vital force." (Anton Kerner, "The Natural History of Plants.")

Students who are curious on the subject can consult the "Vitalismus als Geschichte und als Lehre," by Dr. Hans Driesch (Leipzig, 1905); but they will understand it little better afterward than before. For human history the essential was to convince itself that social energy, though a true energy, was governed by laws of its own.

To the generation of Lord Macaulay and George Bancroft, the problem seemed scarcely serious. They could ignore the dispute, since Thomson agreed with Tyndall so far as to admit that, for human purposes, the Dissipation of Solar Energy was so slow as to be indistinguishable from Conservation of Energy. The historian never even took the trouble to inform himself of the bearings of the problem. Indeed, at that time, the universities showed a nervous unwillingness to teach philosophy at all, and were especially averse to all philosophies of history, whether inspired by Hegel or by Comte, by Buckle or by Karl Marx. The law that history was not a science, and that society was not an organism, calmed all serious effort; and historians turned to the collection of facts, as the geologists turned to the collection of fossils. For them it was a happy period, and literature profited by it.

In fact, the problem was by no means simple, and the historian might have made himself a very competent professor of physics without the smallest profit to history. Kelvin's law asserted the constant dissipation of energy, but the process was far more complex than appeared in this statement. Energy had a way of coming and going in phases of intensity much more mysterious than the energy itself. Catastrophe was its law. The sun, according to Tyndall, wasted into space practically all its energy except an imperceptible portion that happened to fall on the earth; but even this portion was not utilizable, for human purposes, to boil a pint of water, at sea-level, without assistance. Ice, water, and vapour were phases sharply distinct. So the imperceptible portion of solar energy which fell on the earth, reappeared by some mysterious process, to an infinitely minute measure, in the singular form of intensity known as Vital Energy, and disappeared by a sudden and violent change of phase known as death. Man had always flattered himself that he knew—or was about to know—something that would make his own energy intelligible to itself, but he invariably found, on further inquiry, that the more he knew, the less he understood. Vital energy was, perhaps, an intensity;—so, at least, he vaguely hoped;—he knew nothing at all!

No one knew anything; and yet the analogy between Heat and Vital Energy, suggested by Thomson in his Law of Dissipation,—and received by the public with sleepy indifference,—was insisted upon by the physicists in accents that became sharper with every generation, until it began to pass the bounds of scientific restraint. Already in 1884, Faye, in his "Origin of the World," fairly threatened mankind with its doom:—

"We must therefore renounce those brilliant fancies by which we try to deceive ourselves in order to endow man with unlimited posterity, and to regard the universe as the immense theater on which is to be developed a spontaneous progress without end. On the contrary, life must disappear, and the grandest material works of the human race will have to be effaced by degrees under the action of a few physical forces which will survive man for a time. Nothing will remain:—'*etiam periere ruinæ!*'"

Thus, it seemed, that whatever the universities thought or taught, the physicists regarded society as an organism in the only respect which seriously concerned historians:—It would die! If life was to disappear, the form of Vital Energy known as

Social Energy, must also, presumably, go to increase the Entropy of the Universe, thus proving—at least to the degree necessary and sufficient to produce conviction in historians,—that History was a Science. Although Faye settled this point, as a matter of thermodynamics, as early as 1884, his successors in authority have gone on repeating it with increasing energy of expression ever since. To these outbursts of prophecy the story will have to recur, but for the moment the only point requiring insistence is that sixty years of progress in science have only intensified the assertion that Vital Energy obeys the law of thermal energy. The sketch of Kelvin's Life and Work by Professor Andrew Gray,—Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow,—published in 1908, renews the warning in almost angry terms. Once more he asserts, as an axiom of physics, that all work is done by conversion of one energy, or intensity, into another, and a lower:—"If this conversion is prevented, all processes which involve such conversion must cease, and among these are vital processes. . . . It will be the height of imprudence to trust to the prospect, not infrequently referred to, at the present time, of drawing on the energy locked up in the atomic structure of matter. . . . After a large part of the whole existent energy has gone to raise the dead level of things, no difference of temperature, adequate to work between, will be possible, and the inevitable death of all things will approach with headlong rapidity."

This may serve to represent the very last opinion of physicists. The latest expression of metaphysics,—for the present purpose,—shall be taken from the notes added by Eduard von Hartmann to the last edition of his works, dated in 1904:—

"If the social consciousness of to-day rebels so strongly against the thought that vital processes will come to an end in the world, the chief reason is because society has indeed absorbed the first principle of thermodynamics,—the conservation of energy,—but not the second, the progressive degradation of energy by dissipation and levelling of intensities; and, in consequence, has erroneously interpreted the first law as though it contained an eternal guaranty of the endlessness of vital processes. . . . In reality, the only question is whether, in the actual result, the world-process will work itself out slowly in prodigious lapse of time, according to purely physical laws; or whether it will find its end by means of some metaphysical resource when it has reached its culminating point. Only in the last case would its end coincide with the fulfilment of a purpose or object; in the first case, a long period of purposeless existence would follow after the culmination of life."

Thomson's famous paper on "A Universal Tendency in Nature to the Dissipation of Energy" was published in 1852. Seven years afterwards, Charles Darwin announced his law of Evolution, which involved a contradiction,—as von Hartmann implies,—to both the laws of thermodynamics. Thomson, physicist and mathematician, had thought only of providing the energy necessary to move his world; Darwin, neither physicist nor mathematician, took the necessary energy as given. Possibly, if he thought about it at all, he assumed the Law of Conservation as the mechanical equivalent of Lyell's Law of Uniformity; but he seemed scrupulously careful to avoid asserting either principle. On his own account he never committed himself to the doctrine that, within the geological record, organization had largely advanced, or risen to higher powers, but he did assert, and permitted his followers to assert much more broadly, that "the inhabitants of the world, at each successive period in its history, have beaten their predecessors in the race for life, and are, in so far, higher in the scale"; meaning probably that they were better fitted to their conditions, but conveying the idea that their vital powers had risen from lower to higher by the spontaneous struggle of the organism for life. This popular understanding of Darwinism had little to do with Darwin, whose great service—in the field of history—consisted by no means in his personal theories either of natural selection, or of adaptation, or of uniform evolution; which might be all abandoned without affecting his credit for bringing all vital processes under the law of development or evolution,—whether upward or downward being immaterial to the principle that all history must be studied as a science.

Society naturally and instinctively adopted the view that Evolution must be upward; and Haeckel performed the feat of measuring the height of each step from protozoa up to man; but still without further attempt to account for the source or the nature of the numerous energies implied in the process of elevation. Apparently he felt no need of invoking any energy beyond that of uniform solar heat, and took for granted the power of all organisms to rise in potential by its absorption.

Thus, at the same moment, three contradictory laws of energy were in force, all equally useful to science:—1. The Law of Conservation, that nothing could be added, and nothing lost, in the sum of energy. 2. The Law of Dissipation, that nothing could be added, but that Intensity must always be lost. 3. The Law of Evolution, that Vital Energy could be added, and raised indefinitely in potential, without the smallest apparent compensation.

Although the physicists are far from clear in defining the term Vital Energy, and are exceedingly timid in treating of Social Energy, they are positive that the law of Entropy applies to all vital processes even more rigidly than to mechanical. "Thus it is," says Ostwald, "that animated beings always grow old, and never young." As the point is pivotal for evolution, it must be understood as admitted in the Law of Degradation. One of the latest authorities, M. Dastre, professor of physics at the Sorbonne, in his volume called "La Vie et la Mort" (Paris, 1902), lays down the dogma in one line:—"Vital Energy ends as its last term, in thermal Energy." He admits that this rule is too absolute; it has exceptions; but the exceptions are not serious:—

"The cycle of energy ends occasionally in mechanical energy (movement), and in some smaller degree, in other energies, as for example, in the electric energy produced by nervous action and the muscles in all animals; or in functions of special organs, as in the rays, torpedoes, and thunder-fish; or finally in the luminous energy of phosphorescent animals; but these are secondary matters." The essential is that the second law of thermodynamics rules biology with an authority fully as despotic as it asserts in physics. "If chemical energy is the generative maternal form of the vital energies, calorific energy is the form of waste (déchet), of excrement; the form which is degraded, according to the expression of the physicists. . . . In the animal organism, heat is transformed into nothing: it is dissipated" (p. 109). "The animal world expends the energy which the vegetable world has accumulated." The vegetable world draws its energy from the sun, and "the animals end by restoring it, in the form of dissipated heat, to the cosmic space."

This teaching is explicit. Animal energies accent and emphasize the law of physics that nature, always and everywhere, tends to an equilibrium by levelling its intensities. Mechanical energies admit apparent exceptions, like gravitation, but animal energies admit none. All grow old and die. This is the teaching of physics, and although most physicists show caution in defining exactly what they mean by vital energy, the law, as they announce it, is relentless. For human purposes, whatever does work is a form of energy, and since historians exist only to recount and sum up the work that society has done, either as State, or as Church, as civil or as military, as intellectual or physical, organisms, they will, if they obey the physical law, hold that society does work by degrading its energies. On the other hand, if the historian follows Haeckel and the evolutionists, he should hold that vital energy, by raising itself to higher potentials, without apparent compensation, has accomplished its work in defiance of both the laws of thermodynamics.

Down to the end of the nineteenth century nothing greatly mattered, since the actual forces could be fairly well calculated or accounted for on either principle, but schools of applied mechanics are apt to get into trouble by using contradictory methods. One process or the other acquires an advantage. The weaker submits, but in this instance, the difficulty of naming the weaker was extreme. That the Evolutionist should surrender his conquests seemed quite unlikely, since he felt behind him the whole momentum of popular success and sympathy, and stood as heir-apparent to all the aspirations of mankind. About him were arranged in battalions, like an army, the energies of government, of society, of democracy, of socialism, of nearly all literature and art, as well as hope, and whatever was left of instinct,—all striving to illustrate not the Descent but the Ascent of Man. The *hostis humani generis*, the outlaw and enemy, was the Degradationist, who could have no friends, because he proclaimed the steady and fated enfeeblement and extinction of all nature's energies; but that he should abandon his laws seemed a still more preposterous idea. Never had he asserted them so aggressively, or with such dogmatic authority. He held undisputed possession of every technical school in the world, and even the primary schools were largely under his control. His second law of thermodynamics held its place in every text-book of science. The universities and higher branches of education were greatly, if not wholly, controlled by his methods. The field of mathematics had become his. He had no serious intellectual rival. Few things are more difficult than to judge how far a society is looking one way and working in another, for the points are shifting and the rate of speed is uncertain. The acceleration of movement seems rapid, but the inertia, or resistance to deflection, may increase with the rapidity, so that society might pass through phase after phase of speed, like a comet, without noting deflection in its thought. If a simpler figure is needed, society may be likened to an island surrounded by a rising ocean which silently floods its defenses. One after another the defenses have been abandoned, and society has climbed to higher ground supposed to be out of danger. So the classic Gods were abandoned for monotheism, and scholastic philosophy was dropped in favour of the Newtonian; but the classic Gods and the scholastic philosophy were always popular, and the newer philosophies won their victories by developing compulsory force. Inertia is the law of mind as well as of matter, and inertia is a form of instinct; yet in western civilization it has never held its own.

The pessimism or unpopularity of the law will not prevent its enforcement, if it develops superior force, even if it leads where no one wants to go. The proof is that the law is already enforced in every field excepting that of human history, and even human history has not wholly escaped. In physics it rules with uncontested sway. In physiology, the old army of Evolutionists have suffered defections so serious that no discipline remains. A full account of the situation would need an amount of knowledge that is now granted to no one; but the most trifling popular science is enough for popular teachers like ourselves.

Every one knows that Darwin owed much of his science as well as of his success to Sir Charles Lyell, who supplied him with the doctrine of uniformity and the evidence to support it. Darwin's own assumptions or theories were quite sufficiently difficult of proof, without adding the doctrine of uniformity; but Sir Charles' ability and authority carried the point in spite of Kelvin's protest that uniformity could not be admitted as possible under the second law of thermodynamics. Lyell's conservative system of evolution, resting on several broad assumptions of fact, became not merely a physiological, but even more a philosophical dogma, and in a literary point of view the Victorian epoch rested largely,—perhaps chiefly,—on the faith that society had but to follow where science led; to——

> "Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die,"

in order to attain perfection. An infinite series of imperceptible steps, continuous under uniform conditions since the earliest traces of organic life, and always tending upwards to higher intensities,—tensions,—potentials,—according to the growing complexity of the organism, had already taken the place of religious dogma, and bridged the gap between two phases of thought.

With a sense of vast relief, the generation which began life in 1850, embraced the new creed, not so much because it was proved, as because it was convenient; but it met with instant difficulties on the side of the Darwinists themselves. The warmest evolutionists were the least confident, not only about adaptation and the struggle for existence, but also, and chiefly, about uniformity. Heer's researches on the arctic flora, already cited by Sir Charles Lyell in the tenth edition of his "Principles" (London, 1867), seemed to upset the law of uniformity from top to bottom and to substitute a sweeping law of catastrophe; so that already in 1879, Saporta, in his History of the World of Plants, asserted that nothing less than absolute revolution in cosmic conditions could account for the changes in northern vegetation. During the whole period since the eocene, the temperature of the planet had steadily declined. "The phenomenon to which the lowering of temperature must be referred," said Saporta, "is in no way peculiar to Europe; it has nothing sudden about it, or accidental, or transient. We pointed out its origin at the end of the eocene; we have marked its progress by its increasing intensity in the polar regions, and by its gradual extension thence towards the south. At the beginning of the oligocene, the vegetation of the northern temperate zone changes character; new elements, coming from the north, and marking the first progress of a refrigeration, introduce and propagate themselves. We have studied the signs of this revolution, by means of which the differences of latitude tend little by little to accentuate themselves. . . . It is impossible not to admit, when we consider this march which nothing stops, and which continues with moderation and regularity, the influence of a cosmic phenomenon embracing the terrestrial globe altogether" The inference followed:—"We recognize from this point of view as from others, that the world was once young; then adolescent; that it has even passed the age of maturity; man has come late, when a beginning of physical decadence had struck the globe, his domain."

Nothing could be more fatal, not to Darwin but to Darwin's popular following. As Newton said that he was never a Newtonian, so Darwin might perhaps have said that he was never a Darwinian; but his popular influence lay in the law that evolution had developed itself in unbroken order from lower to higher. Kelvin had, indeed, flatly contradicted this assumption of fact, but had done so from the physicist's point of view, as a matter of solar heat and terrestrial cooling; while Saporta's studies of vegetation, to everybody's astonishment, so dramatically confirmed Kelvin's mathematics that, though the two streams of thought continued to flow in opposite directions, Saporta already in 1878 had the courage to incline to the "bold suggestion made some years ago by Dr. Blandet, and approved by the late M. d'Archiac," to the effect that, in times before the cretaceous,—especially well shown in the extravagance of the carboniferous,—the sun equaled the orbit of Mercury in diameter. The long epochs known as the Permian, Triassic, Jurassic, Cretaceous and Eocene allowed ample time for shrinkage before the Miocene first proved by its temperate vegetation, that the sun had approached its present diameter, and could no longer equably warm the world.

Such an adhesion to the law of thermodynamics, only twenty years after Darwin and Lyell had established their system on the law of Conservation, seemed to strike a very serious blow at the theory of upward evolution as the world understood it. The violent contradiction between Kelvin's Degradation and Darwin's Elevation was so profound,—so flagrant,—so vital to mankind, that the historian of human society must be supposed to have watched with agonized interest the direction which science should take; since the decision of palæontologists would fatally decide his own. If they should adhere to the high authority of Saporta, the biologists must follow; and then the historian of man would find himself facing a responsibility such as had never before entered into his imagination.

Thirty years have passed since Saporta published his "Monde des Plantes avant l'Apparition de l'Homme," and a whole generation has indefatigably collected, discussed, published and re-discussed the evidences, with results recorded in a library of books and in a score of great geological museums. With the truths that have been established or the theories that have been proposed, historians need trouble themselves little, or not at all, further than to ask what theories are to-day actually taught or are accepted by standard authorities. For American purposes, the object is best reached by restricting the inquiry to the last ten or fifteen years, and, so far as possible, to the schools of the European continent, because distance makes both teachers and teaching impersonal. Beginning with France, the standard authority in geology is said to be Lapparent's Treatise (3 vols. Paris, 1906), and to this the inquirer turns to ask whether Darwin's ideas, or Kelvin's, have prevailed in the French schools. The answer is easily found:—

"If there is one fact," says Lapparent (Vol. III, p. 1951), "that palæontology, and especially the branch of that science which concerns the vegetable world, has put in strong evidence, it is assuredly the progressive diminution of heat in the high latitudes of our globe." Among a number of explanations suggested, none satisfied all the conditions except that of M. Blandet,—the diminution of the apparent diameter of the sun. "Outside of this conception, the maintenance of the solar heat is absolutely inexplicable (p. 1954). . . . One cause alone, according to the laws of thermodynamics, is capable of preserving the solar energy without appealing to the quite inadequate help of outside sources;—this is the phenomenon of condensation in the sun. By the means of such condensation, the calorific power of the sun is able to maintain itself without sensible loss, by means of a lessening of apparent diameter which would need several thousand years to become perceptible to our most delicate apparatus. . . . But if, in our days, the sun, reduced as it is, undergoes still this movement of concentration necessary to maintain its energy, what must have been the difference of its dimensions at other epochs from what they are now? Nothing is more logical than this hypothesis, and since,—while irreproachable from the astronomic point of view,—it is alone adequate to explain the palæothermal phenomena, we think we cannot do better than propose it for the adhesion of geologists."

Nothing could be more innocent in intention, or at least in appearance, than this adhesion to the second law of thermodynamics,—this harmonizing of several great branches of science,—this unifying of nature; but its consequences to the old law of Evolution and to the school of Darwin were beyond disguise. Lapparent went on to indicate some of them, and first the necessary abandonment of Lyell's law of uniformity:——

"Let us content ourselves, then, with indicating the possibility of this solution, while affirming, contrary to the doctrines of the uniformitarian school, that the ancient history of our planet has unrolled itself in the midst of external conditions very different from those which now surround us."

While Lapparent offered this theory of solar shrinkage as only a possible solution, other geologists were working on a corollary to the theory, which has become one of the commonest foundations of their teaching. Solar shrinkage might perhaps be suggested as a doubtful possibility, but terrestrial shrinkage, which rests on the same law, seems to be now commonly admitted as a reasonably orthodox dogma. Yet terrestrial shrinkage is a mere derivative, which involves solar shrinkage as its logical and mathematical concomitant. If adopted as a fundamental law of geology, it must be admitted as a fundamental law of solar physics, since the one is as inseparable from the other as a Siamese twin. Naturally, the theory is not conceded to be true;—no theory is;—but it is convenient; it is taught; and the chance is now small that any geological physicist will forego the temptation of using M. Blandet's theory as law.

Fortunately for the old school of geologists,—as well as for all schools of historians,—the few certainties of geology as of history are so easily read in opposite senses, that, in practice, every teacher can teach—and ignore—what he pleases. Pure geologists still adhere more or less strictly to the uniformitarian creed and reject the conclusions of Heer and his followers. Geological physicists still teach that if the second law of thermodynamics controlled all history from the gaseous nebula to the glacial epoch, it has certainly controlled the few days or years since the ice-cap retired from the Niagara River. In that case, man became the most advanced type of physical decadence, no longer at the top but at the bottom of the ladder, in face of accelerated extinction.

At what precise moment the sun reached, under this theory, the equilibrium which gave the utmost exuberance to organic life, only a specialist can venture to say; but, from the language of their text-books, a reader gathers that the energy of vegetable growth is supposed to have reached its climax as early as the carboniferous,—"période de luxe, s'il en fut jamais" (Saporta, 73);—and that when this amazing vegetation lost its wonderful power, as shown in the coal-formations (Lapparent, II, 1027), it was followed by an equally astonishing animal growth which lasted into the miocene period. There—we are told,—degradation began! At the end of the miocene, both vegetable and animal forms of life are declared to offer proof that the poles could no longer support their previous exuberance. This teaching assumes that the equable temperature, whether high or low, which had prevailed from the poles to the equator gave place to climatic differences consequent on the sun's having shrunk toward its present diameter. Nature instantly showed the shrinkage of energy. "In spite of the multitude of beings which have disappeared at different epochs," says Gaudry ("Essai," 44), "I think that the sum of appearances exceeded that of extinctions down to the end of the miocene period." The steady decline continued until the convulsion of the glacial epoch, when, in the midst of a wrecked solar system, man suddenly appeared. "Since this great event occurred," according to Lapparent (III, 1655), "the organic world has enriched itself with no new species, but several forms have disappeared, among those that surrounded the first men; and the great herbivorous mammals, already on their decline, have seen their principal representatives, little by little, quit the scene of the world."

This statement, as a mere statement of fact, seems to be accepted as rather unduly mild; but not yet satisfied with admitting that organic geology, like inorganic, confirms the dissipation of energy down to the present day, M. Lapparent, abandoning all hope that the process can ever be reversed, concludes (III, 1961): "If any new term is still to be looked for, it seems as though none could be imagined other than an era where the Soul, freed from the bonds of matter, should dominate. Except for this hope there are none but somber perspectives in sight for all that surrounds us. The progress of the emersion of boreal lands seems destined to extend from step to step the influence of the polar ice. The sun, whose condensation is already far advanced, will soon find in the narrowing of its diameter no sufficient source for maintaining its heat, and large spots will appear on its surface, destined to transform themselves into a dark shell. The day when the extinction of the central luminary shall be complete, no further physical or physiological reaction can take place on our globe, which will then be reduced to the temperature of space, and the sole light of the stars. But, perhaps, before arriving there, the globe will have lost its oceans and its atmosphere, absorbed in the pores and fissures of a shell whose thickness will increase from day to day."

If one, and by far the most extensive period of terrestrial history, is already taught in this sense by physicists, all biology, including human history, will have also to be reëdited by them according to this lugubrious plan; and the university professor of history as it has been hitherto understood, will soon have urgent need to make up his mind whether to accept or resist it. If he decides to accept it, he has only to hold his tongue, and remain quietly in the pleasant meadows of antiquarianism, protected as heretofore by the convenient and sufficient axiom of the nineteenth century that history is not a science, and society not an organism; but if this resource should fail him, his first thought will be to find allies. He will seek them among his Darwinist friends, to begin with; but he will scarcely finish the opening chapter of the last book on Transformation, Mutation, Inheritance, or whatever new name may, as one writer expresses it, dissimulate creative or destructive force under the term Evolution, without discovering that the familiar, genial dispute over the origin of species has turned into a sinister and almost lurid battle over the extinction of species, for which the Darwinian theories of survival are declared inadequate to the point of childishness.

In the place of minute variations extending over indefinite time under uniform conditions, he will find that views have been put prominently forward which bear an alarming resemblance to the second law of thermodynamics. So, one palæontologist,—Dollo,—formulated in 1893 the law of evolution in three sections, each a contradiction to the old law.—1. Development has proceeded by leaps.—2. It is irreversible.—3. It is limited. Another authority, Rosa, gave new form to an old idea, by showing how variability proceeds according to a law of progressive reduction;—that is to say, every series of forms is destined to extinction according to the degree of its specialization. Even if this law were not rigorously exact, "it is perfectly exact to say that the number and extent of variations diminishes as the specialization advances." The reader, who marks with some nervousness that Man has certainly advanced by leaps, and that his progress seems to be irreversible, seeks at once to know whether he shows signs of reaching its limit; and, for an answer, appeals to the only scientific source of information,—the anthropologist.

Unless the inquirer is full of courage, he will be aghast at the confusion of responses which his prayer disturbs. Yet he knows, if he is an evolutionist, that Darwinians have always had trouble over the origin and end of Man. To Darwin and Haeckel the difficulties were as great as to their successors. The mystery of man was then, and still remains, a scientific scandal which has inevitably roused bad temper, and sometimes bad manners, even in the centers of science itself. Every investigator in turn evaded, with more or less dexterity,—or broke through, with more or less recklessness,—the difficulties that surrounded him; but the difficulties outlived the explanations. The first and most notorious was due to the fact that, while the strict theory of evolution from lower to higher made it reasonable to assume that man was descended from that group of animals which resembled him most, and while there was no doubt that the nearest group which could be supposed to lead up to him was that of the anthropoid ape, the anthropologists instantly found so many scientific objections to this line of ascent that it had to be abandoned from the start. The skull of the young anthropoid, it appeared, had more resemblance than that of its adult parent, to the skull of man; in other words, the anthropoid might be a degraded man, but man could not be a developed anthropoid. The search would have to go much further back, to find some earlier mammal with less resemblance to man, and therefore with fewer evidences of descent, and less probability of satisfying the rules of evidence. Each step in the ascent added enormously to the difficulties of proof.

Every evolutionist knows how disastrously this first failure affected anthropology; nor was the case bettered for the anthropologist by Cope, who, reasoning from the teeth, made man descend from an eocene lemur, and through him from the marsupials, without passing through any known group of anthropoids at all;—a leap backwards covering such vast epochs of unknown time and change,—only to end in a type much lower than that of the despised apes,—as to have no more value for human history than though, instead of a hypothetical lemur, the palæontologists had offered as an ancestor a hypothetical lingula of archean time.

All this fumbling for an ancestry that should have been self-evident, was sufficiently disconcerting to historians who cared little what kind of a pedigree was given them, but greatly wanted to be sure of it; and who found themselves embarrassed with a primitive man,—or probably a variety of primitive men,—running back without intermediate links to a hypothetical, primitive, eocene lemur, whom no one but a trained palæontologist could distinguish from a hypothetical, primitive opossum, or weasel, or squirrel or any other small form of what is commonly known as vermin. For the historian, the lemur was a grievance. It offered no foundation for any theory, whether of conservation, elevation, or degradation, physical or moral. Even the Church had always admitted as sound doctrine that God might have used more or less consecutive types for his creations; but between the hypothetic lemur and the talking man, no type, consecutive or other, existed for God to use.

The historian had certainly a right to complain of this Pharaonic command to adopt a lemurian and marsupial ancestry, including the duck-billed platypus, and much more; but had he rashly attempted to seek further, he might probably have found worse. Indeed, from the moment when science had exhausted the whole geological series,—recent, pleistocene, pliocene, miocene, oligocene, and part of the eocene,—without coming upon any reasonable or respectable ancestor at all, the search had become, for the historian's purposes, worse than futile. He would do much better to fall back on the mere hope that his own historical parentage was lost under the polar snows,—like the carboniferous forests,—where some happier anthropoid had been born and bred in temperate miocene luxury, to be driven southward before the ice-cap which obliterated every trace of him and of his polar Eden as he slowly drifted toward the fortieth parallel. Such a vague but aristocratic origin would relieve him from quartering the arms of the lemur, and might help him to suppress the opossum.

Hoping for the best, he next turns to the last textbook,—say, Hopf's "Human Species" (London, 1909),—and first notes that it still rests the chief weight of the argument, as Cope did, on the teeth, but in a sense that startles even a sincerely convinced evolutionist. Among the first authorities quoted is Professor Klaatsch of Heidelberg:—"As in his opinion, man by no means stands at the head of all living beings with respect to all parts of his organization, so too he considers that the human teeth are among the most primitive possessed by any of the existing mammals. Had man not sacrificed twelve teeth in the course of his gradual development, he would now have forty-four, the highest number possessed by any land-dwelling mammal." Assuredly, according to actual standards of physical beauty, a man—and still more a woman—with forty-four teeth would raise scruples about the law of evolution from lower to higher; but the Professor evidently regards the modest number of our actual teeth as a decadence; and goes on to say that even as to his molars, man "has not progressed beyond the stage of development reached by the mammals in the tertiary period." Not a step have the physiologists advanced in thirty years towards proof of any rise in vital energy. Greatly concerned at this evidence of feebleness in the evolution of man from the eocene lemur, the historian of human society naturally asks what human senses show more development than is proved by the teeth. Hopf makes no pretence of flattery even on this point. "Speaking generally, man, not only in a state of civilization, but also the primitive savage,—the Papuan, for example,—has a much less acute sense of smell than that possessed by animals" (Hopf, 240). Finally, though discouraged, the historian probably inquires in what, then, the evolution of man from lower to higher is believed to consist; and he learns that it consists in the extraordinary development of the brain, with its instruments, the hand, the foot, and the vocal organs; but even the brain is said to show extremely slight differences from that of the higher monkeys (Vulpian, "Leçons," 1866). "The brain has passed through evolution in all the branches of the tree of mammals; it is highly circumvoluted at the extremity of certain branches; sometimes the richness of its circumvolutions exceeds that of Man" (Topinard, 334); but its only marked development is in weight, and in number of ganglion cells (Hopf, 168).

Inevitably the puzzled historian asks almost stupidly whether the anthropologist holds this increase of brain to prove evolution from lower to higher, and he receives an answer that totally demoralizes him. The weight of the brain is not asserted to be a gauge of its energy. Neither instinct nor reason is supposed to have any relation to the weight of the brain; on the contrary, "in a list of seventeen brains, the heaviest known, going from 1,729 to 2,020 grams, there are seven lunatics,"—and only three men of science, about whose degree of aberration no exact statistics can be reasonably expected (Topinard, 216).

This is only the beginning of anthropological evolution from lower to higher. The anthropologist seems inclined to hold that what is called genius has no relation with weight of brain; but that, even though it had, it would not help evolution, if Arndt is right in asserting that superior mental endowment of any kind is a sign of degeneration; or if Branca is right in thinking it impossible that the progressive enlargement of the human brain can go on indefinitely without enfeebling the body till it dies out; or if Hopf is right (p. 374), in admitting that, in civilized races, increase in intellectual power often goes with a narrowing of the jaw and an early loss of the teeth, and of the hair, and in women with an inability to suckle their children. To complete the picture, the anthropologist who hesitates to say in what sense the brain should be regarded as proving evolution from lower to higher, shows not the least sign of doubt in regard to the degree to which Man is specialized, particularly as shown by his brain, his hand, his foot, and his vocal organs. In fact, according to Louis Agassiz, man is "the last term of a series beyond which, following the plan on which the whole animal kingdom is built, no further progress is materially possible" ("De l'Esprit," p. 34), and is, therefore, under Rosa's law of progressive reduction, destined to be rapidly extinguished.

Thus the physical geologist has frankly and finally gone over to the side of Kelvin; the palæontologist has kept him company, or even went before him; while the anthropologist is somewhat painfully hesitating, obedient to the physicists, but trying to remain true to humanity, though acutely conscious that the two directions cannot be reconciled. For many years M. Topinard has held a sort of position as semi-official anthropologist of France, but he has become incoherent with age, finding himself caught between the irreconcilable contradictions of science and sentiment:—"The end, so far as concerns us, we know," he says in his last volume ("L'Anthropologie," Paris, 1900); "our earth will cease to be habitable; it will grow cold; will lose its atmosphere and its moisture, and will resemble our actual moon. Previously, evolution, from progressive will become stationary, then regressive. Some day, as Huxley suggests, the lichens, the diatomaceæ, the protococcus, will perhaps be the only beings adapted to the conditions;—then, nothing!" The picture seems sad enough, yet M. Topinard might have added that, according to his own palæontologist authorities, the evolution of life on the earth had ceased to be progressive some millions of years ago, and had passed through its stationary period into regression before man ever appeared; while M. Topinard himself adds (pp. 321, 370) that, "to his stupefaction," he has reached conclusions of his own which seem, to readers who do not take these opinions too seriously, exceedingly like an admission that he finds himself an example of the second law of thermodynamics:—

"Yes! there is contradiction between the animal man,—as he was in a state of nature, and as he has maintained himself to our day,—and the social man such as he ought to be. Yes! the objective realities of science are in contradiction with the subjective aspirations of man. Yes! nature laughs at our conceptions. Society has been born of man, and has been built on sand, often with only materials of convention. The individual for whom it is created is always its worst enemy; he admits it, but will not bend to its necessities."

Although M. Topinard adhered blindly to the second law of thermodynamics in regard to the approaching end of the world, and was logically obliged to accept its conclusion that all useful work or progress, social or mechanical, depended on inequalities of intensity, endowed with energy still left to dissipate,—the moment he realizes that such inequalities still exist, and that therefore progress is still possible, he bewails the fact as an inexplicable and unfortunate mystery. Such cross-purposes have become almost a standard rule in sociology. They have always been the rule in history.

In the earlier scientific commentaries on the Law of Dissipation, astronomers and physicists commonly took some little pains to soften the harshness of their doom by assurances that the prospect was not so black as it seemed, but that the sun would adapt itself to man's convenience by allowing some thousands or millions of years to elapse before its extinction. This pleasing thoughtfulness has vanished. Geologists, when most generous, scarcely allow more than thirty-thousand years since the last ice-cap began its partial recession; while, quite commonly, they insist that their most careful and elaborate estimates do not justify them in granting more than a quarter of that time to the very incomplete process of clearing away the ice and snow from the streets of primitive New York and Boston. The cataclysmic ruin that spread over all the most populous parts of the northern hemisphere while the accomplished and highly educated architects of Nippur were laying the arched foundations of their city, has, it is true, been partially covered or disguised under new vegetation; but even this brief retrospective reprieve is darkened by the earnest assurances of the most popular text-books and teachers that they can hold out no good reason for hoping that the exemption will last. The sun is ready to condense again at any moment, causing another violent disequilibrium, to be followed by another great outburst and waste of its expiring heat.

The humour of these prophecies seldom strikes a reader with its full force in America, but in Europe the love of dramatic effect inspires every line. Compared with the superficial and self-complacent optimism which seems to veneer the surface of society, the frequent and tragic outbursts of physicists, astronomers, geologists, biologists, and sociological socialists announcing the end of the world, surpass all that could be conceived as a natural product of the time. The note of warning verges on the grotesque; it is hysterically solemn; a little more, and it would sound like that of a Salvation Army; a small natural shock might easily turn it to a panic. Naturally, a historian is most interested in what concerns primitive history, and all the relations of primitive man to nature. He takes up the last work on the subject, which happens in 1910, to be "Les Premières Civilisations," by M. J. de Morgan, published in June, 1909. M. de Morgan is one of the highest authorities—possibly quite the highest authority—on his subject, and his volume contains the whole result of his vast study. Unconscious of thermodynamics, he treats primitive man as a sort of function of the glacial epoch, and ends by telling his readers:—

"The glacial period is far from being ended; our times, which still make an integral part of it, are characterized by an important retreat of the glaciers, started long before the beginnings of history. It is to be supposed that this retreat of the ice is not definitive, but that the cold will return, and with it the depopulation of a part of our globe. Nothing can enable us to foretell the amplitude of this future oscillation, or the lot which the laws of nature destine to humanity. During this cataclysm revolutions will occur which the most fecund imagination cannot conceive,—disasters the more horrible because, while the population of the earth goes on increasing every day, and even the less favoured districts little by little become inhabited, the different human groups, crowded back one on another, and finding no more space for existence, will be driven to internecine destruction."

M. de Morgan belongs to the most serious class of historians, while M. Camille Flammarion, the distinguished director of the Meudon observatory, besides being a serious astronomer, is also one of the most widely read, and most highly intelligent, vulgarizers of science. When he reaches the point of describing the solar catastrophe in his popular astronomy, he lays bare an enormous field for harrowing horrors:

"Life and human activity will insensibly be shut up within the tropical zones. Saint Petersburg, Berlin, London, Paris, Vienna, Constantinople, Rome, will successively sink to sleep under their eternal cerements. During many centuries, equatorial humanity will undertake vain arctic expeditions to rediscover under the ice the sites of Paris, of Bordeaux, of Lyons, of Marseilles. The sea-shores will have changed and the map of the earth will be transformed. No longer will man live,—no longer will he breathe,—except in the equatorial zone, down to the day when the last tribe, already expiring in cold and hunger, shall camp on the shores of the last sea in the rays of a pale sun which will henceforward illumine an earth that is only a wandering tomb, turning around a useless light and a barren heat. Surprised by the cold, the last human family has been touched by the finger of death, and soon their bones will be buried under the shroud of eternal ice. The historian of nature would then be able to write:—'Here lies the entire humanity of a world which has lived! Here lie all the dreams of ambition, all the conquests of military glory, all the resounding affairs of finance, all the systems of an imperfect science, and also all the oaths of mortals' love! Here lie all the beauties of earth!'—But no mortuary stone will mark the spot where the poor planet shall have rendered its last sigh!"

As though to assure the public that he knows what he is talking about, M. Flammarion, who is a practical astronomer, goes on with a certain somber exaltation, like a religious prophet, to say that the terrors he predicts are of common occurrence in astronomy, and leaves his scholars to infer that nature regards her end as attained only when she has treated man as an enemy to be crushed:—

"Already we have seen twenty-five stars sparkle with a spasmodic light in the heavens, and fall back into extinction neighbouring death! Already some of the brilliant stars hailed by our fathers have disappeared from the charts of the sky, and a great number of red stars have entered into their period of extinction!"

Volumes would be needed if a writer should attempt to follow the track of this idea through all the branches of present thought; but, without unnecessarily disturbing the labours of anthropology and biology, the merest insect might be excused for asking what happens to fellow insects, who, like himself, are enjoying the precarious hospitality of these numerous solar systems. M. de Morgan and M. Flammarion are contented with freezing them; but M. Lapparent takes the loftier view that they will do better to become disembodied spirits; which is even less likely to suit either the American professor or the American student, whose ideas of education are exceptionally practical. The "soul, freed from the bonds of matter," seems to require no education unless in the passive consciousness of pure mathematics and logic, which has hitherto been the weakest side of the American student, who is averse even to the ingenuous simplicity of logarithms and vectors. More than this, the law of degradation inexorably implies that, throughout the whole series of phases which may intervene in the future as in the past, in the dissipation of the higher intensities, a sympathetic exhaustion must be expected in all the energies dependent on the central system, among which, as the palæontologists and physicists have assured us, the vital energies are not only the most dependent, but also and particularly the most sensitive. Physical or mental, they should, according to theory, suffer an accelerated decline, and yet their actual position should also show a certain lag behind the rate of the central energy. They are really worse off than they seem. The soothing vision of thousands or millions of years, for the ultimate extinction of solar energy, protects the universities to a highly inadequate degree from their own extinction in the process. All energies which are convertible into heat must suffer degradation; among these, as the physicists expressly insist, are all vital processes; the mere temporary approach to a final equilibrium would be fatal; and, among all the infinite possibilities of evolution, the only absolute certainty in physics is that the earth every day approaches it. No one can be trusted to express so much as an opinion about the moment when any special vital process may expect to be reduced in energy; man and beast can, at the best, look forward only to a diversified agony of twenty million years; but at no instant of this considerable period can the professor of mathematics flatter either himself or his students with an exclusive or extended hope of escaping imbecility.

According to some geologists, this view is extravagantly—almost ridiculously—optimistic; but with the scientific correctness of these opinions, the historian is not concerned. He asks only how far the teaching of his colleagues contradicts his own, and how far society sides with his contradictors. His question is difficult to answer. At first sight he is conscious of no divergence. Society has the air of taking for granted its indefinite progress towards perfection with more confidence, and sometimes with more dogmatism than in 1830, when Macaulay made it a literary law by his famous polemic against Southey. Yet the same society has acquired a growing habit of feeling its own pulse, and registering its own temperature, from day to day; of prescribing to itself new régimes from year to year; and of doubting its own health, like a nervous invalid. Granting that the intended effect of intellectual education is,—as Bacon, Descartes, and Kant began by insisting,—a habit of doubt, it is only in a very secondary sense a habit of timidity or despair. To a certain point, the more education, the more hesitation; but beyond that point, confidence should begin. Keeping Europe still in view for illustration and assuming for the moment that America does not exist, every reader of the French or German papers knows that not a day passes without producing some uneasy discussion of supposed social decrepitude;—falling off of the birth-rate;—decline of rural population;—lowering of army standards;—multiplication of suicides;—increase of insanity or idiocy,—of cancer,—of tuberculosis;—signs of nervous exhaustion,—of enfeebled vitality,—"habits" of alcoholism and drugs—failure of eyesight in the young,—and so on, without end, coupled with suggestions for correcting these evils such as remind a historian of the Lex Poppæa and the Roman Empire, rather than they prove that careless confidence in itself that ought to stamp the rapid rise of social energy which every one asserts and admits. A great newspaper opens the discussion of a social reform by the axiom that "there are unmistakable signs of deterioration in the race." The County Council of London publishes a yearly volume of elaborate statistics, only to prove, according to the London *Times*, that "the great city of today," of which Berlin is the most significant type, "exhibits a constantly diminishing vitality"; and, in almost the same breath, other journals exult in showing that the globe is rapidly becoming a suburb of the great cities. Rarely does the press dwell on proofs of social evolution except as shown negatively in decline of the death-rate, or of illiteracy, or in relief from pain and never does the statistician or sociologist help the historian to any clear understanding of the progress expected as his literary goal. The medical profession is singularly shy of pledges. The poets are pessimists to a man—and to a woman. The legislators pass half their time, in Germany, France, and England, framing social legislation, of which a large part rests on the right and duty of society to protect itself against itself, not under the fiction of elevating itself from lower to higher, but—as in the case of alcohol and drugs—to protect itself from deterioration by the exercise of powers analogous to the power of war.

According to the sociologists, the most serious symptom of all is the extension of philosophical schools founded on the supposed failure of society:—"The formation of these great systems is the sign that the pessimist current has reached an abnormal degree of intensity, due to some perturbation of the social organism. Now we all know how they have multiplied in our day. To get a just idea of their number and their importance, we have to consider not merely the philosophies which officially profess that character, like those of Schopenhauer, von Hartmann, etc., but we must also take account of all those which, under different names, are the results of the same spirit. The anarchist, the esthete, the mystic, the revolutionary socialist, even if they do not despair of the future, agree with the pessimist in the same sentiment of hatred and disgust for whatever is; in the same need of destroying the real, and escaping from it. The collective melancholy would not have invaded consciousness to that point unless it had taken morbid development; and in consequence the development of suicide which results from it, is of the same nature. All the proofs unite in causing us to regard the enormous increase which has shown itself within a century in the number of voluntary deaths, as a pathological phenomenon which becomes every day more menacing." (Emile Durkheim, "Le Suicide." Paris, 1897.)

As yet the press is alarmist with decency, even in Paris and Berlin, but at the rate of progress since 1870, the press might soon learn to blacken the prospects of humanity with all the picturesque genius of Camille Flammarion. A little more superficial knowledge is all it needs; the general disposition is already excellent. Meanwhile, the teacher of history has fallen out of sight. The freedom that was liberally extended to others was denied to him. Supposing Kelvin's law, with Lapparent's conclusions, and Flammarion's illustrations, to be rigorously true, and that its truth was admitted in biology as in physics, the American professor who should begin his annual course by announcing to his class that their year's work would be devoted to showing in American history "a universal tendency to the dissipation of energy" and degradation of thought, which would soon end in making America "improper for the habitation of man as he is now constituted," might not fear the fate of Giordano Bruno, but would certainly expect that of Galileo, even though he knew that every member of the Cardinals' College of professors held the same opinion. The University would have to protect itself by dismissing him.

The truth or the error of the three Laws of Evolution does not properly concern the teacher. No physicist can, in these days, be expected to take oath that Dalton's atoms, or Willard Gibbs' phases, or Bernouilli's kinetic gases, are true. He uses for his scholars the figure or the formula which best suits their convenience. The historian or sociologist is alone restricted in the use of formulas which shock the moral sense; yet the stoppage of discussion in the historical lecture-room can not affect the teaching of the same young men in the physical laboratory,—still less the legislation of their parents at the State capital; it would merely ruin the school of history. However much to be regretted is such a result, society can not safely permit itself to be condemned to a lingering death, which is sure to tend towards suicide, merely to suit the convenience of school-teachers. The dilemma is real; it may become serious; in any case it needs to be understood.

The battle of Evolution has never been wholly won; the chances at this moment favour the fear that it may yet be wholly lost. The Darwinist no longer talks of Evolution; he uses the word Transformation. The historian of human society has hitherto, as a habit, preferred to write or to lecture on a tacit assumption that humanity showed upward progress, even when it emphatically showed the contrary, as was not uncommon; but this passive attitude can not be held against the physicist who invades his territory and takes the teaching of history out of his hands. Somewhere he will have to make a stand, but he has been already so much weakened by the surrender of his defences that he knows no longer where a stand can be made. As a form of Vital Energy he is convicted of being a Vertebrate, a Mammal, a Monodelphe, a Primate, and must eternally, by his body, be subject to the second law of thermodynamics. Escape there is impossible. Science has shut and barred every known exit. Man can detect no outlet except through the loophole called Mind, and even to avail himself of this, he must follow Lapparent's advice,—become a disembodied spirit and seek a confederate among such physicists or physiologists as are willing to admit that man, as an animal, has no importance; that his evolution or degradation as an organism is immaterial; that his physical force or condition has nothing to do with the subject; that the old ascetics were correct in suppressing the body; and that his consciousness is sufficient proof of his right to regard Reason as the highest potential of Vital Energy.

The historian, thrown back on this oldest of battle-grounds, may console himself with the thought that the physicists and physiologists are as much embarrassed as himself; but while, in former ages, the world went on, after a fashion, trusting to the energy of its archaic instincts to make good the lapses of its reasoning powers, the external pressure of physical forces, under their thermodynamic laws, seems of late to have literally driven physical science into an assumption of universal authority, so that physiologists can no longer evade the logical necessity of framing a stem-history for the mind, as for the body or the skeleton; and since their law tends strongly towards monism,—unity of energy,—they can not supply man with any other energies or laws than those inherited from his only known—or unknown—ancestor, the hypothetical eocene lemur. In the system of *Energetik*, Reason can be only another phase of the energy earlier known as Instinct or Intuition; and if this be admitted as the stem-history of the Mind as far back as the eocene lemur, it must be admitted for all forms of Vital Energy back to the vegetables and perhaps even to the crystals. In the absence of any definite break in the series, all must be treated as endowed with energy equivalent to will.

The idea is very familiar in philosophy; the strangeness consists in its gaining foothold in science. At the Congress of the Italian Society for the Progress of Sciences held at Parma in 1907, Ciamician, the distinguished Professor of the University of Bologna, suggested that the potential of Vital Energy should be taken as the Will. The step seems logical, and to the historian it seems natural. The idea is as old as Aristotle; any one who cares to study its history will find it in Eduard von Hartmann's "Philosophie des Unbewussten" but, for the actual uses of to-day, the story goes back no further than to Schopenhauer's famous work, "Die Welt als Wille," which appeared in 1819-1844. Schopenhauer held that all energy in nature, latent or active, is identical with Will. Before his time,—he claimed,—the concept of Will was included in the concept of Force; he reversed the order, on the ground that the unknown should be referred to the known, and that therefore the whole universe of energy, known or unknown, of whatever intensity or volume, should be brought into the category of intuition. The Philosophers, even when rejecting the identity of Will with Energy, were before long busily coquetting with the idea, which offered extraordinary charms to inventors of systems. For the historian, Schopenhauer's method had the double merit of logically merging the two great historical schools of thought. The old idea of Form, which ruled the philosophy of Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas, slipped readily over the idea of Energy, taught by Kelvin and Clausius, so that henceforward it mattered little whether the schools, in their rage for nomenclature, called the result "Will," or "Entelechy," or "Dominant," or "Organic Principle," or "Trieb," or "Strebung," or "Intuition," or "Instinct," or just simply "Force" as of old; even the forbidden words "Creative power" became almost orthodox science; in any case the logic of "Will" or "Energetik" imperatively required that every conception whatever, involving a potential, obliged ontologists to regard the will-power of every stem as the source of variation in the branches, and to admit, as a physical necessity, that the branch which has lost the power of variation should be regarded as an example of enfeebled energy falling under the second law of thermodynamics.

Such an arrangement, however convenient for degradationists, and however tempting to students of palæontology in particular, is likely to bring trouble on other branches of education. Especially for human history its bearings are painfully pointed. Already the anthropologists have admitted man to be specialized beyond the hope of further variation, so that, as an energy, he must be treated as a weakened Will,—an enfeebled vitality,—a degraded potential. He cannot himself deny that his highest Will-power, whether individual or social, must have proved itself by his highest variation, which was incontrovertibly his act of transforming himself from a hypothetical eocene lemur,—whatever such a creature may have been,—into a man speaking an elaborately inflected language. This staggering but self-evident certainty requires many phases of weakening Will-power to intervene in the process of subsidence into the reflective, hesitating, relatively passive stage called Reason; so that in the end, if the biologists insist on imposing their law on the anthropologists, while at the same time refusing to admit a break in the series, the historian will have to define his profession as the science of human degradation. The law of thermodynamics must embrace human history in its last as well as in its earliest phase. If the physicist can suggest any plausible way of escaping this demonstration, either logically or by mathematics, he will confer a great benefit on history; but, pending his decision, if the highest Will-power is conceded to have existed first, and if the physicist is to be granted his postulate that height and intensity are equivalent terms, while fall and diffusion are equivalent to degradation, then the intenser energy of Will which showed itself in the primitive extravagance of variation for which Darwin tried so painfully to account by uniformitarian formulas, must have been—and must be now in the constant process of being—degraded and lost, and can never be recovered. The process, in physics, is not reversible.

If the historian of human society is to let himself be placed in this position, the fact should be understood and accepted in advance. In that case, two schools of history can be easily organized; but the effect on other branches of instruction is not so simple. Ciamician's suggestion,—like Schopenhauer's, like Nietzsche's, like Eduard von Hartmann's philosophy,—does, no doubt, threaten human history with fantastic revolution, but perhaps its strange result is that of converting metaphysics into a branch of physics. Nothing in the history of philosophy is more distinctly marked than the effort of physics and metaphysics, since 1890, to approach each other. Only a specialist knows even the titles of the books on this subject, in the German language alone; but a beginner might perhaps try to get an idea of the process from Wilhelm Wundt's well-known "System der Philosophie" (Leipzig, 1897). The naturalist now readily admits that plants have souls—or will-power,—but he appropriates the soul as an energy of thermodynamics. At first sight, the tendency seems towards metaphysics, but the true current is the reverse. The chaos is more chaotic than ever, but the effort to make the laws of *Energetik* cover all, is perhaps the only very vigorous intellectual activity now in evidence.

Both parties have in consequence appealed to the Psychologists, and, under the lead of Ostwald in Germany and of Loeb in America, have created, within the last few years, a new literature so extensive as to defy all students except advanced specialists. Indeed, almost as in mathematics, the specialist himself is rarely equal to his task. Every country in the world is contributing to the pursuit of psychological laws. In Russia, Krainsky's volume on the "Law of Conservation of Energy applied to Psychical Activity" appeared as long ago as the year 1897. The amount of intelligence and patient research put into the investigation is as great as though wealth were its end; and, though the drift of evidence may seem to a historian both clear and strong, he has, as yet, no right to hamper the inquiry by inflicting on these exceedingly clever and earnest seekers any inquiries of his own. At most, in his desperate search for allies to protect him from the tyranny of thermodynamics, he might timidly ask, not them but himself, whether the new psychology tends towards the possibility that Reason may be a more or less remote consequence of Tropism,—that is to say, a form of motion excited by exterior forces. In itself, this old and very familiar theory, that "nous vivons parce que nous sommes excités," is as indifferent to sociologists as any other physico-chemical or mechanical analogy used for purposes of technical instruction; but if it goes to the point of asserting, as an acquired truth, that the motion of the mind is an induced motion which follows the laws of electricity, the historian of mind in its social variety will find himself seriously embarrassed. Without going back to the earlier discussion of this burning question, an inquirer may allow himself to quote the latest form in which the distinguished chief of the school states it. Ostwald says:—"Between psychological and mechanical operations, there seems to be nearly the same difference and the same resemblance, as between electric and chemical operations." On this question, Loeb is even a higher authority than Ostwald, and his latest expressions are still more emphatic. He recognizes no such thing as Will:—"It seems to me," he says, "that it is in the interest of psychology itself to favour the development of the theory of tropisms"; and not of tropisms alone;—"My object is to refer psychical phenomena not only to tropisms but also to physico-chemical phenomena." With the utmost ingenuity and labour he has proved that, at least in many low organisms, what is taken for Will is really mechanical attraction.

Loeb's demonstrations are quite beautiful pieces of work which rouse high admiration for his powers; but their bearing on his colleagues is obscure. If Thought is capable of being classed with Electricity, or Will with chemical affinity, as a mode of motion, it seems necessarily to fall at once under the second law of thermodynamics as one of the energies which most easily degrades itself, and, if not carefully guarded, returns bodily to the cheaper form called Heat. Of all possible theories, this is likely to prove the most fatal to Professors of History.

The dilemma is pointed out by Dr. Hanna Thomson, in his book on the Brain, with the emphasis that suits its tension:—"Physically, the gap between the brain of man and the brain of an anthropoid ape is too insignificant to count; but their difference as beings corresponds to the distance of the earth from the nearest fixed star. The brain of man does not account for man? What does?"

The question, thus bluntly posed, is bluntly answered in a sense hostile to the physicist law. The brain is developed by the Will, which lies within and behind the brain:—"By practice . . . the Will-stimulus will not only organize brain-centers to perform new functions, but will project new connecting,—or, as they are technically called, association—fibres, which will make nerve-centers work together as they could not, without being thus associated." The motive-power is not of the brain, "because it is the masterful personal Will which makes the brain human" by developing one of the brain-hemispheres; and "this Something known as Will," continues Dr. Hanna Thomson, "is not natural, but supernatural, both in its powers and in its creations."

Of course the supernatural character of the Will is the whole point in dispute, and the usual doctrine of the modern psychologist substitutes the word Nature for the word Supernatural. Thus Paul Flechsig, concluding his address to the Psychological Congress in Rome (1905), says that "only by constant, progressive changes in the physical form of the brain, has Nature succeeded in attaining this truly lofty end. Thus the Will shows organic evolution from first to last, and shows in this respect no difference from other bodily functions. It is a product of organic nature, and, at least in its broadest sense, bears that stamp."

The three views seem far apart, and yet one can conceive that Kelvin, who troubled himself only with the practical means of obtaining a fall of potential equivalent to the work done, might have seen no necessary contradiction to his law in either case:—

"Quite so!" he might be supposed to reply; "the force that Thomson calls supernatural Will, and Flechsig calls an organic function, and Loeb calls a physico-chemical relation, is the force which I call vital Energy, and which I agree with Dr. Thomson in regarding as supernatural in the sense that nature no longer produces it here, more than she produces any other element or atom. Physicists are at perfect liberty to regard the Will as another name for the same primitive, elementary, unexplained energy which gave odour to a molecule of copper, or made the magnolia burst into flower with more than animal sensuality and perfection of form, colour, scent, and line; or the caterpillar suddenly soar into the air with the amazing, inconceivable sensual properties of the butterfly; but the mere brain-mechanism you talk about is, in physics, far less extraordinary, as Will, than what went before it,—creations always growing higher in tension as you go backward,—like the eye, or the innumerable varieties or transformations of the shapes which vital energy has taken in every province of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, while all are still subordinate and even trivial when compared with the primary creation of energy itself, about which no one knows anything except its name,—Nature."

The professor of physics will be shocked at seeing such words put into Kelvin's mouth. In that case Kelvin's own words will answer almost equally well: "Science positively affirms creative power. . . . Modern biologists are coming once more to a firm acceptance of something beyond mere gravitational, chemical, and physical forces; and that unknown thing is a vital principle. . . . We are absolutely forced by science to admit and to believe with absolute confidence in a directive power. . . . There is nothing between absolute scientific belief in creative power, and the acceptance of the theory of a fortuitous concourse of atoms. Just think of a number of atoms falling together of their own accord, and making a crystal, a sprig of moss, a microbe, a living animal!"

Such reasoning in circles helps the historian little to make headway against the current of physical energies. His dilemma remains untouched. The physicist says that Thought is an organic growth which has the faculty of determining its own action within certain limits, but whose "Freedom" exists only in the atmosphere of ideals. By the majority of physiologists, Thought seems to be regarded—at present—as a more or less degraded Act,—an enfeebled function of Will:—

"Thought comes as the result of helplessness," says Lalande in "Dissolution." "Thought," as Bain says, "is the refraining from speech or action. The truth is, therefore, that action comes first; the idea is an act which tends to accomplish itself, and which, when stopped by some obstacle before its realization, finds a new form of reality in that stoppage. Jean Jacques Rousseau said: 'The man who thinks is a depraved animal'; and in this he expressed an exact view of psychology. So far as he is animal, the thinker is a bad animal; eating badly; digesting badly; often dying without posterity. In him the degradation of vital energy is flagrant. (La dépravation de la nature physique est visible chez lui.)"

The late volume of M. Bergson, "L'Evolution Créatrice," is the most widely known among the very latest efforts of metaphysicians to defend their conceptions against the methods of physics; and yet, on this point of Reason and Instinct, M. Bergson seems ready to go further than M. Lalande. The whole chapter on Instinct ought to be read, and studied in connection with the treatment of the same subject by Reinke, in his "Einleitung" (Kap. 21), and the source of it all in Eduard von Hartmann's "Unbewusste"; but a few paragraphs will serve to express the present views of the Collège de France about the relative value of phases of life as forces:—

"From our point of view, life appears globally as an immense wave which starts from a center to propagate itself outwards, and which is arrested at almost every point of its circumference, and is converted into oscillation without advance; at one point alone, it has forced the obstacle, and the impulse has passed on freely. This liberty is registered in the form of man. Everywhere except with man, consciousness has been brought to a stop; with man alone it has pursued its road. . . . In doing so, it is true, it has abandoned not merely the baggage that embarrassed it, but has been obliged to renounce also some precious properties. Consciousness, in man, is chiefly intelligence. It might have been,—it seems as though it ought to have been,—intuition too. . . . Another evolution might have led to a humanity either still more intelligent, or more intuitive. In reality, in the humanity of which we make part, intuition is almost completely sacrificed to intelligence. . . . Intuition is still there, but vague, and especially discontinuous. It is a lamp, almost extinguished, which gains strength at long intervals, where a vital interest is at hazard, but only for a few instants. On our personality, on our liberty, on the place we occupy in nature as a whole, on our origin, and perhaps also on our destiny it casts a feeble and flickering light, but a light which pierces, none the less, the darkness of the night in which our intelligence leaves us."

If this is the best that physiology and metaphysics can do to help the historian of man, the outlook is far from cheerful. The historian is required either expressly to assert, or surreptitiously to assume, before his students, that the whole function of nature has been the ultimate production of this one-sided Consciousness,—this amputated Intelligence,—this degraded Act,—this truncated Will. As the function of the crystal is to produce the order of its cleavage, and that of the rose, the beauty of its flower, and that of the peacock, the splendours of its tail, and as, except for these purposes, neither crystal, rose nor peacock has as much human interest as a thistle or a maggot,—so the function of man is, to the historian, the production of Thought; but if all the other sciences affirm that not Thought but Instinct is the potential of Vital Energy, and if the beauties of Thought —shown in the intuitions of artistic genius, —are to be taken for the last traces of an instinct now wholly dead or dying, nothing remains for the historian to describe or develop except the history of a more or less mechanical dissolution. The mere act of reproduction, which seems to have been the most absorbing and passionate purpose of primitive instinct, concerns history not at all, except as the botanist is concerned with the question whether the flower is a developed or degraded leaf; but the question whether the plant exists to produce the flower, or to produce the leaf, is vital. The university, as distinct from the technological school, has no proper function other than to teach that the flower of vital energy is Thought, and that not Instinct but Intellect is the highest power of a supernatural Will;—an ultimate, independent, self-producing, self-sustaining, incorruptible solvent of all earlier or lower energies, and incapable of degradation or dissolution.

Intellect should bear the same relation to Instinct that the sun bears to a gaseous nebula; and hitherto in human history it has asserted this relation without a doubt of its self-evident truth. The assertion has led to physical violence and intellectual extravagance without limit, so that history shows man as alternately insane with his own pride of intellect, and shuddering with horror at its bloody consequences; but the remains of primitive instinct taught society that it could not abandon its claim to be, or to represent, a supernatural and independent energy, without, by the same act, admitting and demonstrating its progressive enfeeblement of will. If Intellect led to such an abdication, it proved the universal truth of the second thermodynamic law.

From the beginnings of philosophy and religion, the thinker was taught by the mere act of thinking, to take for granted that his mind was the highest energy of nature. Society still believes it, and asserts its supremacy, on no other ground, with a sustained force which is the chief theme of history, and which showed no sign of relaxation until attacked in the eighteenth century in its theological or supernatural outposts. Society must still continue to act upon it, as the Platonist, the Stoic and the Christian did, for the obvious reason that it was and is their only motive for existence — their solitary title to their identity.

History has never regarded itself as a science of statistics. It was the Science of Vital Energy in relation with time; and of late this radiating center of its life has been steadily tending,—together with every form of physical and mechanical energy,—towards mathematical expression. The torrent of physical energy has swept society into its course, until every school, and almost every teacher in the world,—except perhaps in the Church,—takes an attitude of instinctive and silent hostility to any form of energy that claims to be independent. Even though the triumph of this teaching is the ultimate degradation of the energy that is taught,—of the teacher as well as of the pupil and the universe,—and the more complete his victory, the more rapid his degradation, the fault is not his that the radiating center of his world should betray this visible decline of vigour.

Very unwillingly can he admit Reason to be an energy at all; at the utmost, he can hardly allow it to be more than a passive instrument of a physico-chemical energy called Will;—an ingenious economy in the application of power; a catalytic medium; a dynamo, mysteriously converting one form of energy into a lower;—but if persuaded to concede the intrinsic force of Reason, he must still reject its independence. As a force it must obey the laws of force; as an energy it must content itself with such freedom as the laws of energy allow; and in any case it must submit to the final and fundamental necessity of Degradation.

The same law, by still stronger reasoning, applies to the Will itself.

(*To be continued*)

Remembered from the Play

"BURLESQUE"

Gussie—Anyway, it's none of my business.
Mazie—You took the words out of my mouth!

Bozo—You can't expect a fellow not to make mistakes—well, how does he become a husband? *By George Manker Watters and Arthur Hopkins, New York, 1927.*

"THE GENIUS AND HIS BROTHER"

Orpheus—How much precious time a man wastes in the morning with getting up, washing, combing, toothbrushing, and finally, with dressing!

Paparrhegopoulos—Don't you know how to talk, Spiridon? I talk, talk, and talk—therein lies my success. I talk until I remember what I want to say.
By Sil-Vara, Vienna, 1927.

"RATHER A GENTLEMAN"

Lia—What will you do now—that your identity has been disclosed?
Moebius—What all swindlers under similar circumstances have done: I'll write my memoirs. *By Walter Hasenclever, Berlin, 1927.*

"WOYZECK"

Captain—Man is like a fortress. He is forever defending himself against Death that has been besieging him from the beginning. *By Theodore Csokor, Vienna, 1927.*

"A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE"

Lord Dillingworth—To get into the best society, nowadays, one has either to feed people, amuse people, or shock people—that's all. Talk to every woman as if you loved her, and to every man as if he bored you, and at the end of your first season you will have the reputation of possessing the most perfect social tact.
By Oscar Wilde, London, 1893; revived London, 1927.

"THE PATRIOT"

Panin—One must either kill his conscience, or—
Pahlen—Or his conscience kills him. *By Alfred Neumann, Berlin, 1927.*

"WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED"

What are you living for—just to pay taxes?

Q—Don't you think that wives expect tenderness, attention, love?
A—You mean—from their husbands? *By Cæsar Dunn, New York, 1927.*

The Night of Gems

The "Affaire" of the Queen's Necklace

By RAFAEL SABATINI

Rafael Sabatini

UNDER the stars of a tepid, scented night of August of 1784, Prince Louis de Rohan, Cardinal of Strasbourg, Grand Almoner of France, made his way with quickened pulses through the Park of Versailles to a momentous assignation in the Grove of Venus.

This illustrious member of an illustrious House, that derived from both the royal lines of Valois and Bourbon, was a man in the prime of life, of a fine height, still retaining something of the willowy slenderness that had been his in youth, and of a gentle, almost womanly, beauty of countenance.

In a gray cloak and a round, gray hat with gold cords, followed closely by two shadowy attendant figures, he stepped briskly amain, eager to open those gates across the path of his ambition, locked against him hitherto by the very hands from which he now went to receive the key.

He deserves your sympathy, this elegant Cardinal-Prince, who had been the victim of the malice and schemings of the relentless Austrian Empress since the days when he represented the King of France at the Court of Vienna.

The state he had kept there had been more than royal—and royal in the dazzling French manner, which was perturbing to a woman of Marie Thérèse's solid German notions. His hunting-parties, his supper-parties, the fêtes he gave upon every occasion, the worldly inventiveness, the sumptuousness and reckless extravagance that made each of these affairs seem like a supplement to "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," the sybaritic luxury of his surroundings, the incredible prodigality of his expenditure, all served profoundly to scandalize and embitter the Empress.

That a priest in gay, secular clothes should hunt the stag on horseback filled her with horror at his levity; that he should flirt discreetly with the noble ladies of Vienna made her despair of his morals; whilst his personal elegance and irresistible charm were proofs to her of a profligacy that perverted the Court over which she ruled.

She laboured for the extinction of his pernicious brilliance, and intrigued for his recall. She made no attempt to conceal her hostility, nor did she love him any the better because he met her frigid haughtiness with an ironical urbanity that seemed ever to put her in the wrong. And then one day he permitted his wit to be bitingly imprudent.

"Marie Thérèse," he wrote to D'Aiguillon, "holds in one hand a handkerchief to receive her tears for the misfortunes of oppressed Poland, and in the other a sword to continue its partition."

To say that in this witticism lay one of the causes of the French Revolution may seem at first glance an outrageous overstatement. Yet it is certain that, but for that imprudent phrase, the need would never have arisen that sent Rohan across the Park of Versailles on that August night to an assignation that in the sequel was to place a terrible weapon in the hands of the Revolutionary party.

D'Aiguillon had published the gibe. It had reached the ears of Marie Antoinette, and from her it had traveled back to her mother in Vienna. It aroused in the Empress a resentment and a bitterness that did not rest until the splendid Cardinal-Prince was recalled from his embassy. It did not rest even then. By the ridicule to which the gibe exposed her—and if you know Marie Thérèse at all, you can imagine what that meant—it provoked a hostility that was indefatigably to labour against him.

The Cardinal was ambitious, he had confidence in his talents and in the driving force of his mighty family, and he looked to become another Richelieu or Mazarin, the first Minister of the Crown, the empurpled ruler of France, the guiding power behind the throne. All this he looked confidently to achieve; all this he might have achieved but for the obstacle that Marie Thérèse's resentment flung across his path. The Empress saw to it that, through the person of her daughter, her hatred should pursue him even into France.

Obedient ever to the iron will of her mother, sharing her mother's resentment, Marie Antoinette exerted all her influence to thwart this Cardinal whom her mother had taught her to regard as a dangerous, unprincipled man.

On his return from Vienna bearing letters from Marie Thérèse to Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, the Cardinal found himself coldly received by the dull King, and discouraged from remaining at Court, whilst the Queen refused to grant him so much as the audience necessary for the delivery of these letters, desiring him to forward them instead.

The chagrined Cardinal had no illusions. He beheld here the hand of Marie Thérèse controlling Marie Antoinette, and, through Marie Antoinette, the King himself. Worse followed. He who had dreamt himself another Richelieu could only with difficulty obtain the promised position of Grand Almoner of France, and this solely as a result of the powerful and insistent influence exerted by his family.

He perceived that if he was to succeed at all he must begin by softening the rigorous attitude which the Queen maintained toward him. To that end he addressed himself. But three successive letters he wrote to the Queen remained unanswered. Through other channels persistently he begged for an audience that he might come in person to express his regrets for the offending indiscretion. But the Queen remained unmoved, ruled ever by the Austrian Empress, who through her daughter sought to guide the affairs of France.

Rohan was reduced to despair, and then in an evil hour his path was crossed by Jeanne de la Motte de Valois, who enjoyed the reputation of secretly possessing the friendship of the Queen, exerting a sort of back-stair influence, and who lived on that reputation.

As a drowning man clutches at a straw, so the Cardinal-Prince Louis de Rohan, Grand Almoner of France, Landgrave of Alsace, Commander of the Order of the Holy Ghost, clutched at this faiseuse d'affaires to help him in his desperate need.

Jeanne de la Motte de Valois—perhaps the most astounding adventuress that ever lived by her wits and her beauty—had begun life by begging her bread in the streets. She laid claim to left-handed descent from the royal line of Valois, and, her claim supported by the Marchioness Boulainvilliers, who had befriended her, she had obtained from the Crown a small pension, and had married the unscrupulous Marc Antoine de la Motte, a young soldier in the Burgundy regiment of the Gendarmerie.

Later, in the autumn of 1786, her protectress presented her to Cardinal de Rohan. His Eminence, interested in the lady's extraordinary history, in her remarkable beauty, vivacity, and wit, received the De la Mottes at his sumptuous château at Saverne, near Strasbourg, heard her story in greater detail, promised his protection, and as an earnest of his kindly intentions obtained for her husband a captain's commission in the Dragoons.

Thereafter you see the de la Mottes in Paris and at Versailles, hustled from lodging to lodging for failure to pay what they owe; and finally installed in a house in the Rue Neuve Saint-Gilles. There they kept a sort of state, spending lavishly, now the money borrowed from the Cardinal, or upon the Cardinal's security; now the proceeds of pawned goods that had been bought on credit, and of other swindles practised upon those who were impressed by the lady's name and lineage and the patronage of the great Cardinal which she enjoyed.

To live on your wits is no easy matter. It demands infinite address, coolness, daring, and resource—qualities which Madame de la Motte possessed in the highest degree, so that, harassed and pressed by creditors, she yet contrived to evade their attacks and to present a calm and, therefore, confidence-inspiring front to the world.

The truth of Madame de la Motte de Valois's reputation for influence at Court was never doubted. There was nothing in the character of Marie Antoinette to occasion such doubts. Indiscreet in many things, Her Majesty was most notoriously so in her attachments, as witness her intimacy with Madame de Polignac and the Princesse de Lamballe. And the public voice had magnified—as it will—those indiscretions until it had torn her character into shreds.

The fame of the Countess Jeanne de Valois—as Madame de la Motte now styled herself—increasing, she was employed as an intermediary by place-seekers and people with suits to prefer, who gratefully purchased her promises to interest herself on their behalf at Court.

And then into her web of intrigue blundered the Cardinal de Rohan, who, as he confessed, "was completely blinded by his immense desire to regain the good graces of the Queen." She aroused fresh hope in his despairing heart by protesting that, as some return for all the favours she had received from him, she would not rest until she had disposed the Queen more favourably toward him.

Later came assurances that the Queen's hostility was melting under her persuasions, and at last she announced that she was authorized by Her Majesty to invite him to submit the justification which so long and so vainly he had sought permission to present.

Rohan, in a vertigo of satisfaction, indited his justification, forwarded it to the Queen by the hand of the Countess, and some days later received a note in the Queen's hand upon blue-edged paper adorned by the lilies of France.

"I rejoice," wrote Marie Antoinette, "to find at last that you were not in fault. I cannot yet grant you the audience you desire, but as soon as the circumstances allow of it I shall let you know. Be discreet."

Upon the advice of the Countess of Valois, His Eminence sent a reply expressive of his deep gratitude and joy.

Thus began a correspondence between Queen and Cardinal which continued regularly for a space of three months, growing gradually more confidential and intimate. As time passed, his solicitations of an audience became more pressing, until at last the Queen wrote announcing that, actuated by esteem and affection for him who had so long been kept in banishment, she herself desired the meeting. But it must be secret. An open audience would still be premature; he had numerous enemies at Court, who, thus forewarned, might so exert themselves against him as yet to ruin all.

To receive such a letter from a beautiful woman, and that woman a queen whose glories her inaccessibility had magnified a thousandfold in his imagination must have all but turned the Cardinal's head. The secrecy of the correspondence, culminating in a clandestine meeting, seemed to establish between them an intimacy impossible under other circumstances.

Into the warp of his ambition was now woven another, tenderly romantic though infinitely respectful, feeling.

You realize, I hope, the frame of mind in which the Cardinal-Prince took his way through that luminous, fragrant summer night towards the Grove of Venus. He went to lay the cornerstone of the proud edifice of his ambitions. To him it was a night of nights—a night of gems, he pronounced it, looking up into the jewelled vault of heaven. And in that phrase he was singularly prophetic.

By an avenue of boxwood and yoke-elm he entered into an open glade, in the middle of which there was a circle where the intended statue of Venus was never placed. But if the cold marble effigy of a goddess were absent, the warm, living figure of a queen stood, all in shimmering white amid the gloom, awaiting him.

Rohan checked a moment, his breath arrested, his pulses quickened. Then he sped forward, and, flinging off his wide-brimmed hat, he prostrated himself to kiss the hem of her white cambric gown. Something—a rose that she let fall—brushed lightly past his cheek. Reverently he recovered it, accounting it a tangible symbol of her favour, and he looked up into the proud, lovely face—which, although but dimly discernible, was yet unmistakable to him—protesting his gratitude and devotion. He perceived that she was trembling, and caught the quiver in the voice that answered him.

"You may hope that the past will be forgiven."

And then, before he could drink more deeply of this cup of delight, came rapid steps to interrupt them. A slender man, in whom the Cardinal seemed to recognize the Queen's valet, Desclaux, thrust through the curtains of foliage into the grove.

"Quick, madame!" he exclaimed in agitation. "Madame la Comtesse and Mademoiselle d'Artois are approaching!"

The Queen was whirled away, and the Cardinal discreetly effaced himself, his happiness tempered by chagrin at the interruption.

When, on the morrow, the Countess of Valois brought him a blue-bordered note with Her Majesty's wishes that he should patiently await a propitious season for his public restoration to royal favour, he resigned himself with the most complete and satisfied submission. Had he not the memory of her voice and the rose she had given him? Soon afterwards came a blue-bordered note in which Marie Antoinette advised him to withdraw to his Bishopric of Strasbourg until she should judge that the desired season of his reinstatement had arrived.

Obediently Rohan withdrew.

It was in the following December that the Countess of Valois's good offices at Court were solicited by a new client, and that she first beheld the famous diamond necklace.

It had been made by the Court jewellers of the Rue Vendôme—Böhmer and Bassenge—and intended for the Countess du Barry. On the assembling of its component gems Böhmer had laboured for five years and travelled all over Europe, with the result that he had achieved not so much a necklace as a blazing scarf of diamonds, of a splendour outrivalling any jewels that the world had ever seen.

Unfortunately, Böhmer was too long over the task. Louis XV died inopportunely, and the firm found itself with a necklace worth two million livres on its hands.

Hopes were founded upon Marie Antoinette's reputed extravagance. But the price appalled her, while Louis XVI met the importunities of the jeweller with the reply that the country needed a ship of war more urgently than a necklace.

Thereafter Böhmer offered it in various Courts of Europe, but always without success. Things were becoming awkward. The firm had borrowed heavily to pay for the stones, and anxiety seems to have driven Böhmer to the verge of desperation. Again he offered the necklace to the King, announcing himself ready to make terms, and to accept payment in instalments; but again it was refused.

Böhmer now became that pest to society, the man with a grievance that he must be venting everywhere. On one occasion he so far forgot himself as to intrude upon the Queen as she was walking in the gardens of the Trianon. Flinging himself upon his knees before her, he protested with sobs that he was in despair, and that unless she purchased the necklace he would go and drown himself. His tears left her unmoved to anything but scorn.

"Get up, Böhmer!" she bade him. "I don't like such scenes. I have refused the necklace, and I don't want to hear of it again. Instead of drowning yourself, break it up and sell the diamonds separately."

He did neither one nor the other, but continued to air his grievance; and among those who heard him was one Laporte, an impecunious visitor at the house of the Countess of Valois.

Böhmer had said that he would pay a thousand louis to any one who found him a purchaser for the necklace. That was enough to stir the needy Laporte. He mentioned the matter to the Countess, and enlisted her interest. Then he told Böhmer of her great influence with the Queen, and brought the jeweller to visit her with the necklace.

Dazzled by the fire of those gems, the Countess nevertheless protested—but in an arch manner calculated to convince Böhmer of the contrary—that she had no power to influence Her Majesty. Yet yielding with apparent reluctance to his importunities, she, nevertheless, ended by promising to see what could be done.

On January 3d the Cardinal came back from Strasbourg. Correspondence with the Queen, through Madame de Valois, had continued during his absence, and now, within a few days of his return, an opportunity was to be afforded him of proving his readiness to serve Her Majesty, and of placing her under a profound obligation to him.

The Countess brought him a letter from Marie Antoinette, in which the Queen expressed her desire to acquire the necklace, but added that, being without the requisite funds at the moment, it would be necessary to settle the terms and arrange the instalments, which should be paid at intervals of three months. For this she required an intermediary who in himself would be a sufficient guarantee to the Böhmers, and she ended by inviting His Eminence to act on her behalf.

That invitation the Cardinal, who had been waiting ever since the meeting in the Grove of Venus for an opportunity of proving himself, accepted with alacrity.

And so, on January 24th, the Countess drives up to the Grand Balcon, the jewellers' shop in the Rue Vendôme. Her dark eyes sparkle, the lovely, piquant face is wreathed in smiles.

"Messieurs," she greets the anxious partners, "I think I can promise you that the necklace will very shortly be sold."

The jewellers gasp in the immensity of the hope her words arouse.

"The purchase," she goes on to inform

them, "will be effected by a very great nobleman."

Bassenge bursts into voluble gratitude. She cuts it short.

"That nobleman is the Cardinal-Prince Louis de Rohan. It is with him that you will arrange the affair, and I advise you," she adds in a confidential tone, "to take every precaution, especially in the matter of the terms of payment that may be proposed to you. That is all, I think, messieurs. You will, of course, bear in mind that it is no concern of mine, and that I do not so much as want my name mentioned in connection with it."

"Perfectly, madame," splutters Böhmer, who is perspiring, although the air is cold—"perfectly! We understand, and we are profoundly grateful. If—" His hands fumble nervously at a case. "If you would deign, madame, to accept this trifle as an earnest of our indebtedness, we——"

There is a tinge of haughtiness in her manner as she interrupts him.

"You do not appear to understand, Böhmer, that the matter does not at all concern me. I have done nothing," she insists; then, melting into smiles, "My only desire," she adds, "was to be of service to you."

And upon that she departs, leaving them profoundly impressed by her graciousness and still more by her refusal to accept a valuable jewel.

On the morrow the great nobleman she had heralded, the Cardinal himself, alighted at the Grand Balcon, coming, on the Queen's behalf, to see the necklace and settle the terms. By the end of the week the bargain was concluded. The price was fixed at 1,600,000 livres, which the Queen was to pay in four instalments extending over two years, the first falling due on the following August 1st.

These terms the Cardinal embodied in a note which he forwarded to Madame de la Motte, that they might be ratified by the Queen.

The Countess returned the note to him next day.

"Her Majesty is pleased and grateful," she announced, "and she approves of all that you have done. But she does not wish to sign anything."

On that point, however, the Cardinal was insistent. The magnitude of the transaction demanded it, and he positively refused to move further without Her Majesty's signature.

The Countess departed to return again on the last day of the month with the document completed as the Cardinal required, bearing now the signature "Marie Antoinette de France," and the terms marked "approved" in the Queen's hand.

"The Queen," Madame de la Motte informed him, "is making this purchase secretly, without the King's knowledge, and she particularly begs that this note shall not leave Your Eminence's hands. Do not, therefore, allow any one to see it."

Rohan gave the required promise, but, not conceiving that the Böhmers were included in it, he showed them the note and the Queen's signature when they came to wait upon him with the necklace on the morrow.

In the dusk of evening a closed carriage drew up at the door of Madame de la Motte Valois's lodging on the Place Dauphine at Versailles. Rohan alighted, and went upstairs with a casket under his arm.

Madame awaited him in a white-panelled, indifferently lighted room, to which there was an alcove with glass doors.

"You have brought the necklace?"

"It is here," he replied, tapping the box with his gloved hand.

"Her Majesty is expecting it to-night. Her messenger should arrive at any moment. She will be pleased with Your Eminence."

"That is all that I can desire," he answered, gravely; and sat down in answer to her invitation, the precious casket on his knees.

Waiting thus, they talked desultorily for some moments. At last came steps upon the stairs.

"Quick! The alcove!" she exclaimed. "You must not be seen by Her Majesty's messenger."

Rohan, with ready understanding, a miracle of discretion, effaced himself into the alcove, through the glass doors of which he could see what passed.

The door was opened by madame's maid with the announcement:

"From the Queen."

A tall, slender young man in black, the Queen's attendant of that other night of gems—the night of the Grove of Venus—stepped quickly into the room, bowed like a courtier to Madame de la Motte, and presented a note.

Madame broke the seal, then begged the messenger to withdraw for a moment. When he had gone, she turned to the Cardinal, who stood in the doorway of the alcove.

"That is Desclaux, Her Majesty's valet," she said; and held out to him the note, which requested the delivery of the necklace to the bearer.

A moment later the messenger was reintroduced to receive the casket from the hands of Madame de la Motte. Within five minutes the Cardinal was in his carriage again, driving happily back to Paris with his dreams of a queen's gratitude and confidence.

Two days later, meeting Böhmer at Versailles, the Cardinal suggested to him that he should offer his thanks to the Queen for having purchased the necklace.

Böhmer sought an opportunity for this in vain. None offered. It was also in vain that he waited to hear that the Queen had worn the necklace. But he does not appear to have been anxious on that score. Moreover, the Queen's abstention was credibly explained by Madame de la Motte to Laporte with the statement that Her Majesty did not wish to wear the necklace until it was paid for.

With the same explanation she answered the Cardinal's inquiries in the following July, when he returned from a three months' sojourn in Strasbourg. And she took the opportunity to represent to him that one of the reasons why the Queen could not yet consider the necklace quite her own was that she found the price too high.

"Indeed, she may be constrained to return it, after all, unless the Böhmers are prepared to be reasonable."

If His Eminence was a little dismayed by this, at least any nascent uneasiness was quieted. He consented to see the jewellers in the matter, and on July 10th—three weeks before the first instalment was due—he presented himself at the Grand Balcon to convey the Queen's wishes to the Böhmers.

Böhmer scarcely troubled to prevent disgust from showing on his keen, swarthy countenance. Had not his client been a queen and her intermediary a cardinal, he would, no doubt, have afforded it full expression.

"The price agreed upon was already greatly below the value of the necklace," he grumbled. "I should never have accepted it but for the difficulties under which we have been placed by the purchase of the stones—the money we owe and the interest we are forced to pay. A further reduction is impossible."

The handsome Cardinal was suave, courtly, regretful, but firm. Since that was the case, there would be no alternative but to return the necklace.

Böhmer took fright. The annulment of the sale would bring him face to face with ruin. Reluctantly, feeling that he was being imposed upon, he reduced the price by two hundred thousand livres, and even consented to write the Queen the following letter, whose epistolary grace suggests the Cardinal's dictation:

> MADAME,—We are happy to hazard the thought that our submission with zeal and respect to the last arrangement proposed constitutes a proof of our devotion and obedience to the orders of Your Majesty. And we have genuine satisfaction in thinking that the most beautiful set of diamonds in existence will serve to adorn the greatest and best of queens.

Now it happened that Böhmer was about to deliver personally to the Queen some jewels with which the King was presenting her on the occasion of the baptism of his nephew. He availed himself of that opportunity, two days later, personally to hand his letter to Her Majesty. But chance brought the Comptroller-General into the room before she had opened it, and as a result the jeweller departed while the letter was still unread.

Afterwards, in the presence of Madame de Campan, who relates the matter in her memoirs, the Queen opened the note, pored over it a while, and then, perhaps with vivid memories of Böhmer's threat of suicide:

"Listen to what that madman Böhmer writes to me," she said, and read the lines aloud. "You guessed the riddles in the 'Mercure' this morning. I wonder could you guess me this one."

And, with a half-contemptuous shrug, she held the sheet in the flame of one of the tapers that stood alight on the table for the purpose of sealing letters.

"That man exists for my torment," she continued. "He has always some mad notion in his head, and must always be visiting it upon me. When next you see him, pray convince him how little I care for diamonds."

And there the matter was dismissed.

Days passed, and then, a week before the instalment of 350,000 livres was due, the Cardinal received a visit from Madame de la Motte on the Queen's behalf.

"Her Majesty," madame announced, "seems embarrassed about the instalment. She does not wish to trouble you by writing about it. But I have thought of a way by which you could render yourself agreeable to her and, at the same time, set her mind at rest. Could you not raise a loan for the amount?"

Had not the Cardinal himself dictated to Böhmer a letter which Böhmer himself had delivered to the Queen, he must inevitably have suspected by now that all was not as it should be. But, satisfied as he was by that circumstance, he addressed himself to the matter which Madame de la Motte proposed. But, although Rohan was extraordinarily wealthy, he had ever been correspondingly lavish.

Moreover, to complicate matters, there had been the bankruptcy of his nephew, the Prince de Guimenée, whose debts had amounted to some three million livres. Characteristically, and for the sake of the family honour, Rohan had taken the whole of this burden upon his own shoulders. Hence his resources were in a crippled condition, and it was beyond his power to advance so considerable a sum at such short notice. Nor did he succeed in obtaining a loan within the little time at his disposal.

His anxieties on this score were increased by a letter from the Queen which Madame de la Motte brought him on July 30th, in which Her Majesty wrote that the first instalment could not be paid until October 1st; but that on that date a payment of seven hundred thousand livres—half of the revised price—would unfailingly be made. Together with this letter, Madame de la Motte handed him thirty thousand livres, interest on the instalment due, with which to pacify the jewellers.

But the jewellers were not so easily to be pacified. Böhmer, at the end of his patience, definitely refused to grant the postponement or to receive the thirty thousand livres other than as on account of the instalment due.

The Cardinal departed in vexation. Something must be done at once, or his secret relations with the Queen would be disclosed, thus precipitating a catastrophe and a scandal. He summoned Madame de la Motte, flung her into a panic with his news and sent her away to see what she could do. What she actually did would have surprised him. Realizing that a crisis had been reached calling for bold measures, she sent for Bassenge, the milder of the two partners. He came to the Rue Neuve Saint-Giles, protesting that he was being abused.

"Abused?" quoth she, taking him up on the word. "Abused, do you say?" She laughed sharply. "Say duped, my friend; for that is what has happened to you. You are the victim of a swindle."

Bassenge turned white; his prominent eyes bulged in his rather pasty face.

"What are you saying, madame?" His voice was husky.

"The Queen's signature on the note in the Cardinal's possession is a forgery."

"A forgery! The Queen's signature? Oh, mon Dieu!" He stared at her, and his knees began to tremble. "How do you know, madame?"

"I have seen it," she answered.

"But—but——"

His nerveless limbs succumbing under him, he sank without ceremony to a chair that was opportunely near him. With the same lack of ceremony, mechanically, in a dazed manner, he mopped the sweat that stood in beads on his brow, then raised his wig and mopped his head.

"There is no need to waste emotion," said she composedly. "The Cardinal de Rohan is very rich. You must look to him. He will pay you."

"Will he?"

Hope and doubt were blended in the question.

"What else?" she asked. "Can you conceive that he will permit such a scandal to burst about his name and the name of the Queen?"

Bassenge saw light. The rights and wrongs of the case, and who might be the guilty parties, were matters of very secondary importance. What mattered was that the firm should recover the 1,400,000 livres for which the necklace had been sold; and Bassenge was quick to attach full value to the words of Madame de la Motte.

Unfortunately for everybody concerned, including the jewellers themselves, Böhmer's mind was less supple. Panic-stricken by Bassenge's report, he was all for the direct method. There was no persuading him to proceed cautiously, and to begin by visiting the Cardinal. He tore away to Versailles at once, intent upon seeing the Queen. But the Queen, as we know, had had enough of Böhmer. He had to content himself with pouring his mixture of intercessions and demands into the ears of Madame de Campan.

"You have been swindled, Böhmer," said the Queen's lady promptly. "Her Majesty never received the necklace."

Böhmer would not be convinced. Disbelieving, and goaded to fury, he returned to Bassenge.

Bassenge, however, though perturbed, retained his calm. The Cardinal, he insisted, was their security, and it was impossible to doubt that the Cardinal would fulfil his obligations at all costs, rather than be overwhelmed by a scandal.

And this, no doubt, is what would have happened but for that hasty visit of Böhmer's to Versailles. It ruined everything. As a result of it, Böhmer was summoned to wait instantly upon the Queen in the matter of some paste buckles.

The Queen received the jeweller in private, and her greeting proved that the paste buckles were a mere pretext. She demanded to know the meaning of his words to Madame de Campan.

Böhmer could not rid himself of the notion that he was being trifled with. Had he not written and himself delivered to the Queen a letter in which he thanked her for purchasing the necklace, and had not that letter remained unanswered—a silent admission that the necklace was in her hands? In his exasperation he became insolent.

"The meaning, madame? The meaning is that I require payment for my necklace, that the patience of my creditors is exhausted, and that unless you order the money to be paid, I am a ruined man!"

Marie Antoinette considered him in cold, imperious anger.

"Are you daring to suggest that your necklace is in my possession?"

Böhmer was white to the lips, his hands worked nervously.

"Does Your Majesty deny it?"

"You are insolent!" she exclaimed. "You will be good enough to answer questions, not to ask them. Answer me, then. Do you suggest that I have your necklace?"

But a desperate man is not easily intimidated.

"No, madame; I affirm it! It was the Countess of Valois who——"

"Who is the Countess of Valois?"

That sudden question, sharply uttered, was a sword of doubt through the heart of Böhmer's confidence. He stared wide-eyed a moment at the indignant lady before him, then collected himself, and made as plain a tale as he could of the circumstances under which he had parted with the necklace—Madame de la Motte's intervention, the mediation of the Cardinal de Rohan with Her Majesty's signed approval of the terms, and the delivery of the necklace to His Eminence for transmission to the Queen.

Marie Antoinette listened in increasing horror and anger. A flush crept into her pale cheeks.

"You will prepare and send me a written statement of what you have just told me," she said. "You have leave to go."

That interview took place on August 9th. The 15th was the Feast of the Assumption, and also the name-day of the Queen, therefore a gala day at Court, bringing a concourse of nobility to Versailles. Mass was to be celebrated in the royal chapel at ten o'clock, and the celebrant, as by custom established for the occasion, was the Grand Almoner of France, the Cardinal de Rohan.

But at ten o'clock a meeting was being held in the King's cabinet, composed of the King and Queen, the Baron de Breteuil, and the Keeper of the Seals, Miromesnil. They were met, as they believed, to decide upon a course of action in the matter of a diamond necklace. In reality, these puppets in the hands of destiny were helping to decide the fate of the French monarchy.

The King, fat, heavy, and phlegmatic, sat in a gilded chair by an ormolu-encrusted writing-table. His bovine eyes were troubled. Two wrinkles of vexation puckered the flesh above his great nose. Beside, and slightly behind him, stood the Queen, white and imperious, whilst facing them stood Monsieur de Breteuil, reading aloud the statement which Böhmer had drawn up.

When he had done, there was a moment's utter silence. Then the King spoke, his voice almost plaintive.

"What is to be done, then? But what is to be done?"

It was the Queen who answered him, harshly and angrily.

"When the Roman purple and a princely title are but masks to cover a swindler, there is only one thing to be done. This swindler must be exposed and punished."

"But," the King faltered, "we have not heard the Cardinal."

"Can you think that Böhmer, that any man, would dare to lie upon such a matter?"

"But consider, madame, the Cardinal's rank and family," calmly interposed the prudent Miromesnil; "consider the stir, the scandal that must ensue if this matter is made public."

But the obedient daughter of Marie Thérèse, hating Rohan at her mother's bidding and for her mother's sake, was impatient of any such wise considerations.

"What shall the scandal signify to us?" she demanded. The King looked at Breteuil.

"And you, Baron? What is your view?"

Breteuil, Rohan's mortal enemy, raised his shoulders and flipped the document.

"In the face of this, Sire, it seems to me that the only course is to arrest the Cardinal."

"You believe, then—" began the King, and checked, leaving the sentence unfinished.

But Breteuil had understood.

"I know that the Cardinal must be pressed for money," he said. "Ever prodigal in his expenditure, he is further saddled with the debts of the Prince de Guimenée."

"And you can believe," the King cried, "that a Prince of the House of Rohan, however pressed for money, could—Oh, it is unimaginable!"

"Yet has he not stolen my name?" the Queen cut in. "Is he not proven a common, stupid forger?"

"We have not heard him," the King reminded her gently.

"And His Eminence might be able to explain," ventured Miromesnil. "It were certainly prudent to give him the opportunity."

Slowly the King nodded his great, powdered head.

"Go and find him. Bring him at once!" he bade Breteuil; and Breteuil bowed and departed.

Very soon he returned, and he held the door whilst the handsome Cardinal, little dreaming what lay before him, serene and calm, a commanding figure in his cassock of scarlet watered silk, rustled forward into the royal presence, and so came face to face with the Queen for the first time since that romantic night a year ago in the Grove of Venus.

Abruptly the King launched his thunderbolt.

"Cousin," he asked, "what purchase is this of a diamond necklace that you are said to have made in the Queen's name?"

King and Cardinal looked into each other's eyes, the King's narrowing, the Cardinal's dilating, the King leaning forward in his chair, elbows on the table, the Cardinal standing tense and suddenly rigid.

Slowly the colour ebbed from Rohan's face, leaving it deathly pale. His eyes sought the Queen, and found her contemptuous glance, her curling lip. Then at last his handsome head sank a little forward.

"Sire," he said unsteadily, "I see that I have been duped. But I have duped nobody."

"You have no reason to be troubled, then. You need but to explain."

Explain! That was precisely what he could not do. Besides, what was the nature of the explanation demanded of him? Whilst he stood stricken there, it was the Queen who solved this question.

"If, indeed, you have been duped," she said scornfully, her colour high, her eyes like points of steel, "you have been self-duped. But even then it is beyond belief that self-deception could have urged you to the lengths of passing yourself off as my intermediary—you, who should know yourself to be the last man in France I should employ, you to whom I have not spoken once in eight years." Tears of anger glistened in her eyes; her voice shrilled up. "And yet, since you have not denied it, since you put forward this pitiful plea that you have been duped, we must believe the unbelievable."

Thus at a blow she shattered the fond hopes he had been cherishing ever since the night of gems—of gems, forsooth!—in the Grove of Venus; thus she laid his ambition in ruins about him, and left the man himself half-stunned.

Observing his disorder, the ponderous but kindly monarch rose.

"Come, my cousin," he said more gently, "collect yourself. Sit down here and write what you may have to say in answer."

And with that he passed into the library beyond, accompanied by the Queen and the two Ministers.

Alone, Rohan staggered forward and sank nervelessly into the chair. He took up a pen, pondered a moment, and began to write. But he did not yet see clear. He could not yet grasp the extent to which he had been deceived, could not yet believe that those treasured notes from Marie Antoinette were forgeries, that it was not the Queen who had met him in the Grove of Venus and given him the rose whose faded petals kept those letters company in a portfolio of red morocco. But at least it was clear to him that, for the sake of honour—the Queen's honour—he must assume it so; and in that assumption he now penned his statement.

When it was completed, himself he bore it to the King in the library.

Louis read it with frowning brows; then passed it to the Queen.

"Have you the necklace now?" he asked Rohan.

"Sire, I left it in the hands of this woman Valois."

"Where is this woman?

"I do not know, Sire."

"And the letter of authority bearing the Queen's signature, which the jewellers say you presented to them—where is that?"

"I have it, Sire. I will place it before you. It is only now that I realize that it is a forgery."

"Only now!" exclaimed the Queen in scorn.

"Her Majesty's name has been compromised," said the King sternly. "It must be cleared. As King and as husband my duty is clear. Your Eminence must submit to arrest."

Rohan fell back a step in stupefaction. For disgrace and dismissal he was prepared, but not for this.

"Arrest?" he whispered. "Ah, wait, Sire. The publicity! The scandal! Think of that! As for the necklace, I will pay for it myself, and so pay for my credulous folly. I beseech you, Sire, to let the matter end here. I implore it for my own sake, for the sake of the Prince de Soubise and the name of Rohan, which would be smirched unjustly and to no good purpose."

He spoke with warmth and force; and, without adding more, yet conveyed an impression that much more could be said for the course he urged.

The King hesitated, considering. Noting this, the prudent, far-seeing Miromesnil ventured to develop the arguments at which Rohan had hinted, laying stress upon the desirability of avoiding scandal.

Louis was nodding, convinced, when Marie Antoinette, unable longer to contain her rancour, broke into opposition of those prudent measures.

"This hideous affair must be disclosed," she insisted. "It is due to me that it should publicly be set right. The Cardinal shall tell the world how he came to suppose that, not having spoken to him for eight years, I could have wished to make use of his services in the purchase of this necklace."

She was in tears, and her weak, easily swayed husband accounted her justified in her demand. And so, to the great consternation of all the world, Prince Louis de Rohan was arrested like a common thief.

A foolish, indiscreet, short-sighted woman had allowed her rancour to override all other considerations—careless of consequences, careless of injustice, so that her resentment, glutted by her hatred of the Cardinal, should be gratified. The ungenerous act was terribly to recoil upon her. In tears and blood was she to expiate her lack of charity; very soon she was to reap its bitter fruits.

Saint-Just, a very prominent counsellor of the Parliament, one of the most advanced apostles of the new ideas that were to find full fruition in the Revolution, expressed the popular feeling in the matter.

"Great and joyful affair! A cardinal and a queen implicated in a forgery and a swindle! Filth on the crosier and the sceptre! What a triumph for the ideas of liberty!"

At the trial that followed before Parliament, Madame de la Motte, a man named Réteaux de Villette—who had forged the Queen's hand and impersonated Desclaux—and a Mademoiselle d'Oliva—who had used her striking resemblance to Marie Antoinette to impersonate the Queen in the Grove of Venus—were found guilty and sentenced. But the necklace was not recovered. It had been broken up, and some of the diamonds were already sold; others were being sold in London by Captain de la Motte, who had gone thither for the purpose, and who prudently remained there.

The Cardinal was acquitted, amid intense public joy and acclamation, which must have been gall and wormwood to the Queen. His powerful family, the clergy of France, and the very people, with whom he had ever been popular, had all laboured strenuously to vindicate him. And thus it befell that the one man the Queen had aimed at crushing was the only person connected with the affair who came out of it unhurt. The Queen's animus against the Cardinal aroused against her the animus of his friends of all classes. Appalling libels of her were circulated throughout Europe. It was thought and argued that she was more deeply implicated in the swindle than had transpired, that Madame de la Motte was a scapegoat, that the Queen should have stood her trial with the others, and that she was saved only by the royalty that hedged her.

Conceive what a weapon this placed in the hands of the men of the new ideas of liberty—men who were bent on proving the corruption of a system they sought to destroy!

Marie Antoinette should have foreseen something of this. She might have done so had not her hatred blinded her, had she been less intent upon seizing the opportunity at all costs to make Rohan pay for his barbed witticism upon her mother. She might have been spared much had she but spared Rohan when the chance was hers. As it was, the malevolent echoes of the affair and of Saint-Just's exultation were never out of her ears. They followed her to her trial eight years later before the revolutionary tribunal. They followed her to the very scaffold, of which they had undoubtedly supplied a plank.

There is a Tavern in the Town

By JAMES STEPHENS

WHEN the old gentleman came in I noticed at once that he was out of humour. He had a large scar on his chin, and three pieces of newspaper on his cheeks. He discharged the contents of my tobacco pouch into a pipe which had a holding capacity of one and a half ounces, and then he became more cheerful——

"I dislike extremely," said he, "the impertinent interference with nature which men are nowadays guilty of. Not content with clamping our feet in leathern boxes, our legs in cloth cylinders, our trunks in a variety of wrappings of complex inutility, and then inserting our heads into monstrous felt pots, we even approach ourselves more minutely and scrape the very hair from our faces which nature has sown there for purposes of ornament and protection; with the result, that it is difficult for a short-sighted person to distinguish rapidly the sex of the people with whom he comes in contact saving by a minute and tedious examination of their clothing.

"This habit of shaving is one which is entirely confined to man. It is the one particular habit that he holds apart from all other animals, and, indeed, it is not an accomplishment upon which he need pride himself, for in parting with his beard he has sacrificed the only pleasant-looking portion of his face.

"It could easily be proved that hair and innocence have a subtle relationship. No very hairy person is really vicious, as witness the caterpillar, of whom I have not heard that he ever bit any one: while, on the other hand, the frog, who is born bald, would doubtless be very savage were it not for the fact that nature has benevolently curtailed his teeth. Fishes, also, an uncleanly race, and who I fancy are shaved before birth, are all monsters of cold-blooded ferocity, and they will devour their parents and even their own offspring with equal and indiscriminate enjoyment.

"The habit of shaving is not of a very ancient origin. When humanity lived a quiet, rural and unambitious life, men did not shave: their hair was their glory, and if they had occasion to swear, which must have been infrequent, their hardiest and readiest oath was, 'by the beard of my father,' showing clearly that this texture was held in veneration in early times and was probably accorded divine honours upon suitable occasions.

"With the advent of war came the habit of shaving. A beard offered too handy a grip to a foeman who had gotten to close quarters, therefore, warriors who had no true hardihood of soul preferred cutting off their beards to the honourable labour of defending their chins. Many ancient races effected a compromise in order to retain a fitting military appearance, for a bare-faced warrior has but little of terror in his aspect. The ancient Egyptians, for example, who had cut off, or could not cultivate, or had been forcibly deprived of their beards, were wont to go into battle clad in heavy false whiskers, which, when an enemy seized hold of them, came off instantly in his hand, and the ancient Egyptian was enabled to despatch him while in a trance of stupefaction and horror. Clean-shaved men became, by this cowardly stratagem, very much prized as fighting men, and thus the foundation of the shaving habit was laid.

"It is a remarkable fact that, save for an inconsiderable number who live in circuses, women have no beards. I am unable at present to trace the reason for this singular omission, but the advantages of beards for women are too patent for explanation. They would improve her personal appearance, and their advantages as air-purifiers or respirators I need not dwell upon. I am certain that a persistent application of goose-grease and electricity to the chin of a woman would at last enable her to become as bearded and virtuous as her husband, besides entitling her to the political franchise. They are perverse creatures, however, and it is possible that this deprivation is responsible for many of their ill-humours and crankinesses. Their scarcity of beard is the more remarkable when we observe that the female cat is as magnificently whiskered as her male companion. The wisdom of cats is proverbial, and I have never heard of a cat who has hired another cat to bite out, tear off, scrape or otherwise demolish his or her whiskers. When I do hear of some such occurrence I shall be prepared to reconsider my position on this subject.

"In some ways a clean-shaved face is desirable. A pig's cheek should not have whiskers, neither should oysters nor the face of a clock, but a man's face should never be seen out of doors without a decent and honourable covering."

Having said this, the old gentleman, with remarkable presence of mind, drank my whisky, and then apologized with dignified and touching humility. As we departed the youth behind the counter corrugated his features in a remarkable manner, and said, "bow-wow" by way of valediction.

Father and Sons

Bokharan Poem
Translated by Achmed Abdullah

(This is a poem of the Bokharan Uzbeks. The Uzbeks invaded Central Asia not long after the death of Tamerlane, who, in his famous autobiography, refers to them as "heathen Mongols from the Jaxartes River." Since then they have been converted to Islam and become the ruling, military clan in the Central Asian Khanates of Bokhara, Khiva and Khokand. Though inferior numerically, nor as clever commercially as the Central Asian Aryans—the Persians, Sarts, Tajiks, and Badakshanis—they have influenced the country to such a degree that the Aryan inhabitants, given the slightest excuse, try to claim the honoured distinction of being Uzbeks. They are a roystering, rowdyish breed; yet—strange to say—most of their poetry has a distinctly Sunday-schoolish flavour. A "Yoozbashee" referred to in this poem, means an "officer of a hundred," an army captain, exactly like a Roman centurion.)

ALI Bek, the Yoozbashee, has three wives.
They are comely and virtuous. But he is never home.
All day he drinks wine like a Christian, smokes opium,
And kisses the full-lipped daughters of the accursed Jews.

Yakoob and Daud are his two young sons.
Nobody watches the stepping of their feet.
At home they hear no sound at all
Except their mothers, crying their eyes out.

So Yakoob and Daud leave the house.
They, too, drink wine like Christians, smoke opium,
And kiss the full-lipped daughters of the accursed Jews.
They, too, trample on every law of the sainted Koran.

Ali Bek, the Yoozbashee, hears the gossip of it.
So, with blows and curses, he admonishes his sons
Because they had put their feet upon a path of life
Fully as wicked and ungodly as his own.

An old man witnesses the scene, and says to him:
"Consider, O Yoozbashee, that when the master beats the drum,
Has he then the right to blame his children
Because they dance to the tune that he plays?"

The Blonde Peril

"So the reason I thought I would take luncheon at the Ritz was because Mr. Chaplin is at the Ritz and I always like to renew old acquaintances, because I met Mr. Chaplin once when we were both working on the same lot in Hollywood and I am sure he would remember me. Gentlemen always seem to remember blondes." ANITA LOOS.

POPPÆA

The guests answered with a thunder of applause. Cries of, "Oh, heavenly voice!" were heard round about; some of the women raised their hands, and held them thus, as a sign of delight, even after the end of the hymn; others wiped their tearful eyes; the whole hall was seething as in a beehive. Poppæa, bending her golden-haired head, raised Nero's hand to her lips, and held it long in silence. SIENKIEWICZ.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA

When Virginia was twelve years old, her figure was already more than half developed; long blonde tresses clustered about her forehead; her blue eyes and cherry lips shed a soft luster over her fresh complexion; her eyes always smiled when she spoke.

BERNARDIN SAINT-PIERRE.

PORTIA

Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renownéd suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her. SHAKESPEARE.

HER BLONDE LOCKS

She is perhaps the only woman I ever loved . . . no . . . should have loved. . . . But. . . . Ah! . . . Does one know? . . . The events of life carry you along. . . . And then . . . and then . . . everything passes. . . . She must be old now. . . . I wouldn't know her. . . . Ah! Those old days . . . that wreck. . . . What a creature . . . divine! She writes me that her hair is quite white. . . . Good heavens. . . . That gives me a terrible pain. . . . Ah! Her blonde locks. . . . No! The girl I knew no longer exists. . . . How sad it is . . . all that. . . ." DE MAUPASSANT.

FLEECE OF GOLD

Let us admit, however, that, despite her maidenly ignorance, the lace-worker had remarked Tiburce as a well-turned cavalier with regular features; she had seen him several times at the cathedral, in rapt contemplation before the *Descent from the Cross*, and attributed his ecstatic attitude to an excessive piety most edifying in so young a man. As she whirled her bobbins about, she thought of the stranger of Meïr Square, and abandoned herself to innocent reverie. One day even, under the influence of that thought, she rose, and unconscious of her own act, went to her mirror, which she consulted for a long while; she looked at herself full-faced, in profile, in all possible lights, and discovered—what was quite true—that her complexion was more silky than a sheet of rice or camellia paper; that she had blue eyes of a marvelous limpidity, charming teeth in a mouth as red as a peach, and fair hair of the loveliest shade. She noticed for the first time her youthful charm and her beauty; she took the white rose which stood in the pretty glass, placed it in her hair, and smiled to see how that simple flower embellished her; coquetry was born and love would soon follow it. *The Fleece of Gold.* THEOPHILE GAUTIER (IVES).

ISEULT

And on the deck between the rowers at dawn,
As the bright sail with brightening wind was drawn,
Sat with full face against the strengthening light
Iseult, more fair than foam or dawn was white.
Her gaze was glad past love's own singing of,
And her face lovely past desire of love.
Past thought and speech her maiden motions were,
And a more golden sunrise was her hair.
The very veil of her bright flesh was made
As of light-woven and moonbeam-coloured shade
More fine than moonbeams; white her eyelids shone
As snow sun-stricken that endures the sun,
And through their curled and coloured clouds of deep
Luminous lashes thick as dreams in sleep
Shone as the sea's depth swallowing up the sky's
The spring of unimaginable eyes.

SWINBURNE.

MELISANDE

PELLEAS—Hola! Hola! ho! . . .

MELISANDE—Who is there?

PELLEAS—I, I, and I! . . . What are you doing there at the window, singing like a bird that is not of this land?

MELISANDE—I am doing my hair for the night. . . .

PELLEAS—Is that what I see on the wall? . . . I thought you had a light by you. . . .

MELISANDE—I opened the window; it is too hot in the tower. . . . It is fine to-night. . . .

PELLEAS—There are innumerable stars; I have never seen so many as to-night . . . but the moon is still on the sea. . . . Do not stay in the dark, Melisande, lean over a little, that I may see your hair all loose. . . .

MELISANDE—I am hideous so. . . . (*She leans out of window.*)

PELLEAS—Oh! oh! Melisande! . . . oh! you are beautiful! . . . you are beautiful so! . . . lean over! . . . lean over! . . . let me come nearer to you. . . . MAETERLINCK.

FAIR ROSAMOND

When as King Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautyê founde,
Her favour, and her face;
A sweeter creature in this worlde
Could never prince embrace.

Her crispéd lockes like threads of golde
Appear'd to each mans sight;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea, Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde
Her name was callèd so,
To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadlye foe.

Old English Ballad.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE

. . . Her (Nicolette's) locks were yellow and curled, her eyes blue and smiling, her face featly fashioned, the nose high and fairly set, the lips more red than cherry or rose in time of summer. (ANDREW LANG.)

ROMOLA

Neither of them spoke; they stood looking at each other's faces with that sweet wonder which belongs to young love,—she with her long white hands on the dark-brown curls, and he with his dark fingers bathed in the streaming gold. George Eliot.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn. Rossetti.

CYRANO TO ROXANE

Of you I remember all, all have I loved. Last year, one day, the First of May, in going out at morning you changed the fashion of your hair. . . . I have taken the light of your hair for my light, and as having stared too long at the sun, on everything one sees a scarlet wheel, on everything when I come from my chosen light, my dazzled eye sets swimming golden blots! . . . Edmond Rostand.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone;
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrilled with every tone;
I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold;
I knew that bounding grace of step, that symmetry of mould.
The Death of Mary, Queen of Scots. Henry Glassford Bell.

ADMIRED IN SPAIN

A graceful young woman, blonde, plump, of that kind that pleases you (I lowered my eyes modestly and drank a swallow of beer). Palacio Valdes.

ON LUCRETIA BORGIA'S HAIR

Borgia, thou once wert almost too august
And high for adoration; now thou'rt dust;
All that remains of thee these plaits unfold,
Calm hair meandering in pellucid gold.
Walter Savage Landor.

THE UNKNOWN BLONDE

They continued passing through the streets very much distracted in seeing a great crowd of people, a great number of well-dressed people, walking, on horseback, and in coaches, and not a few graceful women, that captivated their attention and even their hearts. One, above all, left them fascinated, because she was a prodigy of beauty, young and blonde, and as majestic as an empress. She was seated in a glittering, open landau, which was drawn by two spirited horses of the purest English blood.

Dazzled before this pompous apparition in the form of woman, that appeared to them more divine than human, they were anxious to know who she was. The secretary went to ask, and returned saying, "It is the wife of the merchant and ship-owner, the master of the great boat and the palace; it is the Mrs. 'Nichtverstehen.'" Juan Valera.

EVELYN HOPE

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!
My heart seemed full as it could hold;
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep:
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!
There, that is our secret: Go to sleep!
You will wake, and remember, and understand. Robert Browning.

A Little Blonde with a Little Nose

"I'm revoltingly happy. Just think; in a minute I shall go to my compartment. There on the seat near the window is sitting a being who is, so to say, devoted to me with her whole being. A little blonde with a little nose . . . little fingers. . . . My little darling! My angel!" Chekhov.

Blanche Amory

She had fair hair, with green reflections in it; but she had dark eyebrows. She had long, black eyelashes which veiled beautiful brown eyes. She had such a slim waist that it was a wonder to behold; and such slim little feet that you would have thought the grass would scarcely bend under them. . . . She was always smiling. Thackeray.

Hypatia

With one hand she clasped her golden locks around her; the other long white arm was stretched upward toward the great, still Christ. Kingsley.

Guinevere

I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.

Tennyson.

A Tale of the Thirteenth Century

The sunlight wrapped those two, the sick man and the ministering woman, shone on them—changed, changed utterly. Good Lord! How was I struck dumb, nay, almost blinded by that change; for there,—yes, there, while no man but I wondered; there, instead of the unloving nurse, knelt a wonderfully beautiful maiden, clothed all in white, and with her long golden hair down her back. "Body and soul together again, Ella, love; how long will it be now before the last time of all?" "Long," she said, "but the years pass."

William Morris.

The Lorelei Combed No Raven Locks

The fairest of maidens sitteth
In wondrous radiance there,
Her jewels of gold gleam brightly,
She combeth her golden hair. . .

Methinks the waves will swallow
Both boat and boatman anon;
And this with her sweet singing
The Lorelei hath done.

Heine (Baskerville).

Lily Dale

It was not flaxen hair, and yet it was very light. Nor did it approach auburn; and yet there ran through it a golden tint that gave it a distinct brightness of its own.

Anthony Trollope.

How Fair She Is

Ye Gods! she is so fair, so sweet,
I've cast my life beneath her feet;
The tinge upon her golden hair
Gleams as tho' sunset loiter'd there;
Clever she is in all but this,
She scarcely knows how fair she is.

Beranger.

IVANHOE AND DARK-HAIRED REBECCA

Formed in the best proportions of her sex, Rowena was tall in stature, yet not so much so as to attract observation on account of superior height. Her profuse hair, of a colour betwixt brown and flaxen, was arranged in a fanciful and graceful manner. These locks were braided with gems, and—worn at full length.

The figure of Rebecca might indeed have compared with the proudest beauties of England. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses—all these constituted a combination of loveliness.

"He calls me *dear* Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word." SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE SIRENS WERE BLONDES

With all the strength of his longing, Euphorion swam toward the voices.

The sea, glistening in the sun, became darker as it receded into the blue grotto. At the entrance the Sirens, all seven of them, raised themselves upright. Down to the waist they were like young women; they had eyes of grayish blue, golden hair, sharp teeth in mouths that were rather large, and their faces were like those of children.

JULES LEMAITRE.

APHRODITE HERSELF

Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder . . . TENNYSON.

ESMOND TURNED FROM BROWN BEATRICE

Esmond long remembered how she (Rachel Esmond) looked and spoke, kneeling reverently before the sacred book, the sun shining upon her golden hair until it made a halo round about her. . . .

She (Beatrice) was a brown beauty; that is, her eyes, hair, and eyebrows and eyelashes were dark. . . .

It was at Bruxelles—that the great joy of my life was bestowed upon me, and that my dear mistress (Rachel Esmond) became my wife. THACKERAY.

RAPE OF THE BRIGHT LOCK

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck. . . .

The adventurous Baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished and to the prize aspired. ALEXANDER POPE.

"A GOLDEN-HAIRED DOLL"

"*She* pretty!"

"Is she not?"

"No."

"Why, man alive, she was the admiration of the whole Court!"

"Rot the admiration of the whole Court! Who made the Old Bailey a judge of beauty. She was a golden-haired doll!"

"Do you know, Sydney," said Mr. Stryver, looking at him with sharp eyes, and slowly drawing a hand across his florid face: "Do you know, I rather thought, at the time, that you sympathized with the golden-haired doll, and were quick to see what happened to the golden-haired doll." CHAS. DICKENS.

THE BEAUTY OF BATH

"Mademoiselle," he whispered then, "I, too, have been a wanderer, but my dreams were not of France; no, I do not dream of that home, of that fair country. It is of a dear country, a dream country—a country of gold and snow," he cried softly, looking at her white brow and the fair, lightly powdered hair above it. "Gold and snow, and the blue sky of a lady's eyes!" BOOTH TARKINGTON.

HE WAS REALLY PREY TO ALL

A fair white skin will make prey of me, I am prey to the golden-haired. OVID.

MARJORIE DAW

As we sat there, she came and went in the summer twilight, and seemed, with her white dress and pale gold hair like some lovely phantom that had sprung into existence out of the smoke-wreaths. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

POLICE!

The policeman hurried to assist a tall blonde in an opera cloak across the street in front of a street-car that was approaching two blocks away. O. HENRY.

AMARANTHA

Amarantha sweet and fair,
Ah, braid no more that shining hair!
As my curious hand or eye
Hovering round thee, let it fly!

Let it fly as unconfined
As its calm ravisher the wind,
Who hath left his darling, th' East,
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Every tress must be confest,
But neatly tangled at the best;
Like a clew of golden thread
Most excellently ravellèd.

Do not then wind up that light
In ribbands, and o'ercloud in night,
Like the Sun in 's early ray;
But shake your head and scatter day!

RICHARD LOVELACE.

"CUPID'S NETS"

A flaxen hair; golden hair was even in great account, for which Virgil commends Dido, *Nondum sustulerat flavum Proserpinina crinem, Et crines nodantur in aurum.* Apollonius (*Argonaut. lib. 4., Jasonis flava coma incendit cor Medeæ*) will have Jason's golden hair to be the main cause of Medea's dotage on him. Castor and Pollux were both yellow-haired. Paris, Menelaüs, and most amorous young men, have been such in all ages, *molles ac suaves*, as Baptista Porta infers, *Physiog. lib. 2.*, lovely to behold. Homer so commends Helen, makes Patroclus and Achilles both yellow-haired: Pulchricoma Venus, and Cupid himself was yellow-haired, *in aurum coruscante et crispante capillo*, like that neat picture of Narcissus in Callistratus; for so Psyche spied him asleep, *Briseis, Polixena, &c. flavicomæ omnes*,

. . . "and Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair."

Leland commends Guithera, king Arthur's wife, for a flaxen hair: so Paulus Æmilius sets out Clodeveus, that lovely king of France. Synesius holds every effeminate fellow or adulterer is fair-haired: and Apuleius adds that Venus herself, goddess of love, cannot delight, "though she come accompanied with the graces, and all Cupid's train to attend upon her, girt with her own girdle, and smell of cinnamon and balm, yet if she be bald or badhaired, she cannot please her Vulcan." Which belike makes our Venetian ladies at this day to counterfeit yellow hair so much, great women to calamistrate and curl it up, *vibrantes ad gratiam crines, et tot orbibus in captivitatem flexos*, to adorn their heads with spangles, pearls, and made-flowers; and all courtiers to effect a pleasing grace in this kind. In a word, "the hairs are Cupid's nets, to catch all comers, a brushy wood, in which Cupid builds his nest, and under whose shadow all loves a thousand several ways sport themselves." ROBERT BURTON.

The Man Behind the Painting

By JOHN LA FARGE

IN THE painter's work, created by him as a mere mode of life, we are able to live in the world that he has made, and to enjoy it, and in a certain way to make it over ourselves; because enjoyment is another form of creation, and taste is a form, perhaps, of genius. In this existence in common with the painter, there is a form of study which could be completed by effort, so as to bid good-bye to such a narrow view as having one's own way; and to obtain the real originality of walking in one's own *path;* and to express what art is meant for: the representation of the artist's view of the world. And the works of the past, having been made by man, who is a part of nature, and nature being what is outside of yourself, these works of art are parts of nature. And indeed, each great artist and each great school has chosen some part of nature which is subject to sight, as a matter of study and delight; so that without them it might be said that we should not have learned to see nature in those details; as, for instance, the light in which Veronese painted, which we artists recognize in the sky of certain days; and the methods of the chiaroscuro of Rembrandt, so completely stated by him in his paintings, that his name is attached to this expression of nature herself.

In such admiration of certain men, in some realization of how they have seen certain sides of nature, we see nature better—we see it limited, if I may so say, prepared for us, so that we can take hold of it—grasp it—enjoy it without confusion.

At the same time, we can rejoice in their rendering, and in an artistic development continue it; if we do so sincerely, not as imitators but as enjoyers, we can find for ourselves some corner of these great pasture-lands which will or may become our own.

In any such study, any such delight, it is possible to extend one's self in a personal development which might almost make us—those of us who are not the makers—disbelieve in the fact of such a new and true life having been begun from mere works of art.

Thus the group of French artists whose general tendencies are most splendidly represented by Rousseau, the landscape painter, began to see nature, the ordinary French nature around them, with young and fresh eyes, with newly discovered interests, almost as if they had found a new world at their very doors, without forgetting, for a long time, the impression of the great Dutchmen. The conventionalities of Holland helped them to discover France. They began with admiration of the portrait feeling of the Dutch, with the Dutch acceptance of things as they were, with what seemed to them a departure from the arbitrary classicality of their own French school. They admired and they imitated the solidity of make of these northern paintings, as well as the placidity of their subjects, the apparent absorption of the artist in his result, and they began by imitating the surfaces of these representations of nature. With a man like Rousseau, continually in love with each thing that he saw, unwilling to eliminate or simplify, because he could not put aside one love for another, the result became as complex, as multitudinous, as the results of the Dutchmen's likings were simple and self-contained.

But throughout, wherever (as is necessary in painting, which is eminently a conventional art) there were passages in nature that reminded him of his old loves in Holland—I mean the Holland of pictures; wherever he had to supply, as we all have, the insufficiency of observation by the procedures of mechanism, there Rousseau's filiation from the Dutch is evident and often beautiful. He holds the past by the hand, however far he may stretch towards newer gains, newer ambitions, unknown, or apparently unknown, to his more peaceful pictorial ancestors, the Dutch painters that he loved.

Corot, a greater lover of Italy, a less naïve lover of nature, less willing to accept all the blemishes of his beloved, and preferring to see her reflected in himself, passed away from these early tendencies, but never from their principle. Not the things themselves, but the spirit of the things became the object of his representation, and in that way, as Fromentin says, "No one can be so little of a Hollander."

But the origin of that great French school, —I use the word school as stating certain beliefs in common, and not objects in common—is Dutch; and Flers, Cabat, Dupré, Rousseau and Corot all began together a form of opposition in which their enemies felt the distrusted influence of a foreign school which had ended in a Rembrandt. They feared, not the opening of nature again—the Ecole des Beaux-Arts did not look so far as out-of-doors—but the possible triumph of a school of colour and of light.

You will notice that this school of nature began in the museum, and that old Dutch pictures explained to young men that there was such a thing as a French nature round about them. The impression made by the representation of that nature concealed from the admirers of these men the manner of the first steps taken towards this discovery.

Such a freedom of sight, such personal life, may therefore come from the admiration of others. But often, when we look at certain works of art,—and I mean the successful ones, the complete ones,—we may decide that, so far as we are concerned, what we see is complete; that is to say that the thing is over, and that we need to take for ourselves some other direction, to explore some other less discovered country.

Occasionally this feeling takes an ugly form in ugly people, who say, "I don't like this; as for me, I like that." But I am talking only of the essence of a meaning, not of our saying and thinking in an ugly way, which is only a way, and not the constitution of our thinking.

We may have such likings in studying nature (that is to say, as I have defined nature—all outside of us) through other artists, greater and more complete than ourselves; and yet it often happens that we need more than one man's view or one school's view, to be moved ourselves to action. We need some other admiration to fructify that first one, as if another element had to be added; as if the plant had flowered, but needed some favourable wind to carry to it from others what would make it fertile.

I am leaving out of consideration entirely that point of which so many young people are very proud,—the actual going out of one's own free will, seeing the things of nature and out-of-doors for one's self, and taking only from what one sees alone, unaided by any one's influence,—uninfluenced by any memories that one has ever known. This side we shall consider later; it will furnish us, I think, with surprises greater than any the strangest painter can ever give us.

But meanwhile, I may give you a premonition of what we shall find. We can consider all that we record in our brains as memories composed of many other memories. We can, therefore, see nothing without the use of the memory of sight—or we should not know what it is. Nor, as you know, could we judge of the relations of the things we see, without memories of practise in observing relations.

Even for such a simple thing as knowing that one thing is further than another we have had to make many trials of the eye, and get away from the early condition of the child who puts out his hand to touch the moon.

And so for the use of our hand in painting, and so for the use of our colours. When you try to paint a colour or a tone that you see out-of-doors you have to draw upon some practice of mixing some colours together. Say it is a blue sky—some use of blue has been made by you; and you have gone instinctively to the colour-box to find the place you have in your memory, the kind of colour you have in your memory, the kind of mixture you have in your memory. Not once in millions of times do you see a thing painted as if the painter tried that combination of paints for the first time. Usually he has a recipe; he must have one, even if he has to abandon it for the moment.

Nothing is more ironical, therefore, to any one who has a set palette of certain pigments, than to suppose that he can be absolutely free-minded in the way he reproduces things. It is as if we said: We shall be free in the use of words, and if necessary, put in words of other languages—any which seem nearer, Japanese, Chinese, French; and as these can not meet all cases, we shall invent them as we go along.

Of course we do arrange words,—combine them, combine their intonations, their sounds, their suggestions, and the memories they suggest, as well as their distinct and limited meanings. And we scramble through with these difficulties.

As to the painter, he does the same, feeling that his intention is the main thing, and trusting, without being conscious of that reliance, to the manner in which we the lookers-on help to make the illusion. For we make the illusion ourselves:—The painting has nothing for us but what we can co-ordinate of our memories. An Ashantee negro or the average picture dealer cannot see a painting with the eye of a Rembrandt or a Rousseau, and make as great an illusion for himself.

When I look at the brush-mark of a Japanese painter,—which is but a sweep of India ink,—it may have for me modelling, colour, air, texture, the sense of weather, of wet, heat, or windy cold—a feeling of reticence or of fulness of detail. Between his few lines I shall feel the water of the rushing waterfall or the wet surfaces of the rice fields.

The black etched line of Rembrandt will give me a far-spreading horizon not in the direction of his line, but running to it. A few scratches of his will make the earth sink or rise, remain solid, or be covered with water:—no longer in fact be ink and paper, but light and air and shadow and varying form.

But of this further, when the time comes to consider how we see, which I hope to make you think of later. Meanwhile we may be sure that everyone carries out-of-doors some memories of the studio, and an enormous mass of acquired habits, partly not his own. Such studies and inquiries as we can follow will reassure us that there is a general direction always followed, even by artists who are not known to each other, who in their path might be said to be not even within hailing distance. And we can clear our minds, and call things by their right names, and not confuse main principles with the various practices or methods necessary to carry out the principles in each varying case.

No; we artists must—whether we will it or not, whether we recognize it or not—be led by our individual being. We give our attention, then our liking, to some one, now caring for this one, now delighting in that one, and out of the practice of each one often getting without knowing it the essential principles held in each case and in common by each artist we have loved and admired in turn.

And sometimes, if instead of looking at the artist himself, *i. e.*, his works, we listen too easily to talk about his work by others than himself (for he may be dead), we may be told that certain practices are principles—that certain habits are essential reasons.

In addressing you confidentially, I feel the occasional necessity of coming to anecdote and memories, so as to reënforce by actual single fact what I am saying, lest it should appear abstract and inapplicable.

I had rather not speak to you of myself and of other painters I know and have known. But the main value of what I have to say to you students and younger people is that I am older and have gone through many of your experiments of practice, your admirations or dislikes, and your trials of mind. They are new for each of us singly, as they come along, fresh as they were when the first man looked about him.

After all, remember that what I tell you is the result of life, whether in thought or in action; and that I am able to give only principles, and foundations for thinking, through having visited certain regions of thought, through surprises that have fallen upon me; and that what confidence I have to-day in talking to you is based on no a priori certainty that I had it all before beginning.

And so certain little experiences of myself and others have been, in a sort of foreshortened manner, lessons to me and helps to thought. What has made me break off to say this to you just now is the coming back to my mind of an interview with a younger man. Some while ago a former assistant of mine in my work in glass called upon me, and in friendly talk—perhaps as a sort of confession—intimated to me that he had often been told that I was wrong in my principles, and that he had thought so himself; and that yet, when he had to judge of the results, he had found his advisers unable to attain them themselves, and that somehow or other my results were right.

I reminded him that I had never talked of principles to him at all,—that our relations were mere matters of practice, he doing what I told him to do, in so far as he could understand what I asked for. And I repeated to him the following story. Some years ago, while painting Trinity Church in Boston, I employed for part of the work a firm of New York decorators. It so happened that, displeased with much that they did, I left large spaces bare, with no indication of my intention, which places I proposed decorating through men whom I was training for the purpose. One day the foreman of the firm, himself a decorator, well-known, I suppose, by this time, came to me in anger and dismay, and told me bluntly that I was working against every principle of painting. As workmen are always worth listening to when they speak sincerely of their trade—and I thought the man a workman—I expected to get some important information. But my man merely stated that the painting of any room or interior should be begun from the top, and go right down to the bottom without interruption. Hoping for some new point in optics, I questioned further and asked why. Then he told me, with contempt as well as anger, that otherwise some of the lower work might get spotted by a workman, and would need repairing and perhaps cost money. This story gives the clue to a great many methods which are used because they are convenient and not because they are the best. And thus I have sometimes relieved the minds of conscientious students troubled by assertions of principles; I have drawn their attention to the fact that there are trade methods which are transmuted into principles by people whose interest it is to confuse them, or whose minds have been attuned to the confusion at an early stage of development.

Even if this were a proper place, I should not feel inclined to allow you to believe that there was only one proper manner of carrying out a work of art: that getting canvas of a certain thickness and of a certain absorbent or non-absorbent quality, and painting thereon with a certain kind of brush, either a square one or one of a different shape, and using with that brush certain pigments bought at certain places in the city, from which certain colours are excluded, or among which they are included, and dropping that paint on in a certain way, controlled by the shape of the brush, and the manner in which the manufacturer made the canvas, is the proper method of painting.

Whatever I might myself believe, such a teaching as I have described would be absurd in a museum. Can you imagine the smile that would disturb the faces of the Egyptian mummies in the Metropolitan, who may have known the sculptors that made the Walking Sheik El Beled, or the sweet face of the lady Nefert, or the terrible Chafra who sits at Boulak? The methods of to-day were unknown when these men lived, and yet who to-day can hope to go any further? And what would Rembrandt think, and Veronese, and Rubens, and Velasquez? Surely these men painted as well as you can ever hope to paint, and each one in a different method, and each one admiring the others, wondering at the other's scope and the other's art. Understand that what you have to learn here, where all things are gathered at the risk of every possible contradiction, is the size of the world and its being greater than any one personal experience.

The science of to-day, while it establishes more certainly many things which the artist who works in matters of sight has stated from personal certainty, makes us understand how wide are the variations within which these certainties are apprehended by the artist, and explains to us more and more the importance of his personal equation, shows us what we painters have always felt, —through what imperfect means and against what enormous odds the soul of the artist has tried to express itself. As we consider the history of the long struggle of the artist at expressing his likings of the outside world, from him who first scratched the outlines of the reindeer and the mastodon upon fragments of bone, to Rembrandt or Velasquez who can deceive our eyes by films of superimposed colour, we see how accurately men have always felt, and how inaccurately they have seen. At the same time, with every inaccuracy has been blended some distinct proof of strong perception, which has been willing to accept certain deficiencies, that the main purpose of observation might be carried out triumphantly. Each man has succeeded in turn, through fitting his means to his capacity, that is to say, to the sum of memories accumulated in him by his ancestors and himself, and by using his very deficiencies to introduce us, as if by human sympathy, to the truths of impression that he valued most.

If any one should ever wish to give you a fixed equation that shall cover every problem of painting, without taking any account of your carrying it out; if any one gives you a general nostrum to be applied at once by yourself, remember what a hesitating artist once said to another kindly one, willing to impart to him, for his good, the absolute secret of Titian.

"It is all very evident," said the more prudent painter; "no doubt you have the complete formula; and you, in your strength can apply it and produce works of art quite equal to the formula. But for me, I am a weakling, and I should stagger under such a heavy weight of certainties. I had rather carry a burden more suited to my back."

In such a place, then, as a museum, we may well look with awe at the long succession of efforts made by our ancestors in art, those whom we know and those whom we do not know, but from whom we inherit in common. It is to study some of these efforts, among which there may be some that will avail you, that we have come together. We are not anxious, at present, to place any exact date or sequence upon them, except as the one may strictly derive from the other. For our purposes, we may often be anxious, on the contrary, to forget their date and the place where they were made; because what is most interesting to us in the line of our proposed inquiry is that these artists of all kinds and degrees were men like ourselves, and had to work with means not dissimilar to ours.

Men, then, are all important; the ways in which we paint or shall paint are the tools they have used or will use. It is well that you should admire how well these tools are adapted to their use; and if, moreover, they fit your hand, you do well to use them.

Though we do well to tend towards an absolute way of painting, there is no such thing, if by painting we mean the representation of what can be noticed or seen. But there are wise ways and less wise ways—more generous ones—less narrow ones—more universal ones; some more personal, others more general. But each of these is based again on what the man intended. Of him we can judge as we judge men; and strange to say, it will always be more or less by a moral idea, by an appreciation of the way he looked upon the world.

And in the artist, have you ever noticed how simple it is to disengage the man? When once the artist has summed up in himself the memories of his apprenticeship, the acquired memories of others, and his own,—derived from them, perhaps, but at any rate added to them,—you can try with him the following experiment. Take him to ten different places; set him before ten different scenes; ask him to copy what he sees before him. I say to copy, so as to make our task of finding him out more easy. All of these so-called copies, which are really representations, will be stamped in some peculiar way, more or less interesting, according to the value of our artist. And you will recognize at once that they are really ten copies of his manner of looking at the thing that he copies.

Suppose again, that you could persuade ten different artists—I am speaking of craftsmen, that is to say, of people who have already the use of the tools of their trade—ask, persuade these ten men to copy, as I have called it, the same subject in nature, the same landscape; and you will have ten different landscapes, in that you would be able to pick out each one by the way it was done. In short, any person who knew anything about it would recognize, as it were, ten different landscapes.

Now we have evidently brought the question to a case so simple, to a trial so absolute, that anybody can understand it. And this trial, or a similar trial, is made over and over again, whenever two or three artists of any character have gone out sketching together. I remember myself, years ago, sketching with two well-known men, artists who were great friends, great cronies, asking each other all the time, how to do this and how to do that; but absolutely different in the texture of their minds and in the result that they wished to obtain, so far as the pictures and drawings by which they were well known to the public were concerned.

What we made, or rather, I should say, what we wished to note, was merely a memorandum of a passing effect upon the hills that lay before us. We had no idea of expressing ourselves, or of studying in any way the subject for any future use. We merely had the intention to note this affair rapidly, and we had all used the same words to express to each other what we liked in it. There were big clouds rolling over hills, sky clearing above, dots of trees and water and meadowland below, and the ground fell away suddenly before us. Well, our three sketches were, in the first place, different in shape; either from our physical differences, or from a habit of drawing certain shapes of a picture, which itself usually indicates—as you know, or ought to know—whether we are looking far or near. Two were oblong, but of different proportions; one was more nearly a square; the distance taken in to the right and left was smaller in the latter case, and on the contrary, the height up and down—that is to say the portion of land beneath and the portion of sky above—was greater. In each picture the distance bore a different relation to the foreground. In each picture the clouds were treated with different precision and different attention. In one picture the open sky above was the main intention of the picture. In two pictures the upper sky was of no consequence—it was the clouds and the mountains that were insisted upon. The drawing was the same, that is to say, the general make of things; but each man had involuntarily looked upon what was most interesting to him in the whole sight; and though the whole sight was what he meant to represent, he had unconsciously preferred a beauty or an interest of things different from what his neighbour liked.

The colour of each painting was different—the vivacity of colour and tone, the distinctness of each part in relation to the whole; and each picture would have been recognized anywhere as a specimen of work by each one of us, characteristic of our names. And we spent on the whole affair perhaps twenty minutes.

I wish you to understand, again, that we each thought and felt as if we had been photographing the matter before us. We had not the first desire of expressing ourselves, and I think would have been very much worried had we not felt that each one was true to nature. And we were each one true to nature.

Of course there is no absolute nature; as with each slight shifting of the eye, involuntarily we focus more or less distinctly some part to the prejudice of others. And not only would this result have been the same if we had gone on painting; but had we made a drawing—had we made a careful representation, or a rapid note of what we saw by lines (that is to say, by an abstraction of the edges of the surfaces that we saw) any one could have told the names of the men who had done it.

All this sort of thing is perfectly well-known, but on that very account you will have passed over the importance of its meaning. You will see again what I have been telling you, last week and to-day, that the man is the main question, and that there can be no absolute view of nature. I do not know how often you may be talked to about theories of art, and how much you care for the same at the present moment; but at some moment or other you will have brought before you that most important conflict of realism and its opposite. I don't say idealism, because I don't so distinctly know what is meant by it; while realism has been in the market now for quite a time, and has served as a beautiful playground for various intellects. What I want you to notice is that though in abstraction there must be such a thing— I should be the last to gainsay it—yet, in these realities with which we are concerned, realism is a very evasive distinction. If the experiments that I spoke of—if experiences such as I have just related about myself and others bring out the result that you have seen, there is for you practically no such thing as realism.

You need not, however, be afraid of the word; you need not be afraid of indulging the illusion that you are rendering the real reality of the things that you look at—that you are copying, that you are transcribing. If you ever know how to paint somewhat well, and pass beyond the position of the student who has not yet learned to use his hands as an expression of the memories of his brain, you will always give to nature, that is to say, what is outside of you, the character of the lens through which you see it—which is yourself.

Have no fear, therefore, as I say; perhaps of all moments for indulgence in the belief of absolute representation there is none better than our first beginnings.

We might perhaps take an example of the manner in which the truth of a scene in nature affects an artist, and see if from this example we might not deduce a scheme of teaching, perhaps not very deep, perhaps limited at once in its applications, but quite comprehensible in all its parts as one went along. By the use of examples, and by appealing to your own experience, limited as it may be, by taking the facts one by one, we might, if I may so say, get our theory along with our facts. There is a passage in Fromentin's book on the Algerian Sahel in which are developed various ways of looking at a given scene, so that we can see the picture of it become one thing or another, according to the character or the intentions of the artist.

I shall begin by quoting a part of what he says; and I shall then trust to giving you sufficiently the analogies that he makes, without confining myself to a quotation, which perhaps in this case would be too beautiful to modify, and would not allow me to make the small divisions which should cause it to fit more completely into our argument.

This is the way in which he comes to make this analysis: he is trying to show his friend the geologist, and to explain to him at length, how different painters might look at the scene they had now before them. He begins:

"We were at that moment in the market-place of Blidah. A number of children were playing ball in a way which is cosmopolitan —which is known in the West as well as in the East. A ball or a stick, no matter what it is like, is thrown rapidly and far away. Each player has a stick, and he who gets there first strikes the ball and drives it again. The players were young children from eight to twelve years old, with agreeable faces and delicate bodies, as have most little Moors; with clear-cut features, large and handsome eyes, and skin as pure as that of women. Their arms were naked, and their delicate necks shone above their open waistcoats. Their floating trousers were pulled up above the knee, so as to let them run easily, and little red chachia, like the skull-caps of choir-boys, just covered the top of the little bald heads. Each time that the ball was struck and started, all together ran in its pursuit, side by side, in a serried troop, like so many gazelles. They ran with many gestures, losing their head-dresses, losing their belts, flying directly to the goal, and appearing not to touch the earth; for all that one could see of the light step of the runners was their naked heels moving in a wave of dust; and this aerial cloud seemed to hasten their running and to bear them onward.

"It was two o'clock; the market was just over, and the place was entirely deserted,—a square of houses, low and without roofs; one or two cypresses pointing above the terraces; the mountain beyond, whose serrate horizon divided the sky by more than half; that sky empty; a great stretch of level ground,—that was the landscape. The houses were of a dead white, slightly discoloured by blistering; the cypresses were black; the mountain was frankly green; the sky of a vivid blue, and the earth dust-colour—that is to say, nearly lilac. A single shadow in the middle of the bright light was drawn on that side of the place to which the sun inclined; and this shadow, inundated by reflections from the sky, could have been, in a way, expressed by blue."

"Do you see," said Fromentin to his friend, "this place and these children? The scene is a familiar one, quite in the conditions of what we call *genre*. The frame of the scene, that is to say, the place where it occurs, has this double advantage of accompanying it in a very simple way and still a very local one. The example is as good as any other, and the Orient, which I am trying to represent, can be said to be contained within this narrow frame."

Then he goes on and asks naturally, just as I would ask myself in painting, not by words, but in intention—just as I would ask you in words, if I were giving you a lesson, "What do we see and how shall we look at this subject before us? Are these children who are playing in the sunlight, or is it a place in the sunlight in which children are playing?" At once, as you will see, if you call to mind what Fromentin has been describing—the scene before him and his friend could be looked at from two very different points of view. In the first case, if we suppose that we are looking at children playing in the sun, we have a figure painting, a picture of figures in which the landscape is accessory. In the second case, if this be a place in the sun in which children are playing, then we are looking at a landscape where the human figure is subordinated—put into a background of intention. Now then, the landscapist will see there, in one case, a landscape; the figure painter, in the other case, what he calls a subject. And in these divisions behold how many directions open! Will the landscape painter see it as a scene of colour and of values? Will he look rather upon the firm lines and the solitariness of this empty place abandoned to the noonday sun? Where will he take—at what point of their career will he take the little figures which are scattered over it? Are they leaving it? Are they entering it? Do they fill the center? Are they gathered in bunches or divided into spots of colour and moving shape? Is it their mass casting shadows, or the manner in which the reflection of the light breaks up all other details, that most affects him? Will they repeat, in some way or other, the lights and shadows of the entire scene, or will the scene with the greens and blues be modified by the little spots and accents within this frame of landscape? Shall he fix his eye on that solitary cypress and its dark shadow lying upon the blazing earth, thereby making, as you have seen in Fortuny's sketches, of the blue sky above, a half-dulled curtain of blue light? On the contrary, shall that blue light on which he fixes not only the focus of his eye but the purpose of his attention—shall that blue light be the subject, and shall he follow its gradations and its variations through the landscape itself, through the harsh brightness of the houses and their accidental shadows, and finally detect its tones even in the many colours of the children's garments and the brightest spots of vermilion of their little moving caps?

If he is fond of the angles and sudden contrasts of line presented by the buildings before him, will he look upon them as his theme; upon the mountains and the sky as something to reënforce them and make them harsher and firmer; and find in the little figures of the children merely something to keep these lines steadier and more immovable, by a suggestion of constant change elsewhere?

I have mentioned only a few of the many possibilities that we can derive from this statement and division of the subject by Fromentin. Now let us suppose a figure painter, to whom the landscape will be subordinate in greater or less degree. Will he use that landscape as a faint tapestry behind his figures? Will he depend upon it, on the contrary, to accentuate by strong lights, and by occasional strong shadows, the grouping of his children? Will he care for the mass of their gestures or for their individual succession? Will he make a point of their gestures and their relation one to the other? Will he follow out their characters, the characters of their faces, the amusing variety of their costumes? Will he make a symphony of the arrangement of their colours? Will he make a symphony of the lights they scatter, or a pattern of the shadows they cast, which divide or which connect them?

Now, from how far will he see them? "For," says Fromentin, "according to whether they are placed near or far, these children will become all or will be nothing. And if you suppose them near enough to the painter, so that the portrait of each one has a dominant interest, then a singular change will appear, and in this very simple picture all the landscape will disappear at once; only something like earth struck by light, from which even the indication of Oriental scenery can be suppressed, will remain."

"Therefore," he goes on, "nothing will remain visible and formulated but a group, important especially by its human significance, composed of children animated by rapid movement and passionate joy, and presented to us so as to draw attention to the expression of gesture with some, and to the play of the faces with others. From elimination to elimination we shall arrive at the reducing of the frame, then at its suppression; then at increasing the group in importance, and then at simplifying it. The costume itself becomes a secondary accident, in a subject whose interest is centered so completely in human forms and expressions."

And then he adds a most important observation: "We can suppress the sun and the excessive light,—a double obstacle which has rarely before to-day preoccupied any mind when the interest was first that of painting human beings."

"What then becomes of the place in which we saw the scene,—this white place, these green cypresses, this white sun of the meridian hours? What becomes of all these outside matters so local and significant; essential if we wish to localize the scene; useless, on the contrary, if we wish to generalize it?"

"Thus we touch abstractions, and, without intending it, by the simple fact of a severer and more concentric point of view, we leave outside nature to enter into the combinations of the studio. We abandon thereby relative truth for an order of larger truth, less precise and therefore more absolute, since it is less local.

"For us, at this instant, this little place of Blidah, solitary, violently lit by the full light of a beautiful summer day, these red jackets and white trousers, these pretty children, seem strange to us; and that especially is what pleases us at this moment; this heat, this noise, the diversity of the scene, changing at every moment,—all this composes a unity of multiple impressions, and charms us, and expecially so because we see in it the individual character of a picture of the East.

"There are, on the contrary, painters, and I know them, who would take from this only what is necessary, esteeming that what is most interesting in these children is not to be little children of Blidah, but to be children; and these certainly would be in the right."

Let us consider now that for all these varieties of manners of looking at this same subject there must be a corresponding system of painting; that the vibration of light, the refraction from the brilliant surfaces described in the Oriental scene just sketched, will demand a placing together of high-keyed colours in painting, in contradiction of another manner that might accentuate, by clearness and little modulation, the sharp and distinct features of the real picture in nature. And which side of nature shall we choose; the look of great breadth and simplicity and absorption of details, or, on the contrary, that appearance of absolute finish and particularity in multitudinousness which almost makes us hopeless of any due record?

The sparkle obtained by Fortuny through constant opposition; the blending of colour and tone by Delacróix, would again belong to some variety of manner of looking at the subject—in the one the search for smaller things, in the latter for greater ones. And so on, for varieties as many as you can remember painters,—and I abstain from even thinking of draughtsmen. And for each new method of painting, some still more physical, more manual distinctions; thickness or lightness of colour, softening and blending of paint, or bringing its edges harshly together; surfaces with many underneaths, made of many veilings; or with coverings of colour, placed as nearly as possible by the first touch of the brush.

Even the brush would vary; and this mention of the type of our art brings his lengthy statement of differences to an end.

And yet each man would have been true to that nature which we see, and which for us painters only assumes existence in ourselves,—is merely the recall of innumerable memories of sight.

Horse Secrets

The ex-thief Jockey of *Lavengro*

By GEORGE BORROW

AFTER being turned out of the firm (*a wandering pair, Hopping Ned, who won money in hopping races, and Biting Giles, who lifted heavy tables with his teeth*), I got my living in two or three honest ways, which I shall not trouble you with describing. I did not like any of them, however, as they did not exactly suit my humour; at last I found one which did. One Saturday forenoon, I chanced to be in the cattle-market of a place about eighty miles from here; there I won the favour of an old gentleman who sold dickeys. He had a very shabby squad of animals, without soul or spirit; nobody would buy them, till I leaped upon their hinder ends, and by merely wriggling in a particular manner, made them caper and bound so to people's liking that in a few hours every one of them was sold at very sufficient prices. The old gentleman was so pleased with my skill, that he took me home with him, and in a very little time into partnership. It's a good thing to have a gift, but yet better to have two. I might have got a very decent livelihood by throwing stones, but I much question whether I should ever have attained to the position in society which I now occupy, but for my knowledge of animals. I lived very comfortably with the old gentleman till he died, which he did about a fortnight after he had laid his old lady in the ground. Having no children, he left me what should remain after he had been buried decently, and the remainder was six dickeys and thirty shillings in silver. I remained in the dickey trade ten years, during which time I saved a hundred pounds. I then embarked in the horse line. One day, being in the —— market on a Saturday, I saw Mary Fulcher with a halter round her neck, led about by a man, who offered to sell her for eighteenpence. I took out the money forthwith and bought her; the man was her husband, a basket-maker, with whom she had lived several years without having any children; he was a drunken, quarrelsome fellow, and having had a dispute with her the day before, he determined to get rid of her, by putting a halter round her neck and leading her to the cattle-market, as if she were a mare, which he had, it seems, a right to do; all women being considered mares by old English law, and, indeed, still called mares in certain counties, where genuine old English is still preserved. That same afternoon, the man who had been her husband, having got drunk in a public-house with the money which he had received for her, quarreled with another man, and receiving a blow under the ear, fell upon the floor, and died of artiflex; and in less than three weeks I was married to Mary Fulcher, by virtue of regular banns. I am told she was legally my property by virtue of my having bought her with a halter round her neck; but, to tell you the truth, I think everybody should live by his trade, and I didn't wish to act shabbily towards our parson, who is a good fellow, and has certainly a right to his fees. A better wife than Mary Fulcher—I mean Mary Dale—no one ever had; she has borne me several children, and has at all times shown a willingness to oblige me, and to be my faithful wife. Amongst other things, I begged her to have done with her family, and I believe she has never spoken to them since.

"I have thriven very well in business, and my name is up as being a person who can be depended on, when folks treat me handsomely. I always make a point, when a gentleman comes to me, and says, "Mr. Dale," or "John," for I have no objection to be called John by a gentleman—"I wants a good horse, and I am ready to pay a good price"—I always makes a point, I say, to furnish him with an animal worth the money; but when I sees a fellow, whether he calls himself gentleman or not, wishing to circumvent me, what does I do? I doesn't quarrel with him; not I; but, letting him imagine he is taking me in, I contrives to sell him a screw for thirty pounds, not worth forty shillings. All honest respectable people have at present great confidence in me, and frequently commissions me to buy them horses at great fairs like this.

"This short young gentleman was recommended to me by a great landed proprietor, to whom he bore letters of recommendation from some great prince in his own country, who had a long time ago been entertained at the house of the landed proprietor, and the consequence is, that I brings young six-foot-six to Horncastle, and purchases for him the horse of the Romany Rye. I don't do these kind things for nothing, it is true; that can't be expected; for every one must live by his trade; but, as I said before, when I am treated handsomely, I treat folks so. Honesty, I have discovered, as perhaps some other people have, is by far the best policy; though, as I also said before, when I'm along with thieves, I can beat them at their own game. If I am obliged to do it, I can pass off the veriest screw as a flying drummedary, for even when I was a child I had found out by various means what may be done with animals.

"I wish now to ask a civil question, Mr. Romany Rye. Certain folks have told me that you are a horse witch; are you one, or are you not?"

"I, like yourself," said I, "know, to a certain extent, what may be done with animals."

"Then how would you, Mr. Romany Rye, pass off the veriest screw in the world for a flying drummedary?"

"By putting a small live eel down his throat; as long as the eel remained in his stomach, the horse would appear brisk and lively in a surprising degree."

"And how would you contrive to make a regular kicker and biter appear so tame and gentle, that any respectable fat old gentleman of sixty, who wanted an easy goer, would be glad to purchase him for fifty pounds?"

"By pouring down his throat four pints of generous old ale, which would make him so happy and comfortable, that he would not have the heart to kick or bite anybody, for a season at least."

"And where did you learn all this?" said the jockey.

"I have read about the eel in an old English book, and about the making drunk in a Spanish novel, and, singularly enough, I was told the same things by a wild blacksmith in Ireland. Now tell me, do you bewitch horses in this way?"

"I?" said the jockey; "mercy upon us! I wouldn't do such things for a hatful of money. No, no, preserve me from live eels and hocussing! And now, let me ask you, how you would spirit a horse out of a field?"

"How would I spirit a horse out of a field?"

"Yes! supposing you were down in the world, and had determined on taking up the horse-stealing line of business."

"Why I should— But I tell you what, friend, I see you are trying to pump me, and I tell you plainly that I will hear something from you with respect to your art, before I tell you anything more. Now how would you whisper a horse out of a field, provided you were down in the world, and so forth."

"Ah, ah, I see you are up to game, Mr. Romany: however, I am a gentleman in mind, if not by birth, and I scorn to do the unhandsome thing to anybody who has dealt fairly towards me. Now you told me something I didn't know, and I'll tell you something which perhaps you do know. I whispers a horse out of a field in this way: I have a mare in my stable; well, in the early season of the year I goes into my stable— Well, I puts the sponge into a small bottle which I keeps corked. I takes my bottle in my hand, and goes into a field, suppose by night, where there is a very fine stag horse. I manage with great difficulty to get within ten yards of the horse, who stands staring at me just ready to run away. I then uncorks my bottle, presses my fore-finger to the sponge, and holds it out to the horse, the horse gives a sniff, then a start, and comes nearer. My business is done, for the next two hours the horse would follow me anywhere—the difficulty, indeed, would be to get rid of him. Now is that your way of doing business?"

"My way of doing business? Mercy upon us! I wouldn't steal a horse in that way, or, indeed, in any way, for all the money in the world: however, let me tell you, for your comfort, that a trick somewhat similar is described in the history of Herodotus."

"In the history of Herod's ass!" said the jockey; "well, if I did write a book it should be about something more genteel than a dickey."

"I did not say Herod's ass," said I, "but Herodotus, a very genteel writer, I assure you, who wrote a history about very genteel people, in a language no less genteel than Greek, more than two thousand years ago. There was a dispute as to who should be king amongst certain imperious chieftains. At last they agreed to obey him whose horse should neigh first on a certain day, in front of the royal palace, before the rising of the sun; for you must know that they did not worship the person who made the sun as we do, but the sun itself. So one of these chieftains, talking over the matter to his groom, and saying he wondered who would be king, the fellow said, 'Why—you, master, or I don't know much about horses.' So the day before the day of trial, what does the groom do, but take his master's horse before the palace and introduce him to a mare in the stable, and then lead him forth again. Well, early the next day all the chieftains on their horses appeared in front of the palace before the dawn of day. Not a horse neighed but one, and that was the horse of him who had consulted with his groom, who, thinking of the animal within the stable, gave such a neigh that all the buildings rang. His rider was forthwith elected king, and a brave king he was. So this shows what seemingly wonderful things may be brought about by a little preparation."

"It doth," said the jockey; "what was the chap's name?"

"His name—his name—Darius Hystaspes."

"And the groom's?"

"I don't know."

"And he made a good king?"

"First-rate."

"Only think! well, if he made a good king, what a wonderful king the groom would have made, through whose knowledge of 'orses he was put on the throne. And now another question, Mr. Romany Rye, have you particular words which have power to soothe or aggravate horses?"

"You should ask me," said I, "whether I have horses that can be aggravated or soothed by particular words. No words have any particular power over horses or other animals who have never heard them before—how should they? But certain animals connect ideas of misery or enjoyment with particular words which they are acquainted with. I'll give you an example. I knew a cob in Ireland that could be driven to a state of kicking madness by a particular word, used by a particular person, in a particular tone; but that word was connected with a very painful operation which had been performed upon him by that individual, who had frequently employed it at a certain period whilst the animal had been under his treatment. The same cob could be soothed in a moment by another word, used by the same individual in a very different kind of tone—the word was deaghblasda, or sweet tasted. Some time after the operation, whilst the cob was yet under his hands, the fellow—who was what the Irish call a fairy smith—had done all he could to soothe the creature, and had at last succeeded by giving it gingerbread-buttons, of which the cob became passionately fond. Invariably, however, before giving it a button, he said, Deaghblasda, with which word the cob by degrees associated an idea of unmixed enjoyment: so if he could rouse the cob to madness by the word which recalled the torture to its remembrance, he could as easily soothe it by the other word, which the cob knew would be instantly followed by the button, which the smith never failed to give him after using the word deaghblasda."

"There is nothing wonderful to be done," said the jockey, "without a good deal of preparation, as I know myself. Folks stare and wonder at certain things which they would only laugh at if they knew how they were done."

Hokku

By T. K. HEDRICK

THE monkeys, having established
a dictatorship in the jungle,
decreed that all animals
must sleep, suspended by the tail,
in trees.
It went pretty hard with the elephants!

CLIO
THALIE
ERATO
EUTERPE
POLYMNIE
CALLIOPE
TERPSICHORE
URANIE

The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

RELINED young widow wishes position as housekeeper; answer in full. Box 10, R340-Post.
Denver (Colo.) Post.

LIFE PRESERVERS! CHILD hush your mouth, plenty and cheap. L. A. Palmer, 223 River Street, west. *Savannah Morning News.*

WILL TRADE—One 6-cylinder automobile, as is, for land, marbles, or what you have. Apply Coast Service Co.
Port Townsend (Wash.) Weekly Leader.

BLEACHED SHEETS

Firm, quality, made in low neck, sleeveless style, with tight and shell knee. Big value. $1.19.
Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.

FOR SALE: Carpenter and Lathe Tools. One Osculating Fan. 609 State St.
Champaign (Ill.) News-Gazette.

After Saturday The Star Store Will Be Closed—Now folks, if you want to buy merchandise at about half price, come to our store Friday and Saturday expecting to get bigger values than ever before. *It is not our intention to make any more off of this merchandise than possible.*
We Expect to Make Prices for a Final Clean-up
Don't Forget the Place
STOVALL SALES CO.
Western Paper.

(First day)

PERSONAL

WILL THE GIRL IN GREEN, who was selling flags near the Arcade in Bond street on Wednesday, accept the sincere APOLOGIES of the man for the gauchery he committed? His only excuse is that he was carried away by a very charming personality.

(Second day)

PERSONAL

GIRL IN GREEN will accept personal apology in same place, Wednesday, 11 A. M.
London (Eng.) Paper.

EXPERIENCED Washed men wanted only. Call at Black Rock Laundry.
Bridgeport (Conn.) Telegram.

LOST—Suitcase containing baby and sewing articles, between Coral terrace and Coral Gables. Reward. Ellis P. Cass, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
Miami (Fla.) Daily News.

MIDDLE-AGE refined nurse wants typhoid, need constant attention. 4-8476J.
Fort Worth (Tex.) Record-Telegram.

FOR SALE—A PIANO FOR SALE BY a lady going to Denver with hand-carved legs. An easy reading pair of spectacles $4. Broken glasses fixed. G. W. Miser, M.D. Upstairs, 510 Walnut St.
Des Moines (Iowa) Evening Tribune.

LOST—Maltese and white cat; almost black. Entirely so in one eye. Reward. Miss Gilbert, phone 204-W St. Charles.
Aurora (Ill.) Beacon News.

WANTED: A Protestant Undertaker—preferably a Methodist—for a wonderful business opportunity in a growing health center in California. Unique opportunity. Write for information, sending particulars of yourself to Rev. X, care California Christian Advocate.
California Christian Advocate.

WALLSEND (Ky.) restaurant signboard—

TOURISTS STOP HERE
RATS $1 AND UP

CARD OF THANKS: We desire to thank the Oroville Fire Department and all kind friends who assisted in saving our home and contents, which were destroyed by fire Saturday morning. Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Dahlmeier. *California Paper.*

PUPPIES

FOR SALE—Reasonably, practically new Police puppies. 2 mos. old; subject to refrigeration. 612 West College, Decatur. Dearborn 0560-J.
Atlanta Journal.

FOR RENT—Apartment over Rice-Rubba store. 7 rooms and bath, all modern inconveniences. Apply A. J. Rice. *Hammonton (N. J.) News.*

MOVIE SIGN IN MADISON, WIS.:

HAROLD LOYD
"MISMATES"
With Doris Kenyon.

The Virginian

By OWEN WISTER

Owen Wister

XXVII

GRANDMOTHER STARK

EXCEPT for its chair and bed, the cabin was stripped almost bare. Amid its emptiness of dismantled shelves and walls and floor, only the tiny ancestress still hung in her place, last token of the home that had been. This miniature, tacked against the despoiled boards, and its descendant, the angry girl with her hand on an open box-lid, made a sort of couple in the loneliness: she on the wall sweet and serene, she by the box sweet and stormy. The picture was her final treasure waiting to be packed for the journey. In whatever room she had called her own since childhood, there it had also lived and looked at her, not quite familiar, not quite smiling, but in its prim colonial hues delicate as some pressed flower. Its pale oval, of colour blue and rose and flaxen, in a battered, pretty gold frame, unconquerably pervaded any surroundings with a something like last year's lavender. Till yesterday a Crow Indian war-bonnet had hung next it, a sumptuous cascade of feathers; on the other side a bow with arrows had dangled; opposite had been the skin of a silver fox; over the door had spread the antlers of a black-tail deer; a bearskin stretched beneath it. Thus had the whole cosey log cabin been upholstered, lavish with trophies of the frontier; and yet it was in front of the miniature that the visitors used to stop.

Shining quietly now in the cabin's blackness this summer day, the heirloom was presiding until the end. And as Molly Wood's eyes fell upon her ancestress of Bennington, 1777, there flashed a spark of steel in them, alone here in the room that she was leaving forever. She was not going to teach school any more on Bear Creek, Wyoming; she was going home to Bennington, Vermont. When time came for school to open again, there should be a new schoolmarm.

This was the momentous result of that visit which the Virginian had paid her. He had told her that he was coming for his hour soon. From that hour she had decided to escape. She was running away from her own heart. She did not dare to trust herself face to face again with her potent, indomitable lover. She longed for him, and therefore she would never see *him* again. No great-aunt at Dunbarton, or anybody else that knew her and her family, should ever say that she had married below her station, had been an unworthy Stark! Accordingly, she had written to the Virginian, bidding him good-by, and wishing him everything in the world. As she happened to be aware that she was taking everything in the world away from him, this letter was not the most easy of letters to write. But she had made the language very kind. Yes; it was a thoroughly kind communication. And all because of that momentary visit, when he had brought back to her two novels, *Emma* and *Pride and Prejudice.*

"How do you like them?" she had then inquired; and he had smiled slowly at her. "You haven't read them!" she exclaimed.

"No."

"Are you going to tell me there has been no time?"

"No."

Then Molly had scolded her cow-puncher, and to this he had listened with pleasure undisguised, as indeed he listened to every word that she said.

"Why, it has come too late," he had told her when the scolding was over. "If I was one of your little scholars hyeh in Bear Creek school-house, yu' could learn me to like such frillery I reckon. But I'm a mighty ignorant, growed-up man."

"So much the worse for you!" said Molly.

"No. I am pretty glad I am a man. Else I could not have learned the thing you have taught me."

But she shut her lips and looked away. On the desk was a letter written from Vermont. "If you don't tell me at once when you decide," had said the arch writer, "never hope to speak to me again. Mary Wood, seriously, I am suspicious. Why do you never mention him nowadays? How exciting to have you bring a live cow-boy to Bennington! We should all come to dinner. Though of course I understand now that many of them have excellent manners. But would he wear his pistol at table?" So the letter ran on. It recounted the latest home gossip and jokes. In answering it Molly Wood had taken no notice of its childish tone here and there.

"Hyeh's some of them cactus blossoms yu' wanted," said the Virginian. His voice recalled the girl with almost a start. "I've brought a good hawss I've gentled for yu', and Taylor'll keep him till I need him."

"Thank you so much! but I wish——"

"I reckon yu' can't stop me lendin' Taylor a hawss. And you cert'nly 'll get sick school-teachin' if yu' don't keep outdoors some. Good-by—till that next time."

"Yes; there's always a next time," she answered, as lightly as she could.

"There always will be. Don't yu' know that?"

She did not reply.

"I have discouraged spells," he pursued, "but I down them. For I've told yu' you were going to love me. You are goin' to learn back the thing you have taught me. I'm not askin' anything now; I don't want you to speak a word to me. But I'm never goin' to quit till 'next time' is no more, and it's 'all the time' for you and me."

With that he had ridden away, not even touching her hand. Long after he had gone she was still in her chair, her eyes lingering upon his flowers, those yellow cups of the prickly pear. At length she had risen impatiently, caught up the flowers, gone with them to the open window,—and then, after all, set them with pains in water.

But to-day Bear Creek was over. She was going home now. By the week's end she would be started. By the time the mail brought him her good-by letter she would be gone. She had acted.

To Bear Creek, the neighbourly, the friendly, the not comprehending, this move had come unlooked for, and had brought regret. Only one hard word had been spoken to Molly, and that by her next-door neighbour and kindest friend. In Mrs. Taylor's house the girl had daily come and gone as a daughter, and that lady reached the subject thus:—

"When I took Taylor," said she, sitting by as Robert Browning and Jane Austen were going into their box, "I married for love."

"Do you wish it had been money?" said Molly, stooping to her industries.

"You know both of us better than that, child."

"I know I've seen people at home who couldn't possibly have had any other reason. They seemed satisfied, too."

"Maybe the poor ignorant things were!"

"And so I have never been sure how I might choose."

"Yes, you are sure, deary. Don't you think I know you? And when it comes over Taylor once in a while, and he tells me I'm the best thing in his life, and I tell him he ain't merely the best thing but the only thing in mine,—him and the children,—why we just agree we'd do it all over the same way if we had the chance."

Molly continued to be industrious.

"And that's why," said Mrs. Taylor, "I want every girl that's anything to me to know her luck when it comes. For I was that near telling Taylor I wouldn't!"

"If ever my luck comes," said Molly, with her back to her friend, "I shall say 'I will' at once."

"Then you'll say it at Bennington next week." Molly wheeled round.

"Why, you surely will. Do you expect he's going to stay here, and you in Bennington?" And the campaigner sat back in her chair.

"He? Goodness! Who is he?"

"Child, child, you're talking cross to-day because you're at outs with yourself. You've been at outs ever since you took this idea of leaving the school and us and everything this needless way. You have not treated him right. And why, I can't make out to save me. What have you found out all of a sudden? If he was not good enough for you, I— But, oh, it's a prime one you're losing, Molly. When a man like that stays faithful to a girl 'spite all the chances he gets, her luck is come."

"Oh, my luck! People have different notions of luck."

"Notions!"

"He has been very kind."

"Kind!" And now without further simmering, Mrs. Taylor's wrath boiled up and poured copiously over Molly Wood.

"Kind! There's a word you shouldn't use, my dear. No doubt you can spell it. But more than its spelling I guess you don't know. The children can learn what it means from some of the rest of us folks that don't spell so correct, maybe."

"Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Taylor——"

"I can't wait, deary. Since the roughness looks bigger to you than the diamond, you had better go back to Vermont. I expect you'll find better grammar there, deary."

The good dame stalked out, and across to her own cabin, and left the angry girl among her boxes. It was in vain she fell to work upon them. Presently something had to be done over again, and when it was the box held several chattels less than before the readjustment. She played a sort of desperate dominos to fit these objects in the space, but here were a paper-weight, a portfolio, with two wretched volumes that no chink would harbour; and letting them fall all at once, she straightened herself, still stormy with revolt, eyes and cheeks still hot from the sting of long-parried truth. There, on her wall still, was the miniature, the little silent ancestress; and upon this face the girl's glance rested. It was as if she appealed to Grandmother Stark for support and comfort across the hundred years which lay between them. So the flaxen girl on the wall and she among the boxes stood a moment face to face in seeming communion, and then the descendant turned again to her work. But after a desultory touch here and there, she drew a long breath and walked to the open door. What use was in finishing to-day, when she had nearly a week? This first spurt of toil had swept the cabin bare of all indwelling charm, and its look was chill. Across the lane his horse, the one he had "gentled" for her, was grazing idly. She walked there and caught him, and led him to her gate. Mrs. Taylor saw her go in, and soon come out in riding-dress; and she watched the girl throw the saddle on with quick ease—the ease he had taught her. Mrs. Taylor also saw the sharp cut she gave the horse, and laughed grimly to herself in her window as horse and rider galloped into the beautiful sunny loneliness.

To the punished animal this switching was new, and at its third repetition he turned his head in surprise, but was no more heeded than were the bluffs and flowers where he was taking his own undirected choice of way. He carried her over ground she knew by heart—Corncliff Mesa, Crowheart Butte, Westfall's Crossing, Upper Cañon; open land and woodland, pines and sage-brush, all silent and grave and lustrous in the sunshine. Once and again a ranchman greeted her, and wondered if she had forgotten who he was; once she passed some cow-punchers with a small herd of steers, and they stared after her too. Bear Creek narrowed, its mountain-sides drew near, its little falls began to rush white in midday shadow, and the horse suddenly pricked his ears. Unguided, he was taking this advantage to go home. Though he had made but little way—a mere beginning yet—on this trail over to Sunk Creek, here was already a Sunk Creek friend whinnying good day to him, so he whinnied back and quickened his pace, and Molly started to life. What was Monte doing here? She saw the black horse she knew also, saddled, with reins dragging on the trail as the rider had dropped them to dismount. A cold spring bubbled out beyond the next rock, and she knew her lover's horse was waiting for him while he drank. She pulled at the reins, but loosed them, for to turn and escape now was ridiculous; and riding boldly round the rock, she came upon him by the spring. One of his arms hung up to its elbow in the pool, the other was crooked beside his head, but the face was sunk downward against the shelving rock, so that she saw only his black, tangled hair. As her horse snorted and tossed his head she looked swiftly at Monte, as if to question him. Seeing now the sweat matted on his coat, and noting the white rim of his eye, she sprang and ran to the motionless figure. A patch of blood at his shoulder behind stained the soft flannel shirt, spreading down beneath his belt, and the man's whole strong body lay slack and pitifully helpless.

She touched the hand beside his head, but it seemed neither warm nor cold to her; she felt for the pulse, as nearly as she could remember the doctors did, but could not tell whether she imagined or not that it was still; twice with painful care her fingers sought and waited for the beat, and her face seemed like one of listening. She leaned down and lifted his other arm and hand from the water, and as their ice-coldness reached her senses, clearly she saw the patch near the shoulder she had moved grow wet with new blood, and at that sight she grasped at the stones upon which she herself now sank. She held tight by two rocks, sitting straight beside him, staring, and murmuring aloud, "I must not faint; I will not faint"; and the standing horses looked at her, pricking their ears.

In this cuplike spread of the ravine the sun shone warmly down, the tall red cliff was warm, the pines were a warm film and filter of green; outside the shade across Bear Creek rose the steep, soft, open yellow hill, warm and high to the blue, and Bear Creek tumbled upon its sun-sparkling stones. The two horses on the margin trail still looked at the spring and trees, where sat the neat flaxen girl so rigid by the slack prone body in its flannel shirt and leathern chaps. Suddenly her face livened. "But the blood ran!" she exclaimed, as if to the horses, her companions in this. She moved to him, and put her hand in through his shirt against his heart.

Next moment she had sprung up and was at his saddle, searching, then swiftly went on to her own and got her small flask and was back beside him. Here was the cold water he had sought, and she put it against his forehead and drenched the wounded shoulder with it. Three times she tried to move him, so he might lie more easy, but his dead weight was too much, and desisting, she sat close and raised his head to let it rest against her. Thus she saw the blood that was running from in front of the shoulder also; but she said no more about fainting. She tore strips from her dress and soaked them, keeping them cold and wet upon both openings of his wound, and she drew her pocket-knife out and cut his shirt away from the place. As she continually rinsed and cleaned it, she watched his eyelashes, long and soft and thick, but they did not stir. Again she tried the flask, but failed from being still too gentle, and her searching eyes fell upon ashes near the pool. Still undispersed by the weather lay the small charred ends of a fire he and she had made once here together, to boil coffee and fry trout. She built another fire now, and when the flames were going well, filled her flask-cup from the spring and set it to heat. Meanwhile, she returned to nurse his head and wound. Her cold water had stopped the bleeding. Then she poured her brandy in the steaming cup, and, made rough by her desperate helplessness, forced some between his lips and teeth.

Instantly, almost, she felt the tremble of life creeping back, and as his deep eyes opened upon her she sat still and mute. But the gaze seemed luminous with an unnoting calm, and she wondered if perhaps he could not recognize her; she watched this internal clearness of his vision, scarcely daring to breathe, until presently he began to speak, with the same profound and clear impersonality sounding in his slowly uttered words.

"I thought they had found me. I expected they were going to kill me." He stopped, and she gave him more of the hot drink, which he took, still lying and looking at her as if the present did not reach his senses. "I knew hands were touching me. I reckoned I was not dead. I knew about them soon as they began, only I could not interfere." He waited again. "It is mighty strange where I have been. No. Mighty natural." Then he went back into his revery, and lay with his eyes still full open upon her where she sat motionless.

She began to feel a greater awe in this living presence than when it had been his body with an ice-cold hand; and she quietly spoke his name, venturing scarcely more than a whisper.

At this, some nearer thing wakened in his look. "But it was you all along," he resumed. "It is you now. You must not stay—" Weakness overcame him, and his eyes closed. She sat ministering to him, and when he roused again, he began anxiously at once: "You must not stay. They would get you, too."

She glanced at him with a sort of fierceness, then reached for his pistol, in which was nothing but blackened empty cartridges. She threw these out and drew six from his belt, loaded the weapon, and snapped shut its hinge.

"Please take it," he said, more anxious and more himself. "I ain't worth tryin' to keep. Look at me!"

"Are you giving up?" she inquired, trying to put scorn in her tone. Then she seated herself.

"Where is the sense in both of us——"

"You had better save your strength," she interrupted.

He tried to sit up.

"Lie down!" she ordered.

He sank obediently, and began to smile.

When she saw that, she smiled too, and unexpectedly took his hand. "Listen, friend," said she. "Nobody shall get you, and nobody shall get me. Now take some more brandy."

"It must be noon," said the cow-puncher, when she had drawn her hand away from him. "I remember it was dark when—when—when I can remember. I reckon they were scared to follow me in so close to settlers. Else they would have been here."

"You must rest," she observed.

She broke the soft ends of some evergreen, and putting them beneath his head, went to the horses, loosened the cinches, took off the bridles, led them to drink, and picketed them to feed. Further still, to leave nothing undone which she could herself manage, she took the horses' saddles off to refold the blankets when the time should come, and meanwhile brought them for him. But he put them away from him. He was sitting up against a rock, stronger evidently, and asking for cold water. His head was fire-hot and the paleness beneath his swarthy skin had changed to a deepening flush.

"Only five miles!" she said to him, bathing his head.

"Yes. I must hold it steady," he answered, waving his hand at the cliff.

She told him to try and keep it steady until they got home.

"Yes," he repeated. "Only five miles. But it's fightin' to turn around." Half aware that he was becoming light-headed, he looked from the rock to her and from her to the rock with dilating eyes.

"We can hold it together," she said. "You must get on your horse." She took his handkerchief from round his neck, knotting it with her own, and to make more bandage she ran to the roll of clothes behind his saddle and tore in halves a clean shirt. A handkerchief fell from it, which she seized also, and opening, saw her own initials by the hem. Then she remembered: she saw again their first meeting, the swollen river, the overset stage, the unknown horseman who carried her to the bank on his saddle and went away unthanked—her whole first adventure on that first day of her coming to this new country—and now she knew how her long-forgotten handkerchief had gone that day. She refolded it gently and put it back in his bundle, for there was enough bandage without it. She said not a word to him, and he placed a wrong meaning upon the look which she gave him as she returned to bind his shoulder.

"It don't hurt so much," he assured her (though extreme pain was clearing his head for the moment, and he had been able to hold the cliff from turning). "Yu' must not squander your pity."

"Do not squander your strength," said she.

"Oh, I could put up a pretty good fight now!" But he tottered in showing her how strong he was, and she told him that, after all, he was a child still.

"Yes," he slowly said, looking after her as she went to bring his horse, "the same child that wanted to touch the moon, I guess." And during the slow climb down into the saddle from a rock to which she helped him he said, "You have got to be the man all through this mess."

She saw his teeth clinched and his drooping muscles compelled by will; and as he rode and she walked to lend him support, leading her horse by a backward-stretched left hand, she counted off the distance to him continually—the increasing gain, the lessening road, the landmarks nearing and dropping behind; here was the tree with the wasp-nest gone; now the burned cabin was passed; now the cottonwoods at the ford were in sight. He was silent, and held to the saddle-horn, leaning more and more against his two hands clasped over it; and just after they had made the crossing he fell, without a sound, slipping to the grass, and his descent broken by her. But it started the blood a little, and she dared not leave him to seek help. She gave him the last of the flask and all the water he craved.

Revived, he managed to smile. "Yu' see, I ain't worth keeping."

"It's only a mile," said she. So she found a log, a fallen trunk, and he crawled to that, and from there crawled to his saddle, and she marched on with him, talking, bidding him note the steps accomplished. For the next half-mile they went thus, the silent man clinched on the horse, and by his side the girl walking and cheering him forward, when suddenly he began to speak:—

"I will say good-by to you now, ma'am."

She did not understand, at first, the significance of this.

"He is getting away," pursued the Virginian. "I must ask you to excuse me, ma'am."

It was a long while since her lord had addressed her as "ma'am." As she looked at him in growing apprehension, he turned Monte and would have ridden away, but she caught the bridle.

"You must take me home," said she, with ready inspiration. "I am afraid of the Indians."

"Why, you—why, they've all gone. There he goes. Ma'am—that hawss——"

"No," said she, holding firmly his rein and quickening her step. "A gentleman does not invite a lady to go out riding and leave her."

His eyes lost their purpose. "I'll cert'nly take you home. That sorrel has gone in there by the wallow, and Judge Henry will understand." With his eyes watching imaginary objects, he rode and rambled, and it was now the girl who was silent, except to keep his mind from its half-fixed idea of the sorrel. As he grew more fluent she hastened still more, listening to head off that notion of return, skilfully inventing questions to engage him, so that when she brought him to her gate she held him in a manner subjected, answering faithfully the shrewd unrealities which she devised, whatever makeshifts she could summon to her mind; and next she had got him inside her dwelling and set him down docile, but now completely wandering; and then—no help was at hand, even here. She had made sure of aid from next door, and there she hastened to find the Taylors' cabin locked and silent; and this meant that parents and children were gone to drive; nor might she be luckier at her next nearest neighbours', should she travel the intervening mile to fetch them. With a mind jostled once more into uncertainty, she returned to her room, and saw a change in him already. Illness had stridden upon him; his face was not as she had left it, and the whole body, the splendid supple horseman, showed sickness in every line and limb, its spurs and pistol and bold leather chaps a mockery of trappings. She looked at him, and decision came back to her, clear and steady. She supported him over to her bed and laid him on it. His head sank flat, and his loose, nerveless arms stayed as she left them. Then among her packing-boxes and beneath the little miniature, blue and flaxen and gold upon its lonely wall, she undressed him. He was cold, and she covered him to the face, and arranged the pillow, and got from its box her scarlet and black Navajo blanket and spread it over him. There was no more that she could do, and she sat down by him to wait. Among the many and many things that came into her mind was a word he said to her lightly a long while ago. "Cow-punchers do not live long enough to get old," he had told her. And now she looked at the head upon the pillow, grave and strong, but still the head of splendid, unworn youth.

At the distant jingle of the wagon in the lane she was out, and had met her returning neighbours midway. They heard her with amazement, and came in haste to the bedside, then Taylor departed to spread news of the Indians and bring the doctor, twenty-five miles away. The two women friends stood alone again, as they had stood in the morning when anger had been between them.

"Kiss me, deary," said Mrs. Taylor. "Now I will look after him—and you'll need some looking after yourself."

But on returning from her cabin with what store she possessed of lint and stimulants, she encountered a rebel, independent as ever. Molly would hear no talk about saving her strength, would not be in any room but this one until the doctor should arrive; then perhaps it would be time to think about resting. So together the dame and the girl rinsed the man's wound and wrapped him in clean things, and did all the little that they knew—which was, in truth, the very thing needed. Then they sat watching him toss and mutter. It was no longer upon Indians or the sorrel horse that his talk seemed to run, or anything recent, apparently, always excepting his work. This flowingly merged with whatever scene he was inventing or living again, and he wandered unendingly in that incompatible world we dream in. Through the medley of events and names, often thickly spoken, but rising at times to grotesque coherence, the listeners now and then could piece out the reference from their own knowledge. "Monte," for example, continually addressed, and Molly heard her own name, but invariably as "Miss Wood"; nothing less respectful came out, and frequently he answered some one as "ma'am." At these fragments of revelation Mrs. Taylor abstained from speech, but eyed Molly Wood with caustic reproach. As the night wore on, short lulls of silence intervened, and the watchers were deceived into hope that the fever was abating. And when the Virginian sat quietly up in bed, essayed to move his bandage, and looked steadily at Mrs. Taylor, she rose quickly and went to him with a question as to how he was doing.

"Rise on your laigs, you polecat," said he, "and tell them you're a liar."

The good dame gasped, then bade him lie down, and he obeyed her with that strange double understanding of the delirious; for even while submitting, he muttered "liar," "polecat," and then "Trampas."

At that name light flashed on Mrs. Taylor, and she turned to Molly; and there was the girl struggling with a fit of mirth at his speech; but the laughter was fast becoming a painful seizure. Mrs. Taylor walked Molly up and down, speaking immediately to arrest her attention.

"You might as well know it," she said. "He would blame me for speaking of it, but where's the harm all this while after? And you would never hear it from his mouth. Molly, child, they say Trampas would kill him if he dared, and that's on account of you."

"I never saw Trampas," said Molly, fixing her eyes upon the speaker.

"No, deary. But before a lot of men—Taylor has told me about it—Trampas spoke disrespectfully of you, and before them all he made Trampas say he was a liar. That is what he did when you were almost a stranger among us, and he had not started seeing so much of you. I expect Trampas is the only enemy he ever had in this country. But he would never let you know about that."

"No," whispered Molly; "I did not know."

"Steve!" the sick man now cried out, in poignant appeal. "Steve!" To the women it was a name unknown,—unknown as was also this deep inward tide of feeling which he could no longer conceal, being himself no longer. "No, Steve," he said next, and muttering followed. "It ain't so!" he shouted; and then cunningly in a lowered voice, "Steve, I have lied for you."

In time Mrs. Taylor spoke some advice. "You had better go to bed, child. You look about ready for the doctor yourself."

"Then I will wait for him," said Molly.

So the two nurses continued to sit until darkness at the windows weakened into gray, and the lamp was no more needed. Their patient was rambling again. Yet, into whatever scenes he went, there in some guise did the throb of his pain evidently follow him, and he lay hitching his great shoulder as if to rid it of the cumbrance. They waited for the doctor, not daring much more than to turn pillows and give what other ease they could; and then, instead of the doctor, came a messenger, about noon, to say he was gone on a visit some thirty miles beyond, where Taylor had followed to bring him here as soon as might be. At this Molly consented to rest and to watch, turn about; and once she was over in her friend's house lying down, they tried to keep her there. But the revolutionist could not be put down, and when, as a last pretext, Mrs. Taylor urged the proprieties and conventions, the pale girl from Vermont laughed sweetly in her face and returned to sit by the sick man. With the approach of the second night his fever seemed to rise and master him more completely than they had yet seen it, and presently it so raged that the women called in stronger arms to hold him down. There were times when he broke out in the language of the round-up, and Mrs. Taylor renewed her protests. "Why," said Molly, "don't you suppose I knew they could swear?" So the dame, in deepening astonishment and affection, gave up these shifts at decorum. Nor did the delirium run into the intimate, coarse matters that she dreaded. The cow-puncher had lived like his kind, but his natural daily thoughts were clean, and came from the untamed but unstained mind of a man. And toward morning, as Mrs. Taylor sat taking her turn, suddenly he asked had he been sick long, and looked at her with a quieted eye. The wandering seemed to drop from him at a stroke, leaving him altogether himself. He lay very feeble, and inquired once or twice of his state and how he came here; nor was anything left in his memory of even coming to the spring where he had been found.

When the doctor arrived, he pronounced that it would be long—or very short. He praised their clean water treatment; the wound was fortunately well up on the shoulder, and gave so far no bad signs; there were not any bad signs; and the blood and strength of the patient had been as few men's were; each hour was now an hour nearer certainty, and meanwhile—meanwhile the doctor would remain as long as he could. He had many inquiries to satisfy. Dusty fellows would ride up, listen to him, and reply, as they rode away, "Don't yu' let him die, Doc." And Judge Henry sent over from Sunk Creek to answer for any attendance or medicine that might help his foreman. The country was moved with concern and interest; and in Molly's ears its words of good feeling seemed to unite and sum up a burden, "Don't yu' let him die, Doc." The Indians who had done this were now in military custody. They had come unpermitted from a southern reservation, hunting, next thieving; and as the slumbering spirit roused in one or two of the young and ambitious, they had ventured this in the secret mountains, and perhaps had killed a trapper found there. Editors immediately reared a tall war out of it; but from five Indians in a guard-house waiting punishment not even an editor can supply war for more than two editions, and if the recent alarm was still a matter of talk anywhere, it was not here in the sick-room. Whichever way the case should turn, it was through Molly alone (the doctor told her) that the wounded man had got this chance—this good chance, he repeated. And he told her she had not done a woman's part, but a man's part, and now had no more to do; no more till the patient got well, and could thank her in his own way, said the doctor, smiling, and supposing things that were not so—misled perhaps by Mrs. Taylor.

"I'm afraid I'll be gone by the time he is well," said Molly, coldly; and the discreet physician said ah, and that she would find Bennington quite a change from Bear Creek.

But Mrs. Taylor spoke otherwise, and at that the girl said: "I shall stay as long as I am needed. I will nurse him. I want to nurse him. I will do everything for him that I can!" she exclaimed, with force.

"And that won't be anything, deary," said Mrs. Taylor, harshly. "A year of nursing don't equal a day of sweetheart."

The girl took a walk,—she was of no more service in the room at present,—but she turned without going far, and Mrs. Taylor spied her come to lean over the pasture fence and watch the two horses—that one the Virginian had "gentled" for her, and his own Monte. During this suspense came a new call for the doctor, neighbours profiting by his visit to Bear Creek; and in his going away to them, even under promise of quick return, Mrs. Taylor suspected a favourable sign. He kept his word as punctually as had been possible, arriving after some six hours with a confident face, and spending now upon the patient a care not needed, save to reassure the bystanders. He spoke his opinion that all was even better than he could have hoped it would be, so soon. Here was now the beginning of the fifth day; the wound's look was wholesome, no further delirium had come, and the fever had abated a degree while he was absent. He believed the serious danger-line lay behind, and (short of the unforeseen) the man's deep untainted strength would reassert its control. He had much blood to make, and must be cared for during weeks—three, four, five—there was no saying how long yet. These next few days it must be utter quiet for him; he must not talk nor hear anything likely to disturb him; and then the time for cheerfulness and gradual company would come—sooner than later, the doctor hoped. So he departed, and sent next day some bottles, with further cautions regarding the wound and dirt, and to say he should be calling the day after to-morrow.

Upon that occasion he found two patients. Molly Wood lay in bed at Mrs. Taylor's, filled with apology and indignation. With little to do, and deprived of the strong stimulant of anxiety and action, her strength had quite suddenly left her, so that she had spoken only in a sort of whisper. But upon waking from a long sleep, after Mrs. Taylor had taken her firmly, almost severely, in hand, her natural voice had returned, and now the chief treatment the doctor gave her was a sort of scolding, which it pleased Mrs. Taylor to hear. The doctor even dropped a phrase concerning the arrogance of strong nerves in slender bodies, and of undertaking several people's work when several people were at hand to do it for themselves, and this pleased Mrs. Taylor remarkably. As for the wounded man, he was behaving himself properly. Perhaps in another week he could be moved to a more cheerful room. Just now, with cleanliness and pure air, any barn would do.

"We are real lucky to have such a sensible doctor in the country," Mrs. Taylor observed, after the physician had gone.

"No doubt," said Molly. "He said my room was a barn."

"That's what you've made it, deary. But sick men don't notice much."

Nevertheless, one may believe, without going widely astray, that illness, so far from veiling, more often quickens the perceptions—at any rate those of the naturally keen. On a later day—and the interval was brief—while Molly was on her second drive to take the air with Mrs. Taylor, that lady informed her that the sick man had noticed. "And I could not tell him things liable to disturb him," said she, "and so I—well, I expect I just didn't exactly tell him the facts. I said yes, you were packing up for a little visit to your folks. They had not seen you for quite a while, I said. And he looked at those boxes kind of silent like."

"There's no need to move him," said Molly. "It is simpler to move them—the boxes. I could take out some of my things, you know, just while he has to be kept there. I mean—you see, if the doctor says the room should be cheerful——"

"Yes, deary."

"I will ask the doctor next time," said Molly, "if he believes I am—competent—to spread a rug upon a floor." Molly's references to the doctor were usually acid these days. And this he totally failed to observe, telling her when he came, why, to be sure! the very thing! And if she could play cards or read aloud, or afford any other light distractions, provided they did not lead the patient to talk and tire himself, that she would be most useful. Accordingly she took over the cribbage-board, and came with unexpected hesitation face to face again with the swarthy man she had saved and tended. He was not so swarthy now, but neat, with chin clean, and hair and mustache trimmed and smooth, and he sat propped among pillows watching for her.

"You are better," she said, speaking first, and with uncertain voice.

"Yes. They have given me awdehs not to talk," said the Southerner, smiling.

"Oh, yes. Please do not talk—not to-day."

"No. Only this"—he looked at her, and saw her seem to shrink—"thank you for what you have done," he said simply.

She took tenderly the hand he stretched to her; and upon these terms they set to work at cribbage. She won, and won again, and the third time laid down her cards and reproached him with playing in order to lose.

"No," he said, and his eye wandered to the boxes. "But my thoughts get away from me. I'll be strong enough to hold them on the cyards next time, I reckon."

Many tones in his voice she had heard, but never the tone of sadness until to-day.

Then they played a little more, and she put away the board for this first time.

"You are going now?" he asked.

"When I have made this room look a little less forlorn. They haven't wanted to meddle with my things, I suppose." And Molly stooped once again among the chattels destined for Vermont. Out they came; again the bearskin was spread on the floor, various possessions and ornaments went back into their ancient niches, the shelves grew comfortable with books, and, last, some flowers were stood on the table.

"More like old times," said the Virginian, but sadly.

"It's too bad," said Molly, "you had to be brought into such a looking place."

"And your folks waiting for you," said he.

"Oh, I'll pay my visit later," said Molly, putting the rug a trifle straighter.

"May I ask one thing?" pleaded the Virginian, and at the gentleness of his voice her face grew rosy, and she fixed her eyes on him with a sort of dread.

"Anything that I can answer," said she.

"Oh, yes. Did I tell yu' to quit me, and did yu' load up my gun and stay? Was that a real business? I have been mixed up in my haid."

"That was real," said Molly. "What else was there to do?"

"Just nothing—for such as you!" he exclaimed. "My haid has been mighty crazy; and that little grandmother of yours yondeh, she—but I can't just quite catch a-hold of these things"—he passed a hand over his forehead—"so many—or else one right along—well, it's all foolishness!" he concluded, with something almost savage in his tone. And after she had gone from the cabin he lay very still, looking at the miniature on the wall.

He was in another sort of mood the next time, cribbage not interesting him in the least. "Your folks will be wondering about you," said he.

"I don't think they will mind which month I go to them," said Molly. "Especially when they know the reason."

"Don't let me keep you, ma'am," said he. Molly stared at him; but he pursued, with the same edge lurking in his slow words: "Though I'll never forget. How could I forget any of all you have done—and been? If there had been none of this, why, I had enough to remember! But please don't stay, ma'am. We'll say I had a claim when yu' found me pretty well dead, but I'm gettin' well, yu' see—right smart, too!"

"I can't understand, indeed I can't," said Molly, "why you're talking so!"

He seemed to have certain moods when he would address her as "ma'am," and this she did not like, but could not prevent.

"Oh, a sick man is funny. And yu' know I'm grateful to you."

"Please say no more about that, or I shall go this afternoon. I don't want to go. I am not ready. I think I had better read something now."

"Why, yes. That's cert'nly a good notion. Why, this is the best show you'll ever get to give me education. Won't yu' please try that *Emma* book now, ma'am? Listening to you will be different." This was said with softness and humility.

Uncertain—as his gravity often left her—precisely what he meant by what he said, Molly proceeded with *Emma;* slackly at first, but soon with the enthusiasm that Miss Austen invariably gave her. She held the volume and read away at it, commenting briefly, and then, finishing a chapter of the sprightly classic, found her pupil slumbering peacefully. There was no uncertainty about that.

"You couldn't be doing a healthier thing for him, deary," said Mrs. Taylor. "If it gets to make him wakeful, try something harder." This was the lady's scarcely sympathetic view.

But it turned out to be not obscurity in which Miss Austen sinned.

When Molly next appeared at the Virginian's threshold, he said plaintively, "I reckon I am a dunce." And he sued for pardon. "When I waked up," he said, "I was ashamed of myself for a plumb half-hour." Nor could she doubt this day that he meant what he said. His mood was again serene and gentle, and without referring to his singular words that had distressed her, he made her feel his contrition, even in his silence. "I am right glad you have come," he said. And as he saw her going to the bookshelf, he continued, with diffidence: "As regyards that *Emma* book, yu' see—yu' see, the doin's and sayin's of folks like them are above me. But I think" (he spoke most diffidently), "if yu' could read me something that was *about* something, I—I'd be liable to keep awake." And he smiled with a certain shyness.

"Something *about* something?" queried Molly, at a loss.

"Why, yes. Shakespeare. *Henry the Fourth.* The British king is fighting, and there is his son the prince. He cert'nly must have been a jim-dandy boy if that is all true. Only he would go around town with a mighty triflin' gang. They sported and they held up citizens. And his father hated his traveling with trash like them. It was right natural—the boy and the old man! But the boy showed himself a man too. He killed a big fighter on the other side who was another jim-dandy—and he was sorry for having it to do." The Virginian warmed to his recital. "I understand most all of that. There was a fat man kept everybody laughing. He was awful natural too; except yu' don't commonly meet 'em so fat. But the prince—that play is bed-rock, ma'am! Have you got something like that?"

"Yes, I think so," she replied. "I believe I see what you would appreciate."

She took her Browning, her idol, her imagined affinity. For the pale decadence of New England had somewhat watered her good old Revolutionary blood too, and she was inclined to think under glass and to live underdone—when there were no Indians to shoot! She would have joyed to venture "Paracelsus" on him, and some lengthy rhymed discourses; and she fondly turned leaves and leaves of her pet doggerel analytics. "Pippa Passes" and others she had to skip, from discreet motives—pages which he would have doubtless stayed awake at; but she chose a poem at length. This was better than *Emma*, he pronounced. And short. The horse was a good horse. He thought a man whose horse must not play out on him would watch the ground he was galloping over for holes, and not be likely to see what colour the rims of his animal's eye-sockets were. You could not see them if you sat as you ought to for such a hard ride. Of the next piece that she read him he thought still better. "And it is short," said he. "But the last part drops."

Molly instantly exacted particulars.

"The soldier should not have told the general he was killed," stated the cow-puncher.

"What should he have told him, I'd like to know?" said Molly.

"Why, just nothing. If the soldier could ride out of the battle all shot up, and tell his general about their takin' the town—that was being gritty, yu' see. But that truck at the finish—will yu' please say it again?"

So Molly read:—

"'You're wounded!' 'Nay,' the soldier's pride
  Touched to the quick, he said,
'I'm killed, sire!' And, his chief beside,
  Smiling the boy fell dead."

"'Nay, I'm killed, sire,'" drawled the Virginian, amiably; for (symptom of convalescence) his freakish irony was revived in him. "Now a man who was man enough to act like he did, yu' see, would fall dead without mentioning it."

None of Molly's sweet girl friends had ever thus challenged Mr. Browning. They had been wont to cluster over him with a joyous awe that deepened proportionally with their misunderstanding. Molly paused to consider this novelty of view about the soldier. "He was a Frenchman, you know," she said, under inspiration.

"A Frenchman," murmured the grave cow-puncher. "I never knowed a Frenchman, but I reckon they might perform that class of foolishness."

"But why was it foolish?" she cried. "His soldier's pride—don't you see?"

"No."

Molly now burst into a luxury of discussion. She leaned toward her cow-puncher with bright eyes searching his; with elbow on knee and hand propping chin, her lap became a slant, and from it Browning the poet slid and toppled, and lay unrescued. For the slow cow-puncher unfolded his notions of masculine courage and modesty (though he did not deal in such high-sounding names), and Molly forgot everything to listen to him, as he forgot himself and his inveterate shyness and grew talkative to her. "I would never have supposed that!" she would exclaim as she heard him; or, presently again, "I never had such an idea!" And her mind opened with delight to these new things which came from the man's mind so simple and direct. To Browning they did come back, but the Virginian, though interested, conceived a dislike for him. "He is a smarty," said he, once or twice.

"Now here is something," said Molly. "I have never known what to think."

"Oh, Heavens!" murmured the sick man, smiling. "Is it short?"

"Very short. Now please attend." And she read him twelve lines about a lover who rowed to a beach in the dusk, crossed a field, tapped at a pane, and was admitted.

"That is the best yet," said the Virginian. "There's only one thing yu' can think about that."

"But wait," said the girl, swiftly. "Here is how they parted:—

"Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim—
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me."

"That is very, very true," murmured the Virginian, dropping his eyes from the girl's intent ones.

"Had they quarreled?" she inquired.

"Oh, no!"

"But——"

"I reckon he loved her very much."

"Then you're sure they hadn't quarreled?"

"Dead sure, ma'am. He would come back afteh he had played some more of the game."

"The game?"

"Life, ma'am. Whatever he was a-doin' in the world of men. That's a bed-rock piece, ma'am!"

"Well, I don't see why you think it's so much better than some of the others."

"I could sca'cely explain," answered the man. "But that writer does know something."

"I am glad they hadn't quarreled," said Molly, thoughtfully. And she began to like having her opinions refuted.

His bandages, becoming a little irksome, had to be shifted, and this turned their discourse from literature to Wyoming; and Molly inquired, had he ever been shot before? Only once, he told her. "I have been lucky in having few fusses," said he. "I hate them. If a man has to be killed——"

"You never—" broke in Molly. She had started back a little. "Well," she added hastily, "don't tell me if——"

"I shouldn't wonder if I got one of those Indians," he said quietly. "But I wasn't waitin' to see! But I came mighty near doing for a white man that day. He had been hurtin' a hawss."

"Hurting?" said Molly.

"Injurin'. I will not tell yu' about that. It would hurt yu' to hear such things. But hawsses—don't they depend on us? Ain't they somethin' like children? I did not lay up the man very bad. He was able to travel 'most right away. Why, you'd have wanted to kill him yourself!"

So the Virginian talked, nor knew what he was doing to the girl. Nor was she aware of what she was receiving from him as he unwittingly spoke himself out to her in these Browning meetings they held each day. But Mrs. Taylor grew pleased. The kindly dame would sometimes cross the road to see if she were needed, and steal away again after a peep at the window. There, inside, among the restored home treasures, sat the two: the rosy alert girl, sweet as she talked or read to him; and he, the grave, half-weak giant among his wraps, watching her.

Of her delayed home visit he never again spoke, either to her or to Mrs. Taylor; and Molly veered aside from any trend of talk she foresaw was leading toward that subject. But in those hours when no visitors came, and he was by himself in the quiet, he would lie often somberly contemplating the girl's room, her little dainty knick-knacks, her home photographs, all the delicate manifestations of what she came from and what she was. Strength was flowing back into him each day, and Judge Henry's latest messenger had brought him clothes and mail from Sunk Creek and many inquiries of kindness, and returned taking the news of the cow-puncher's improvement, and how soon he would be permitted the fresh air. Hence Molly found him waiting in a flannel shirt of highly becoming shade, and with a silk handkerchief knotted round his throat; and he told her it was good to feel respectable again.

She had come to read to him for the allotted time; and she threw around his shoulders the scarlet and black Navajo blanket, striped with its splendid zigzags of barbarity. Thus he half sat, half leaned, languid but at ease. In his lap lay one of the letters brought over by the messenger; and though she was midway in a book that engaged his full attention—*David Copperfield*—his silence and absent look this morning stopped her, and she accused him of not attending.

"No," he admitted; "I am thinking of something else."

She looked at him with that apprehension which he knew.

"It had to come," said he. "And to-day I see my thoughts straighter than I've been up to managing since—since my haid got clear. And now I must say these thoughts—if I can, if I can!" He stopped. His eyes were intent upon her; one hand was gripping the arm of his chair.

"You promised—" trembled Molly.

"I promised you should love me," he sternly interrupted. "Promised that to myself. I have broken that word."

She shut *David Copperfield* mechanically, and grew white.

"Your letter has come to me hyeh," he continued, gentle again.

"My—" She had forgotten it.

"The letter you wrote to tell me good-by. You wrote it a little while ago—not a month yet, but it's away and away long gone for me."

"I have never let you know—" began Molly.

"The doctor," he interrupted once more, but very gently now, "he gave awdehs I must be kept quiet. I reckon yu' thought tellin' me might——"

"Forgive me!" cried the girl. "Indeed I ought to have told you sooner! Indeed I had no excuse!"

"Why, should yu' tell me if yu' preferred not? You had written. And you speak" (he lifted the letter) "of never being able to repay kindness; but you have turned the tables. I can never repay you by anything! by anything! So I had figured I would just jog back to Sunk Creek and let you get away, if you did not want to say that kind of good-by. For I saw the boxes. Mrs. Taylor is too nice a woman to know the trick of lyin', and she could not deceive me. I have knowed yu' were going away for good ever since I saw those boxes. But now hyeh comes your letter, and it seems no way but I must speak. I have thought a deal, lyin' in this room. And—to-day—I can say what I have thought. I could not make you happy." He stopped, but she did not answer. His voice had grown softer than whispering, but yet was not a whisper. From its quiet syllables she turned away, blinded with sudden tears.

"Once, I thought love must surely be enough," he continued. "And I thought if I could make you love me, you could learn me to be less—less—more your kind. And I think I could give you a pretty good sort of love. But that don't help the little mean pesky things of day by day that make roughness or smoothness for folks tied together so awful close. Mrs. Taylor hyeh—she don't know anything better than Taylor does. She don't want anything he can't give her. Her friends will do for him and his for her. And when I dreamed of you in my home—" he closed his eyes and drew a long breath. At last he looked at her again. "This is no country for a lady. Will yu' forget and forgive the bothering I have done?"

"Oh!" cried Molly. "Oh!" And she put her hands to her eyes. She had risen and stood with her face covered.

"I surely had to tell you this all out, didn't I?" said the cow-puncher, faintly, in his chair.

"Oh!" said Molly again.

"I have put it clear how it is," he pursued. "I ought to have seen from the start I was not the sort to keep you happy."

"But," said Molly—"but I—you ought—please try to keep me happy!" And sinking by his chair, she hid her face on his knees.

Speechless, he bent down and folded her round, putting his hands on the hair that had been always his delight. Presently he whispered:—

"You have beat me; how can I fight this?"

She answered nothing. The Navajo's scarlet and black folds fell over both. Not with words, not even with meeting eyes, did the two plight their troth in this first new hour. So they remained long, the fair head nesting in the great arms, and the black head laid against it, while over the silent room presided the little Grandmother Stark in her frame, rosy, blue, and flaxen, not quite familiar, not quite smiling.

XXVIII

NO DREAM TO WAKE FROM

For a long while after she had left him, he lay still, stretched in his chair. His eyes were fixed steadily upon the open window and the sunshine outside. There he watched the movement of the leaves upon the green cottonwoods. What had she said to him when she went? She had said, "Now I know how unhappy I have been." These sweet words he repeated to himself over and over, fearing in some way that he might lose them. They almost slipped from him at times; but with a jump of his mind he caught them again and held them, —and then——

"I'm not all strong yet," he murmured. "I must have been very sick." And, weak from his bullet wound and fever, he closed his eyes without knowing it. These were the cottonwoods again, waving, waving; and he felt the cool, pleasant air from the window. He saw the light draught stir the ashes in the great stone fireplace. "I have been asleep," he said. "But she was cert'nly here herself. Oh, yes. Surely. She always has to go away every day because the doctor says—why, she was readin'!" he broke off, aloud. "*David Copperfield.*" There it was on the floor. "Aha! nailed you anyway!" he said. "But how scared I am of myself!—You're a fool. Of course it's so. No fever business could make yu' feel like this."

His eye dwelt awhile on the fireplace, next on the deer horns, and next it traveled toward the shelf where her books were; but it stopped before reaching them.

"Better say off the names before I look," said he. "I've had a heap o' misleading visions. And—and supposin'—if this was just my sickness fooling me some more—I'd want to die. I would die! Now we'll see. If *Copperfield* is on the floor" (he looked stealthily to be sure that it was), "then she was readin' to me when everything happened, and then there should be a hole in the book row, top, left. Top, left," he repeated, and warily brought his glance to the place. "Proved!" he cried. "It's all so!"

He now noticed the miniature of Grandmother Stark. "You are awful like her," he whispered. "You're cert'nly awful like her. May I kiss you too, ma'am?"

Then, tottering, he rose from his sick-chair. The Navajo blanket fell from his shoulders, and gradually, experimentally, he stood upright. Helping himself with his hand slowly along the wall of the room, and round to the opposite wall with many a pause, he reached the picture, and very gently touched the forehead of the ancestral dame with his lips. "I promise to make your little girl happy," he whispered.

He almost fell in stooping to the portrait, but caught himself and stood carefully quiet, trembling, and speaking to himself. "Where is your strength?" he demanded. "I reckon it is joy that has unsteadied your laigs."

The door opened. It was she, come back with his dinner.

"My Heavens!" she said; and setting the tray down, she rushed to him. She helped him back to his chair, and covered him again. He had suffered no hurt, but she clung to him; and presently he moved and let himself kiss her with fuller passion.

"I will be good," he whispered.

"You must," she said. "You looked so pale!"

"You are speakin' low like me," he answered. "But we have no dream we can wake from."

Had she surrendered on this day to her cow-puncher, her wild man? Was she forever wholly his? Had the Virginian's fire so melted her heart that no rift in it remained? So she would have thought if any thought had come to her. But in his arms to-day, thought was lost in something more divine.

XXIX

WORD TO BENNINGTON

THEY kept their secret for a while, or at least they had that special joy of believing that no one in all the world but themselves knew this that had happened to them. But I think that there was one person who knew how to keep a secret even better than these two lovers. Mrs. Taylor made no remarks to anyone whatever. Nobody on Bear Creek, however, was so extraordinarily cheerful and serene. That peculiar severity which she had manifested in the days when Molly was packing her possessions, had now altogether changed. In these days she was endlessly kind and indulgent to her "deary." Although, as a housekeeper, Mrs. Taylor believed in punctuality at meals, and visited her offspring with discipline when they were late without good and sufficient excuse, Molly was now exempt from the faintest hint of reprimand.

"And it's not because you're not her mother," said George Taylor, bitterly. "She used to get it, too. And we're the only ones that get it. There she comes, just as we're about ready to quit! Aren't you going to say *nothing* to her?"

"George," said his mother, "when you've saved a man's life it'll be time for you to talk."

So Molly would come in to her meals with much irregularity; and her remarks about the imperfections of her clock met with no rejoinder. And yet one can scarcely be so severe as had been Mrs. Taylor, and become wholly as mild as milk. There was one recurrent event that could invariably awaken hostile symptoms in the dame. Whenever she saw a letter arrive with the Bennington postmark upon it, she shook her fist at that letter.

"What's family pride?" she would say to herself. "Taylor could be a Son of the Revolution if he'd a mind to. I wonder if she has told her folks yet."

And when letters directed to Bennington would go out, Mrs. Taylor would inspect every one as if its envelope ought to grow transparent beneath her eyes, and yield up to her its great secret, if it had one. But in truth these letters had no great secret to yield up, until one day—yes; one day Mrs. Taylor would have burst, were bursting a thing that people often did. Three letters were the cause of this emotion on Mrs. Taylor's part; one addressed to Bennington, one to Dunbarton, and the third—here was the great excitement—to Bennington, but not in the little schoolmarm's delicate writing. A man's hand had traced those plain, steady vowels and consonants.

"It's come!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, at this sight. "He has written to her mother himself."

That is what the Virginian had done, and here is how it had come about.

The sick man's convalescence was achieved. The weeks had brought back to him, not his whole strength yet—that could come only by many miles of open air on the back of Monte; but he was strong enough now to *get* strength. When a patient reaches this stage, he is out of the woods.

He had gone for a little walk with his nurse. They had taken (under the doctor's recommendation) several such little walks, beginning with a five-minute one, and at last to-day accomplishing three miles.

"No, it has not been too far," said he. "I am afraid I could walk twice as far."

"Afraid?"

"Yes. Because it means I can go to work again. This thing we have had together is over."

For reply, she leaned against him.

"Look at you!" he said. "Only a little while ago you had to help me stand on my laigs. And now—" For a while there was silence between them. "I have never had a right down sickness before," he presently went on. "Not to remember, that is. If any person had told me I could *enjoy* such a thing—" He said no more, for she reached up, and no more speech was possible.

"How long has it been?" he next asked her.

She told him.

"Well, if it could be forever—no. Not forever with no more than this. I reckon I'd be sick again! But if it could be forever with just you and me, and no one else to bother with. But any longer would not be doing right by your mother. She would have a right to think ill of me."

"Oh!" said the girl. "Let us keep it."

"Not after I am gone. Your mother must be told."

"It seems so—can't we—oh, why need anybody know?"

"Your mother ain't 'anybody.' She is your mother. I feel mighty responsible to her for what I have done."

"But I did it!"

"Do you think so? Your mother will not think so. I am going to write to her to-day."

"You! Write to my mother! Oh, then everything will be so different! They will all—" Molly stopped before the rising visions of Bennington. Upon the fairy-tale that she had been living with her cow-boy lover broke the voices of the world. She could hear them from afar. She could see the eyes of Bennington watching this man at her side. She could imagine the ears of Bennington listening for slips in his English. There loomed upon her the round of visits which they would have to make. The ringing of the door-bells, the waiting in drawing-rooms for the mistress to descend and utter her prepared congratulations, while her secret eye devoured the Virginian's appearance, and his manner of standing and sitting. He would be wearing gloves, instead of fringed gauntlets of buckskin. In a smooth black coat and waistcoat, how could they perceive the man he was? During those short formal interviews, what would they ever find out of the things that she knew about him? The things for which she was proud of him? He would speak shortly and simply; they would say, "Oh, yes!" and "How different you must find this from Wyoming!"—and then, after the door was shut behind his departing back they would say— He would be totally underrated, not in the least understood. Why should he be subjected to this? He should never be!

Now in all these half-formed, hurried, distressing thoughts which streamed through the girl's mind, she altogether forgot one truth. True it was that the voice of the world would speak as she imagined. True it was that in the eyes of her family and acquaintance this lover of her choice would be examined even more like a *specimen* than are other lovers upon these occasions: and all accepted lovers have to face this ordeal of being treated like specimens by the other family. But dear me! most of us manage to stand it, don't we? It isn't, perhaps, the most delicious experience that we can recall in connection with our engagement. But it didn't prove fatal. We got through it somehow. We dined with Aunt Jane, and wined with Uncle Joseph, and perhaps had two fingers given to us by old Cousin Horatio, whose enormous fortune was of the greatest importance to everybody. And perhaps fragments of the other family's estimate of us subsequently reached our own ears. But if a chosen lover cannot stand being treated as a specimen by the other family, he's a very weak vessel, and not worth any good girl's love. That's all I can say for him.

Now the Virginian was scarcely what even his enemy would term a weak vessel; and Molly's jealousy of the impression which he might make upon Bennington was vastly superfluous. She should have known that he would indeed care to make a good impression; but that such anxiety on his part would be wholly for her sake, that in the eyes of her friends she might stand justified in taking him for her wedded husband. So far as he was concerned apart from her, Aunt Jane and Uncle Joseph might say anything they pleased, or think anything they pleased. His character was open for investigation. Judge Henry would vouch for him.

This is what he would have said to his sweetheart had she but revealed to him her perturbations. But she did not reveal them; and they were not of the order that he with his nature was likely to divine. I do not know what good would have come from her speaking out to him, unless that perfect understanding between lovers which indeed is a good thing. But I do not believe that he could have reassured her; and I am certain that she could not have prevented his writing to her mother.

"Well, then," she sighed at last, "if you think so, I will tell her."

That sigh of hers, be it well understood, was not only because of those far-off voices which the world would in consequence of her news be lifting presently. It came also from bidding farewell to the fairy-tale which she must leave now; that land in which she and he had been living close together alone, unhindered, unmindful of all things.

"Yes, you will tell her," said her lover. "And I must tell her too."

"Both of us?" questioned the girl.

What would he say to her mother? How would her mother like such a letter as he would write to her? Suppose he should misspell a word? Would not sentences from him at this time—written sentences—be a further bar to his welcome acceptance at Bennington?

"Why don't you send messages by me?" she asked him.

He shook his head. "She is not going to like it anyway," he answered. "I must speak to her direct. It would be like shirking."

Molly saw how true his instinct was here; and a little flame shot upward from the glow of her love and pride in him. Oh, if they could all only know that he was like this when you understood him! She did not dare say out to him what her fear was about this letter of his to her mother. She did not dare because—well, because she lacked a little faith. That is it, I am afraid. And for that sin she was her own punishment. For in this day, and in many days to come, the pure joy of her love was vexed and clouded, all through a little lack of faith; while for him, perfect in his faith, his joy was like crystal.

"Tell me what you're going to write," she said. He smiled at her. "No."

"Aren't you going to let me see it when it's done?"

"No." Then a freakish look came into his eyes. "I'll let yu' see anything I write to other women." And he gave her one of his long kisses. "Let's get through with it together," he suggested, when they were once more in his sick-room, that room which she had given to him. "You'll sit one side o' the table, and I'll sit the other, and we'll go ahaid; and pretty soon it will be done."

"O dear!" she said. "Yes, I suppose that is the best way."

And so accordingly, they took their places. The inkstand stood between them. Beside each of them she distributed paper enough, almost, for a presidential message. And pens and pencils were in plenty. Was this not the headquarters of the Bear Creek schoolmarm?

"Why, aren't you going to do it in pencil first?" she exclaimed, looking up from her vacant sheet. His pen was moving slowly, but steadily.

"No, I don't reckon I need to," he answered, with his nose close to the paper. "Oh, damnation, there's a blot!" He tore his spoiled beginning in small bits, and threw them into the fireplace. "You've got it too full," he commented; and taking the inkstand, he tipped a little from it out of the window. She sat lost among her false starts. Had she heard him swear, she would not have minded. She rather liked it when he swore. He possessed that quality in his profanity of not offending by it. It is quite wonderful how much worse the same word will sound in one man's lips than in another's. But she did not hear him. Her mind was among a litter of broken sentences. Each thought which she began ran out into the empty air, or came against some stone wall. So there she sat, her eyes now upon that inexorable blank sheet that lay before her, waiting, and now turned with vacant hopelessness upon the sundry objects in the room. And while she thus sat accomplishing nothing, opposite to her the black head bent down and the steady pen moved from phrase to phrase.

She became aware of his gazing at her, flushed and solemn. That strange colour of the sea-water, which she could never name, was lustrous in his eyes. He was folding his letter.

"You have finished?" she said.

"Yes." His voice was very quiet. "I feel like an honester man."

"Perhaps I can do something to-night at Mrs. Taylor's," she said, looking at her paper.

On it were a few words crossed out. This was all she had to show. At this set task in letter-writing, the cow-puncher had greatly excelled the schoolmarm!

But that night, while he lay quite fast asleep in his bed, she was keeping vigil in her room at Mrs. Taylor's.

Accordingly, the next day, those three letters departed for the mail, and Mrs. Taylor consequently made her exclamation, "It's come!"

On the day before the Virginian returned to take up his work at Judge Henry's ranch, he and Molly announced their news. What Molly said to Mrs. Taylor and what Mrs. Taylor said to her, is of no interest to us, though it was of much to them.

But Mr. McLean happened to make a call quite early in the morning to inquire for his friend's health.

"Lin," began the Virginian, "there is no harm in your knowing an hour or so before the rest. I am——"

"Lord!" said Mr. McLean, indulgently. "Everybody has knowed that since the day she found yu' at the spring."

"It was not so, then," said the Virginian, crossly.

"Lord! Everybody has knowed it right along."

"Hmp!" said the Virginian. "I didn't know this country was that rank with gossips."

Mr. McLean laughed mirthfully at the lover. "Well," he said, "Mrs. McLean will be glad. She told me to give yu' her congratulations quite a while ago. I was to have 'em ready just as soon as ever yu' asked for 'em yourself." Lin had been made a happy man some twelve months previous to this. And now, by way of an exchange of news, he added: "We're expectin' a little McLean down on Box Elder. That's what you'll be expectin' some of these days, I hope."

"Yes," murmured the Virginian, "I hope so too."

"And I don't guess," said Lin, "that you and I will do much shufflin' of other folks' children any more."

Whereupon he and the Virginian shook hands silently, and understood each other very well.

On the day that the Virginian parted with Molly, beside the weight of farewell which lay heavy on his heart, his thoughts were also grave with news. The cattle thieves had grown more audacious. Horses and cattle both were being missed, and each man began almost to doubt his neighbour.

"Steps will have to be taken soon by somebody, I reckon," said the lover.

"By you?" she asked quickly.

"Most likely I'll get mixed up with it."

"What will you have to do?"

"Can't say. I'll tell yu' when I come back."

So did he part from her, leaving her more kisses than words to remember.

And what was doing at Bennington, meanwhile, and at Dunbarton? Those three letters which by their mere outside had so moved Mrs. Taylor, produced by their contents much painful disturbance.

It will be remembered that Molly wrote to her mother, and to her great-aunt. That announcement to her mother was undertaken first. Its composition occupied three hours and a half, and it filled eleven pages, not counting a postscript upon the twelfth. The letter to the great-aunt took only ten minutes. I cannot pretend to explain why this one was so greatly superior to the other; but such is the remarkable fact. Its beginning, to be sure, did give the old lady a start; she had dismissed the cow-boy from her probabilities.

"Tut, tut, tut!" she exclaimed out loud

in her bedroom. "She has thrown herself away on that fellow!"

But some sentences at the end made her pause and sit still for a long while. The severity upon her face changed to tenderness gradually. "Ah, me," she sighed. "If marriage were as simple as love!" Then she went slowly downstairs, and out into her garden, where she walked long between the box borders. "But if she has found a great love," said the old lady at length. And she returned to her bedroom, and opened an old desk, and read some old letters.

There came to her the next morning a communication from Bennington. This had been penned frantically by poor Mrs. Wood. As soon as she had been able to gather her senses after the shock of her daughter's eleven pages and the postscript, the mother had poured out eight pages herself to the eldest member of the family. There had been, indeed, much excuse for the poor lady. To begin with, Molly had constructed her whole opening page with the express and merciful intention of preparing her mother. Consequently, it made no sense whatever. Its effect was the usual effect of remarks designed to break a thing gently. It merely made Mrs. Wood's head swim, and filled her with a sickening dread. "Oh, mercy, Sarah," she had cried, "come here. What does this mean?" And then, fortified by her elder daughter, she had turned over that first page and found what it meant on top of the second. "A savage with knives and pistols!" she wailed. "Well, mother, I always told you so," said her daughter Sarah. "What is a foreman?" exclaimed the mother. "And who is Judge Henry?" "She has taken a sort of upper servant," said Sarah. "If it is allowed to go as far as a wedding, I doubt if I can bring myself to be present." (This threat she proceeded to make to Molly, with results that shall be set forth in their proper place.) "The man appears to have written to me himself," said Mrs. Wood. "He knows no better," said Sarah. "Bosh!" said Sarah's husband later. "It was a very manly thing to do." Thus did consternation rage in the house at Bennington. Molly might have spared herself the many assurances that she gave concerning the universal esteem in which her cow-puncher was held, and the fair prospects which were his. So, in the first throes of her despair, Mrs. Wood wrote those eight not maturely considered pages to the great-aunt.

"Tut, tut, tut!" said the great-aunt as she read them. Her face was much more severe to-day. "You'd suppose," she said, "that the girl had been kidnapped! Why, she has kept him waiting three years!" And then she read more, but soon put the letter down with laughter. For Mrs. Wood had repeated in writing that early outburst of hers about a savage with knives and pistols. "Law!" said the great-aunt. "Law, what a fool Lizzie is!"

So she sat down and wrote to Mrs. Wood a wholesome reply about putting a little more trust in her own flesh and blood, and reminding her among other things that General Stark had himself been wont to carry knives and pistols owing to the necessities of his career, but that he had occasionally taken them off, as did probably this young man in Wyoming. "You had better send me the letter he has written you," she concluded. "I shall know much better what to think after I have seen that."

It is not probable that Mrs. Wood got much comfort from this communication; and her daughter Sarah was actually enraged by it. "She grows more perverse as she nears her dotage," said Sarah. But the Virginian's letter was sent to Dunbarton, where the old lady sat herself down to read it with much attention.

Here is what the Virginian had said to the unknown mother of his sweetheart.

MRS. JOHN STARK WOOD,
  Bennington, Vermont.

MADAM: If your daughter Miss Wood has ever told you about her saving a man's life here when some Indians had shot him that is the man who writes to you now. I don't think she can have told you right about that affair for she is the only one in this country who thinks it was a little thing. So I must tell you it, the main points. Such an action would have been thought highly of in a Western girl, but with Miss Wood's raising nobody had a right to expect it.

"Indeed!" snorted the great-aunt. "Well, he would be right, if I had not had a good deal more to do with her 'raising' than ever Lizzie had." And she went on with the letter.

I was starting in to die when she found me. I did not know anything then, and she pulled me back from where I was half in the next world. She did not know but what Indians would get her too but I could not make her leave me. I am a heavy man one hundred and seventy-three stripped when in full health. She lifted me herself from the ground me helping scarce any for there was not much help in me that day. She washed my wound and brought me to with her own whiskey. Before she could get me home I was out of my head but she kept me on my horse somehow and talked wisely to me so I minded her and did not go clean crazy till she had got me safe to bed. The doctor says I would have died all the same if she had not nursed me the way she did. It made me love her more which I did not know I could. But there is no end, for this writing it down makes me love her more as I write it.

And now Mrs. Wood I am sorry this will be bad news for you to hear. I know you would never choose such a man as I am for her for I have got no education and must write humble against my birth. I wish I could make the news easier but truth is the best.

I am of old stock in Virginia English and one Scotch Irish grandmother my father's father brought from Kentucky. We have always stayed at the same place farmers and hunters not bettering our lot and very plain. We have fought when we got the chance, under Old Hickory and in Mexico and my father and two brothers were killed in the Valley sixty-four. Always with us one son has been apt to run away and I was the one this time. I had too much older brothering to suit me. But now I am doing well being in full sight of prosperity and not too old and very strong my health having stood the sundries it has been put through. She shall teach school no more when she is mine. I wish I could make this news easier for you Mrs. Wood. I do not like promises I have heard so many. I will tell any man of your family anything he likes to ask me, and Judge Henry would tell you about my reputation. I have seen plenty rough things but can say I have never killed for pleasure or profit and am not one of that kind, always preferring peace. I have had to live in places where they had courts and lawyers so called but an honest man was all the law you could find in five hundred miles. I have not told her about those things not because I am ashamed of them but there are so many things too dark for a girl like her to hear about.

I had better tell you the way I know I love Miss Wood. I am not a boy now, and women are no new thing to me. A man like me who has traveled meets many of them as he goes and passes on but I stopped when I came to Miss Wood. That is three years but I have not gone on. What right has such as he? you will say. So did I say it after she had saved my life. It was hard to get to that point and keep there with her around me all day. But I said to myself you have bothered her for three years with your love and if you let your love bother her you don't love her like you should and you must quit for her sake who has saved your life. I did not know what I was going to do with my life after that but I supposed I could go somewhere and work hard and so Mrs. Wood I told her I would give her up. But she said no. It is going to be hard for her to get used to a man like me——

But at this point in the Virginian's letter, the old great-aunt could read no more. She rose, and went over to that desk where lay those faded letters of her own. She laid her head down upon the package, and as her tears flowed quietly upon it, "O dear," she whispered, "O dear! And this is what I lost!"

To her girl upon Bear Creek she wrote the next day. And this word from Dunbarton was like balm among the harsh stings Molly was receiving. The voices of the world reached her in gathering numbers, and not one of them save that great-aunt's was sweet. Her days were full of hurts; and there was no one by to kiss the hurts away. Nor did she even hear from her lover any more now. She only knew he had gone into lonely regions upon his errand.

That errand took him far:—

Across the Basin, among the secret places of Owl Creek, past the Washakie Needles, over the Divide to Gros Ventre, and so through a final barrier of peaks into the borders of East Idaho. There, by reason of his bidding me, I met him, and came to share in a part of his errand.

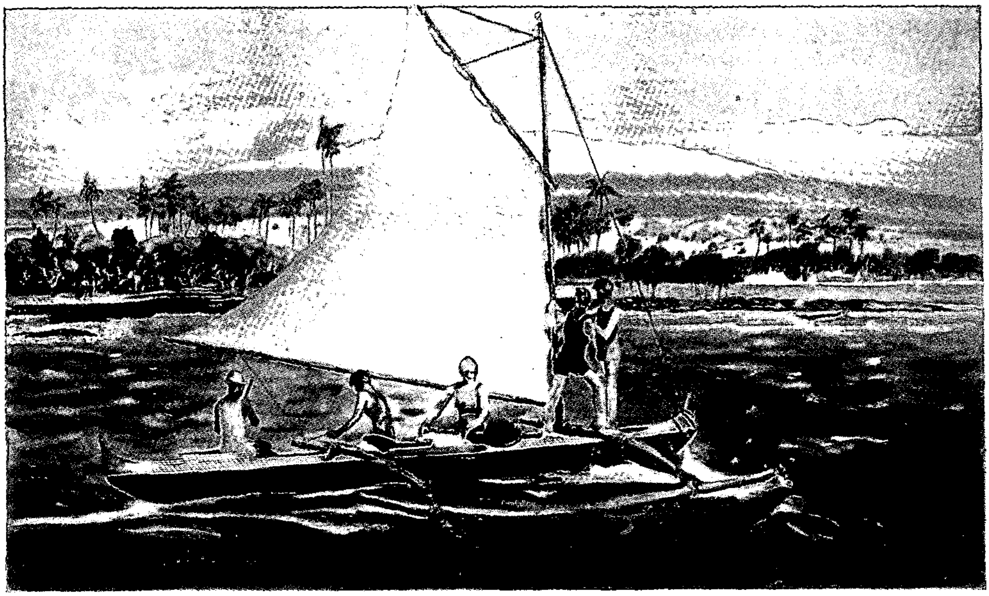
It was with no guide that I traveled to him. He had named a little station on the railroad, and from thence he had charted my route by means of landmarks. Did I believe in omens, the black storm that I set out in upon my horse would seem like one to-day. But I had been living in cities and smoke; and Idaho, even with rain, was delightful to me.

(*To be continued*)

Experience

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE lords of life, the lords of life,—
I saw them pass
In their own guise,
Like and unlike,
Portly and grim,—
Use and Surprise,
Surface and Dream,
Succession swift and spectral Wrong,
Temperament without a tongue,
And the inventor of the game
Omnipresent without name;—
Some to see, some to be guessed,
They marched from east to west;
Little man, least of all,
Among the legs of his guardians tall
Walked about with puzzled look:
Him by the hand dear Nature took,
Dearest Nature strong and kind,
Whispered, "Darling, never mind!
To-morrow they will wear another face,
The founder thou; these are thy race!"



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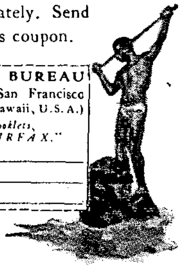

Hawaii

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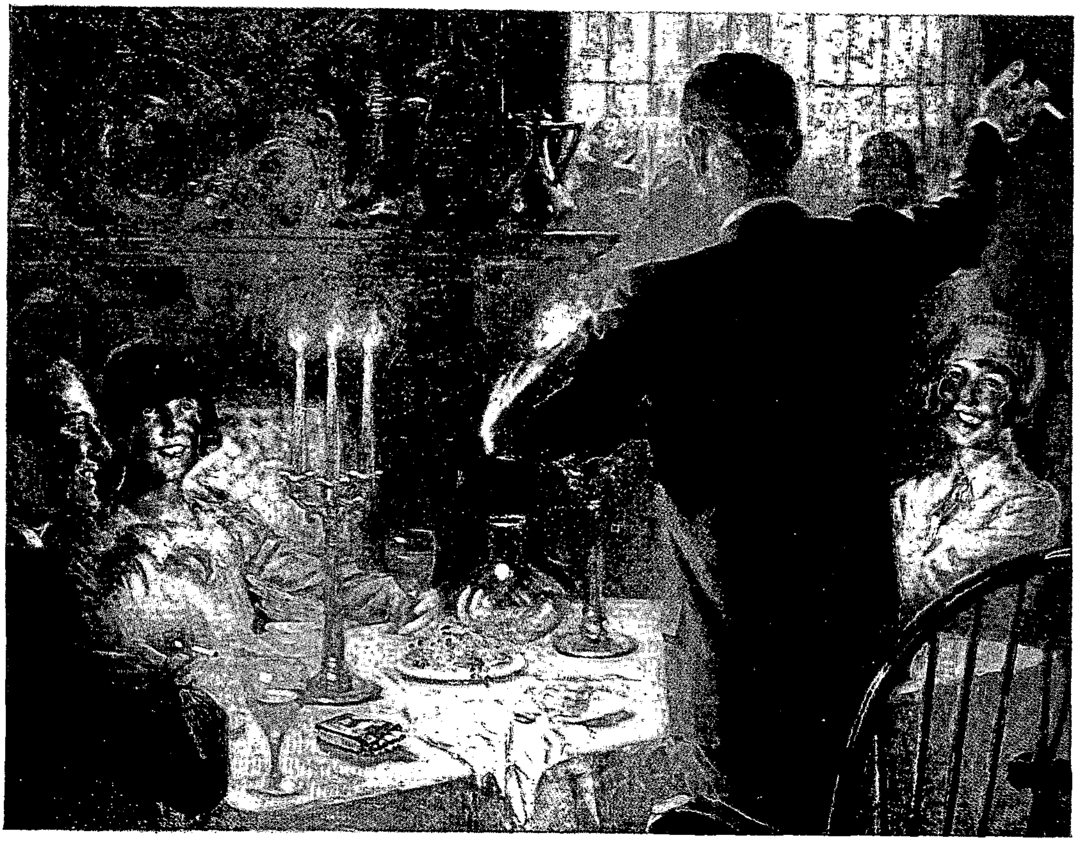

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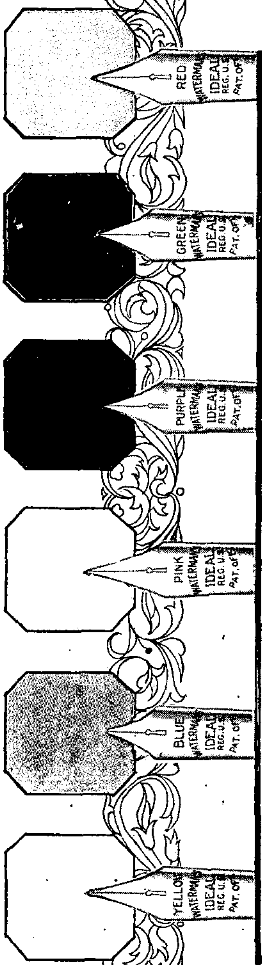
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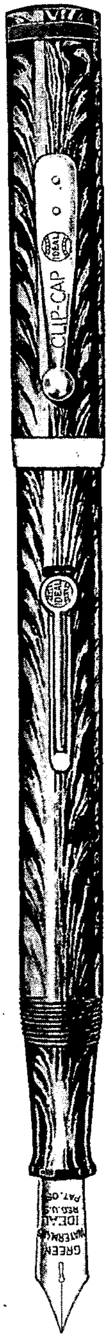
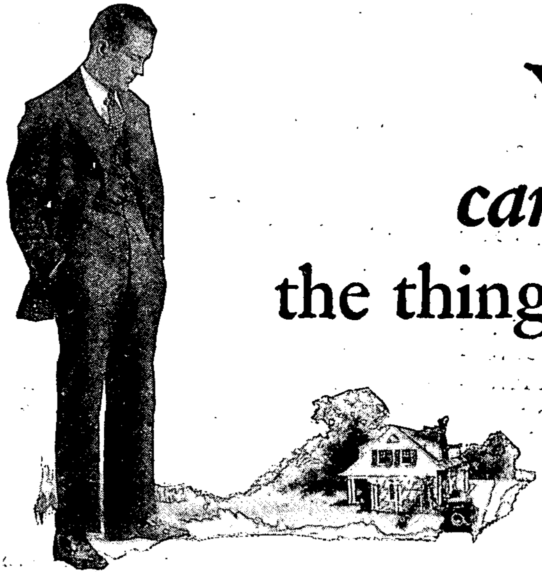
Beautiful, resilient *Ripple* stainless rubber holder. Made with protective lip-guard and an unequaled patented filling device.


CLIP-CAP
IDEAL
GREEN
WATERMAN'S
IDEAL
REG. U.S.
PAT. OFF.

Waterman's



You can have the things you want!

Every man wants to leave a sufficient income to his wife and children to keep them out of want always. Read this page. It tells how you can do this — and many other things you want to do.

YOU HAVE no interest in death. You dislike the thought of it. You don't want to talk about it. Your interest is in *life*. In success. In getting the things you want. In having the most possible fun while you live, with the least worry. Most of all, probably, you want happiness and security for your wife, and success for your children.

There is a way to secure every one of these things.

Ours is an old insurance company with a new idea. This new idea is explained in a remarkable little book called "How to Get the Things You Want." Some of the subjects which it covers are listed at the bottom of this page; the convenient coupon will bring it to your home without any obligation or cost.

Read the list. These are the things you want, aren't they? The booklet tells how to get them. If you need further information after reading it, a Phoenix Mutual Counselor will be glad to be of service to you. You will find him a very unusual man. He is competent to help and advise you, for he has had long years of practical experience or he has been through an intensive course of training in our service school at Hartford. His whole idea of life insurance is to put the emphasis on the *life*—on the things that make for more fun in living, for freedom from worry, for larger success.

Pick out the things you want to get, and the booklet will show you how to get them. Send for it *today*.

PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office: Hartford, Conn. . . *First Policy Issued* 1851

TO GET THESE . . . . MAIL THIS

Here are just a few of the things you can do under the Phoenix Mutual Plan:

1. Retire with an income when you are 60 or 65.
2. Leave your home free of debt.
3. Send your children to college.
4. Create an estate.
5. Make sure your income will go on even though you become totally disabled.
6. Leave an income for your family.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
304 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book, "How to Get the Things You Want."

NAME...DATE OF BIRTH.................

BUSINESS ADDRESS..

HOME ADDRESS..

CITY...STATE.................

HOW TO BUY INVESTMENTS

THIS is a "how to" story—how to buy bonds and how to buy stocks.

Bonds and stocks are just like other merchandise. You don't buy shoes at a factory; you buy through an intermediary merchant. Investment bankers are merchants who deal in investment securities. Some bankers are also manufacturers. They are the originating houses. Hundreds of "dealers" (merchants) sell the securities for them. On the other hand, some of these merchant-dealers are brokers only. They do not carry any merchandise of their own, but pick and choose in the investment market for their customers on a commission basis.

One of the great questions is whether it is better for an investor to ally himself with a large issuing house or one of its dealers, or with several dealers, rather than with any one, or to rely on a broker who has no particular relationship to the original sources of securities. Included in this latter merchant-broker type is the newer investment counsel, who is neither a broker nor a banker. This is each investor's most important problem and he solves it as he thinks best for himself.

You need either a bond merchant or a bond broker to begin with. You locate him in the same way you find a reliable jeweler. You are going to make a considerable investment in a watch or a diamond and you want to be sure to buy from a merchant whose word means something. You don't deal with someone who just happens along. It's the same in buying bonds and stocks. One's investments are too important to risk with any house which is not well and favorably known. This is the point Judge Gary stressed in his will. The first step, then, is to select a bond house which is well and favorably known. In dealing with a merchant-salesman when he calls on you, put it up to him to establish the "well and favorably known" part in your mind. Don't hesitate to do some of the talking. How long has the house been in business? Does it belong to the Investment Bankers Association of America? After the salesman establishes his position, then you buy by the old-fashioned way of selecting your merchandise with some native intelligence and paying the price.

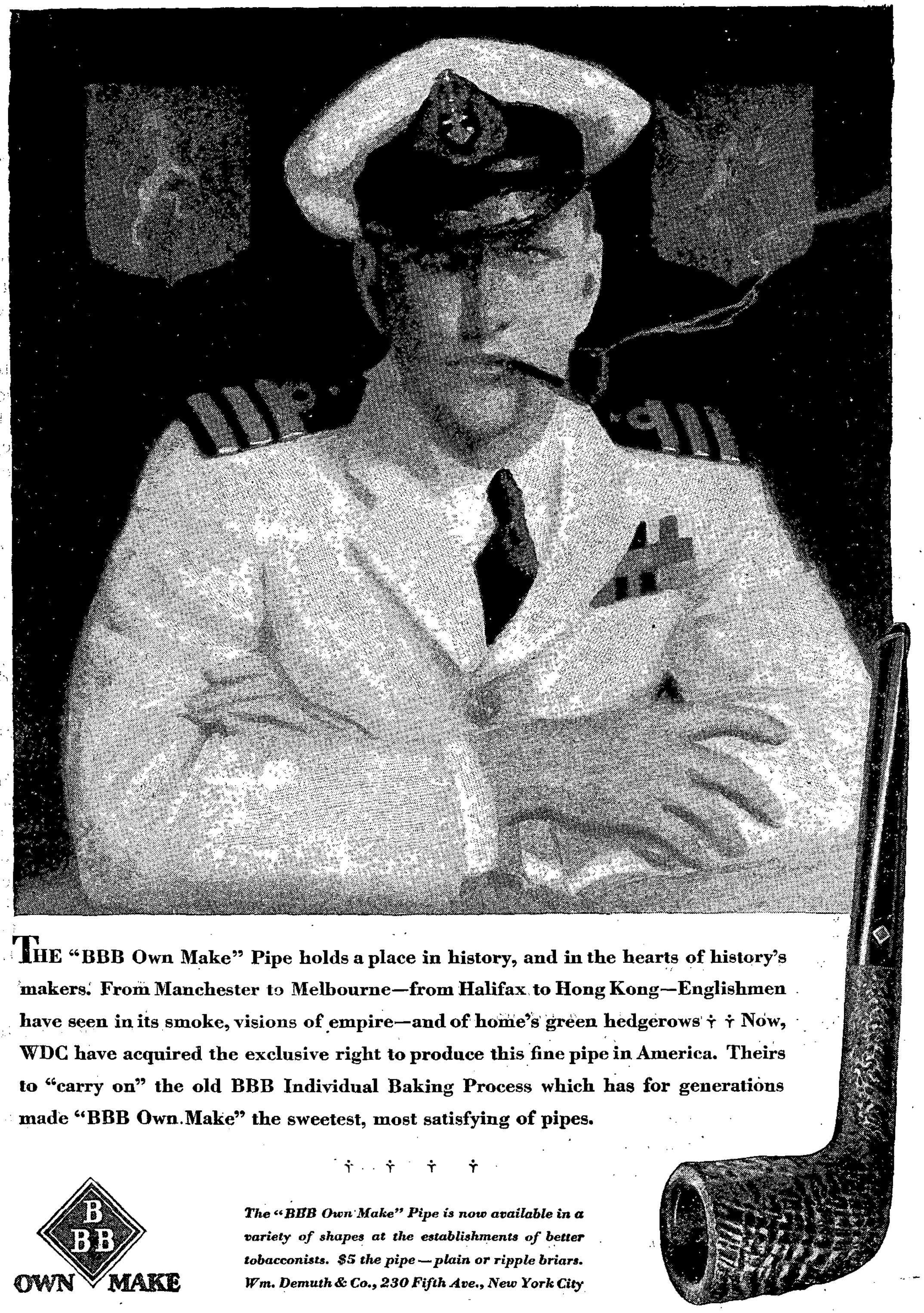
In buying stocks, there should be still greater vigilance and even more intelligence. Here you are becoming a partner in an enterprise. In buying a concern's bonds, they owe you money. In buying their stock, you just become a co-owner, with the chance of sharing their prosperity, if any, if and when the directors decide to disburse profits. Some have a long dividend-paying record. Ask about that. The more serious questions you ask about stocks the safer you are.

The question of from whom to buy stocks is more important than from whom to buy bonds. Your merchant in this case should be a member of the New York Stock Exchange, as well as of the Investment Bankers Association; at least, one or the other. Out of some 700 houses in the Investment Bankers Association and the 600 odd firms in the New York Stock Exchange one should always be able to find a proper and agreeable bond and stock merchant. The more there are in these two organizations the better it is for investors. Such houses are under more or less control, and that is what firms which don't "belong" are not. There are exceptions in everything, and in this case we know there are exceptions, but in general, investors cannot be too careful. Most of the time they are not "hard boiled" enough.

A study of bank and investment advertisements in this magazine will assist investors in selecting reliable sources of good securities.

No. 3 in this series will be "Selling Investments"

"CARRYING ON"



THE "BBB Own Make" Pipe holds a place in history, and in the hearts of history's makers. From Manchester to Melbourne—from Halifax to Hong Kong—Englishmen have seen in its smoke, visions of empire—and of home's green hedgerows ϯ ϯ Now, WDC have acquired the exclusive right to produce this fine pipe in America. Theirs to "carry on" the old BBB Individual Baking Process which has for generations made "BBB Own Make" the sweetest, most satisfying of pipes.

ϯ ϯ ϯ ϯ

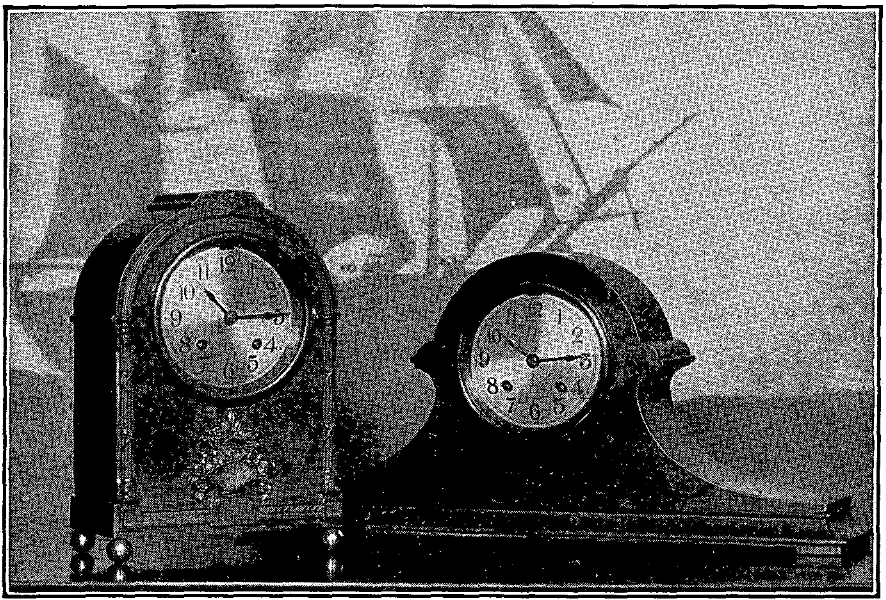
B BB
OWN MAKE

The "BBB Own Make" Pipe is now available in a variety of shapes at the establishments of better tobacconists. $5 the pipe—plain or ripple briars. Wm. Demuth & Co., 230 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE to our advertisers.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLOCKS AFLOAT AND ASHORE



An Adam cabinet clock and the Tambour clock—both of statuary bronze

SHIPS' clocks must be accurate under all conditions and in all positions. Moreover, on ocean liners going eastward, they must be moved forward every twenty-four hours to allow for the changing time, and retarded when the boat is moving westward. Chelsea clocks are accurately built to meet these trying circumstances. The clocks for home use are made just the same—all of the jeweled lever type. Placed on an uneven or level surface, a Chelsea Clock keeps accurate time year after year.

Chelsea Clocks are found in a variety of designs suitable for every type of home and room. A wedding present or a Christmas gift of a Chelsea Clock gives lasting pleasure. Ask to see them at the best jewelers in your city, or write us for descriptive folders.

CHELSEA CLOCKS

Timekeepers of the sea

Chelsea Clock Company
Boston, Massachusetts

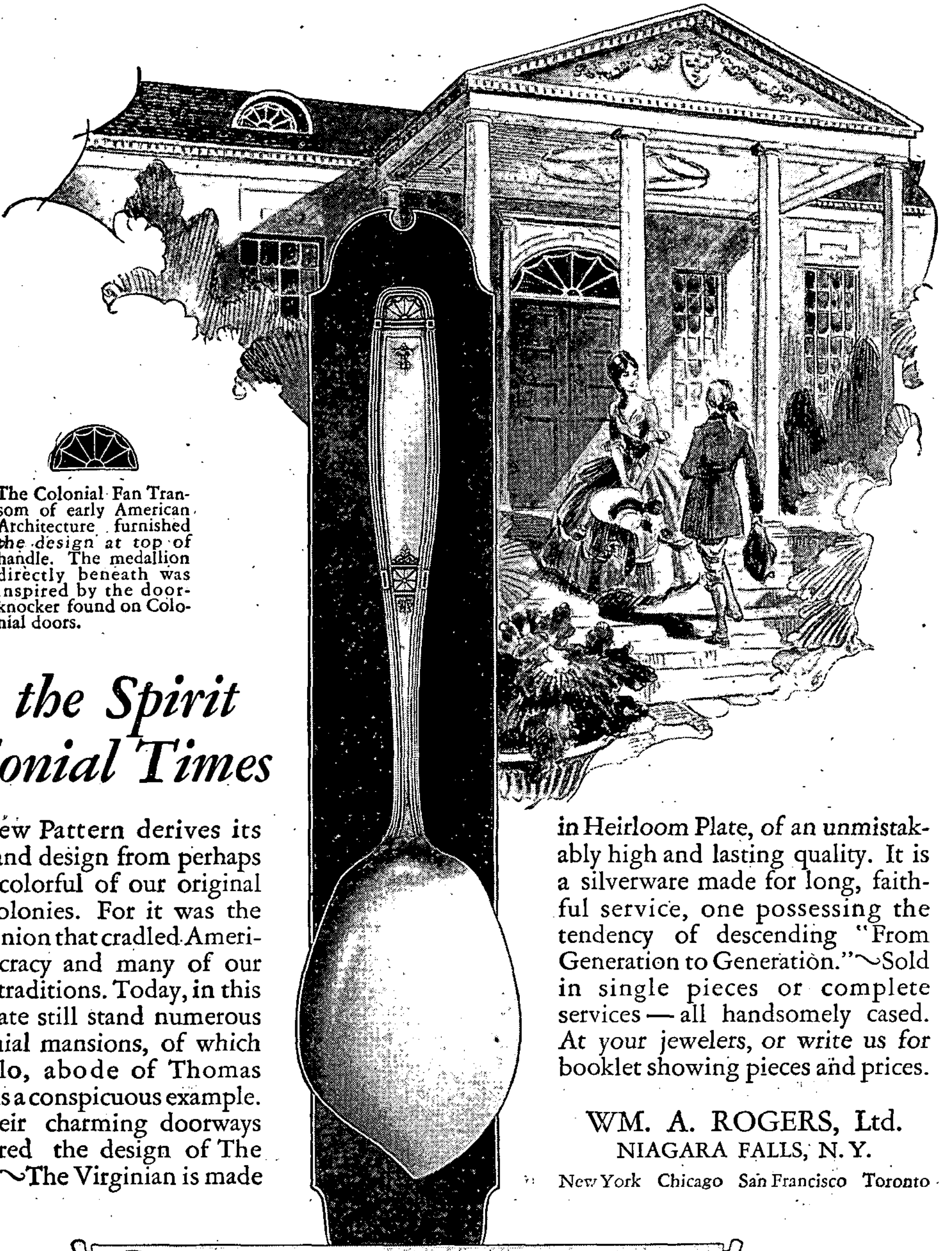
A. I. Hall & Son, Inc.
Wholesale Sales Agents

Makers of House
and Marine Clocks

San Francisco, Cal.
for the Pacific Coast

WITH OLD VIRGINIAN LOVELINESS

The Colonial Fan Transom of early American Architecture furnished the design at top of handle. The medallion directly beneath was inspired by the door-knocker found on Colonial doors.



In the Spirit of Colonial Times

THIS new Pattern derives its name and design from perhaps the most colorful of our original thirteen colonies. For it was the Old Dominion that cradled American aristocracy and many of our cherished traditions. Today, in this famous State still stand numerous old Colonial mansions, of which Monticello, abode of Thomas Jefferson, is a conspicuous example. It was their charming doorways that inspired the design of The Virginian. ⁓The Virginian is made in Heirloom Plate, of an unmistakably high and lasting quality. It is a silverware made for long, faithful service, one possessing the tendency of descending "From Generation to Generation."⁓Sold in single pieces or complete services — all handsomely cased. At your jewelers, or write us for booklet showing pieces and prices.

WM. A. ROGERS, Ltd.
NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.
New York Chicago San Francisco Toronto

The VIRGINIAN Pattern

By the makers of

Heirloom Plate

From Generation to Generation

MUSIC AND RADIO

Record Season Ahead In Music and Entertainment

IN many ways the winter months just ahead promise to set new records in musical entertainment, private as well as public.

Greater numbers than ever before will participate in the study of music and of musical instruments. But greater still will be the increase in the multitude of appreciative listeners to the best in music as produced by others.

In connection with the latter, the radio as well as the phonograph and other reproducing instruments, will play a larger part than ever before.

There can be no question as to the service the phonograph has rendered in the past in behalf of fine music, nor of the still greater service it is rendering to-day with greatly improved tonal qualities, delighting even the most critical.

Even more pronounced has been the rapid improvement both in the broadcasting and in the reception of worth while music by radio. The first modest programs have given way to more and more elaborate ones, enlisting the finest musical talent, and delivered by powerful transmission right to the door-step of the listener-in.

This is one of the reasons why, in this nation of music-lovers, radio receivers have already been installed in more than six million homes with other millions earnestly considering purchase in the near future.

Not only have broadcasting programs and methods been greatly improved, but receiving equipment as well—improvement in tonal qualities, in ease of operation, in reliability, in attractiveness of design and appearance.

No longer is the radio an unsightly junk pile with batteries and parts exposed, but a piece of modern living-room furniture. Encasements are provided that are noteworthy specimens of the cabinet-maker's art, and that leave nothing further to be desired in the way of attractive appearance.

Receiving sets that are operated direct from the electric-light socket are making rapid progress and gaining more and more in favor. Battery-operated sets, however, still produce excellent results and continue to share in the general demand.

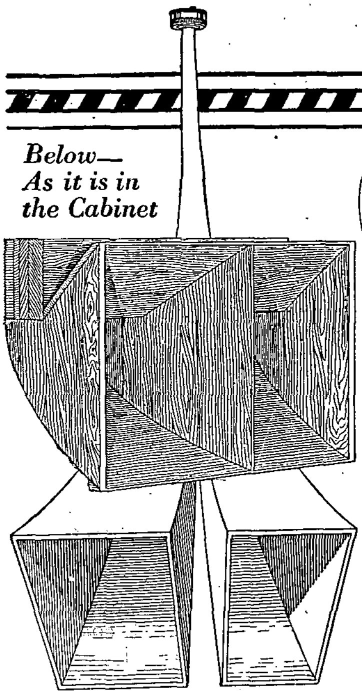
Improvements and refinements, having reached their present advanced stage, there is no longer the tendency to expect revolutionary changes in the models available, and the general public is being guided accordingly.

If the radio did no more than merely help to carry fine music into the home it would still be rendering a service of great value. For the musical taste of radio listeners today is very much higher than is commonly supposed. According to the results of a recent and widely circulated questionnaire among radio listeners, out of a total of nearly 80,000 votes for fifty composers, Beethoven received the most votes, Schubert ranked second, and Victor Herbert third. The next in order were Richard Wagner, Felix Mendelssohn, Fritz Kreisler, Franz Liszt and Charles Gounod. Johann Strauss, the Vienna waltz-master, ranked fifteenth. Equally significant was the vote on favorite musical compositions and the fact, too, that for every one who voted for jazz there were more than four who voted against.

It is not surprising therefore to be assured that the music to be broadcast this season from the leading stations will fully meet the increasing demand throughout America for the very best that music has to offer.

POOLEY
RADIO CABINETS
for
ATWATER KENT
RADIO

Below—
As it is in
the Cabinet



Above—As it would look if extended in a straight line

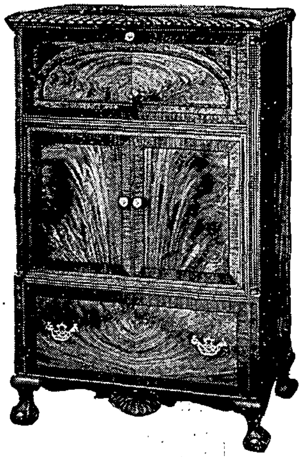
The New POOLEY Double Horn Speaker

(Patented)

The drawings to the left picture the speaker as it is in the cabinet and as it would look if extended in a straight line. It is a true exponential horn, 60 inches long, with two amplifying chambers; one builds up the deepest bass notes, the other, the treble. Result—a volume, clarity and truth of tone surpassing anything radio science has yet developed.

Model 2800-R-1

Hand-carved Colonial. New built-in Pooley double horn (patented) with special Atwater Kent reproducing unit	$250
With Atwater Kent Model 30 Receiver	$320
With Atwater Kent Model 33 Receiver	$330
With Atwater Kent Model 32 Receiver	$360
With Atwater Kent Model 50 Receiver	$400



Full voiced ◆◆◆ *with the* POOLEY *double horn*

POOLEY tone is not an accident. It is an achievement—for the new Pooley double horn was worked out according to the laws of acoustics. The tone is rich, full, complete, lending radio a new satisfaction to musical ears. The Pooley Radio Cabinets that house the double horn are triumphs of the cabinet maker's art.

> ***Read what Mr. Kent says:***
> "The Pooley Radio Cabinet is approved for Atwater Kent Radio because of the design and quality of Pooley cabinet work and because of the tone qualities of the Pooley built-in floating horn. Both meet the standards we set and maintain for Atwater Kent Receivers and Speakers."
> (*signed*) A. ATWATER KENT

Write today for special folder telling all about the new Pooley double horn and the cabinets that contain it.

THE POOLEY COMPANY, 1604 Indiana Ave., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Prices quoted are less tubes and power equipment. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies, in Inter-Mountain States and Canada. Canadian Pooley Radio Cabinets are manufactured by Malcolm & Hill, Ltd., Kitchener, Canada.

Please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE to our advertisers.

FOR YOU, AND YOUR CHILDREN

A HAPPIER, richer life, with popularity, social preferment, and an abiding inner joy opens before those who can express themselves in music. With a Straube piano you encourage talent, add interest to music study, provide a constant source of musical satisfaction. Sizes for every home. The new Sonata Grand is only four feet four inches long, yet, because of duplex overstringing, has the string length of pianos a foot larger.

Straube instruments are nationally advertised and nationally priced from $385 up. Send for catalog and paper floor pattern.

Straube Piano Co., 1103 Manila Ave., Hammond, Ind.

Straube

GRANDS – PLAYERS – UPRIGHTS
REPRODUCING GRANDS

Look Inside the Piano for this Trade-Mark

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS
NEW YORK
STANDARD
TRADE MARK

The Sign of the World's Standard Piano Action

Choose a Piano
With This Action

QUALITY in the piano action means quality in the piano. For the piano action is the very heart of the instrument! Manufacturers who build worthy pianos are fully aware of the importance of using a fine piano action to match the quality of their instruments. For this reason, leading American makers have used the Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action for upward of half a century.

Because it is the world's highest-priced piano action, the Wessell, Nickel & Gross action is naturally found in the better-grade instruments. Music lovers everywhere, realizing the significance of these facts, are insisting upon the Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action.

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS
Established 1874 New York City

When you Buy an Upright, Grand, Player or Reproducing Piano— Insist on the Wessell, Nickel & Gross Piano Action.

Are You Keeping Your Back Numbers of the GOLDEN BOOK?

More than any other magazine, a complete file of the Golden Book is worthy of a permanent place on the library shelves, because only the enduring writings of the world's Greatest Masters are selected for preservation in this convenient form. Ever since the publication of the first number letters have been received by the editor suggesting the importance of providing a way to build up a real library of classics out of the current issues. Little could be done with the first volume because the publisher's supplies were soon exhausted. But we have two plans for the succeeding volumes.

Plan I $2.50 Send us your back numbers of the six issues, with check for $2.50. We will exchange them for a bound volume from new sheets containing the same issues. The binding is a high-grade green cloth with dignified gold stamping. Imagine the value of a series of such volumes on your bookshelves.

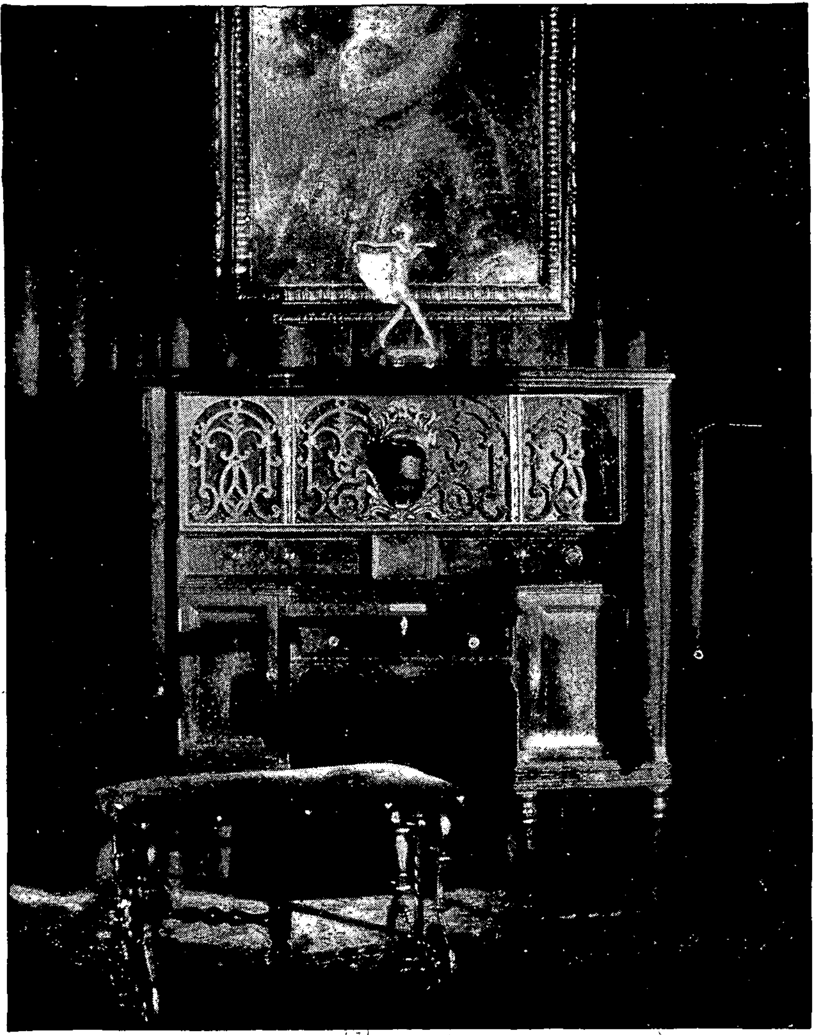
Plan II $3.00 We have made an adjustable binder suitable for holding six numbers. You can place them in the binder yourself, remove them and change them from time to time. The device is simple and easy to handle. The material used for this binder is more durable than cloth, looks like leather and harmonizes with your most costly bindings. The cost is only $3.00 for each 6 issue binder. The advantage of this method is that you can preserve 6 issues and later if you wish replace them with 6 more. You can add other binders and keep the whole series for years and years.

***Everyone wants to keep the Golden Book,* the magazine which never grows old or out of date.**

GOLDEN BOOK BOUND VOLUME DEPT.

55 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

ZENITH TRADE MARK REG.
→LONG DISTANCE← RADIO
TRADE MARK REG.



THE FIRST 10-TUBE ELECTRIC

The beautiful tonal quality of Zenith radio is matched by the artistry of Zenith cabinets. Here, indeed, is the fine radio that your home deserves. Zenith from the beginning has concentrated on musical instruments of the highest quality. The model shown is an authentic English 10-Tube Electric requiring no batteries—no antenna—no loop. It contains a power speaker giving fine tone quality, volume and modulation.

Western United States prices slightly higher. Licensed only for Radio amateur, experimental and broadcast reception

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, 3612 IRON STREET, CHICAGO

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE RADIO • 16 MODELS • 3 DIFFERENT CIRCUITS
6, 8 AND 10 TUBES • • • • BATTERY OR ELECTRIC • • • • ANTENNA OR LOOP • • • • $100 TO $2500

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

Contains announcements of reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers, and other financial institutions. Inquiry is made concerning the institutions advertising under this heading, and none of questionable character is accepted. When writing to these institutions please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK.

THE INVESTMENT BUREAU *offers a free expert service to our readers. All letters are considered personal and confidential, and are carefully answered by mail. Address:* INVESTMENT BUREAU, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Adventures in Investing

[TO READERS: *We shall be glad to publish (and pay for at regular rates) any interesting narratives of actual adventures in investing. Names of people may be fictitious, but the facts must be exact. Tell the precise securities bought; what was paid for them, the reasons which decided you to make the purchase,—and what happened. Mistakes are often as illuminating as successes. Address* EDITOR, "THE GOLDEN BOOK."]

A Professional Man's Investments

WHEN I first took over a professional brother's practice the matters of investment concerned me little. My practice claimed my every moment; besides, my training had taken every dollar I possessed. Gradually, however, my practice grew, and at the end of some years I found that I had accumulated a trifle over twenty-three thousand dollars.

At this time I became dissatisfied with the modest return of 3 per cent. allowed by the bank, and looked around for a larger return. Fortunately for me, one of my patients was a banker. He informed me that my need was solid safety combined with a fair yield. Acting on his advice I purchased the following securities:

$7,000	American Gas and Electric Deb. 6's	99½
2,500	Public Service Corp. of New Jersey Sec. 5½'s	99
5,000	Brooklyn Edison Gen. 5's	100
500	Sun Oil Deb. 5½'s	100¼
3,000	Ambassador Hotel First Mortgage 6's	100
1,000	Carleton Apartments First Mortgage 7's	100
2,000	Floridian Hotel First Mortgage 6½'s	100

I promptly placed these in my safe deposit box and forgot all about them. Some time passed; I received my interest regularly, and was satisfied with my investments. Then, imagine my discomfiture when I learned that the issuing house of some of my real-estate bonds had gone bankrupt!

In alarm I rushed to my adviser to see what I could save from the seeming wreck. He replied to my questions with a quizzical gleam in his eye.

"My dear Doctor," he said, "the buildings securing your bonds are still standing, are they not?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"You have received your interest to date?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, Doctor," he went on, "the affairs of the bankrupt firm have been taken over by another company. Your bonds are as safe as the day you bought them."

That was three years ago. During that time I promptly received my interest on the real-estate bonds and have not regretted holding on to them. I still buy real-estate bonds, by the way, and have not lost one penny from my investments.

The market quotations on my securities at present (August, 1927) are:

American Gas & Electric Deb. 6's	105
Public Service Corp. of New Jersey Sec. 5½'s	104¼
Brooklyn Edison Gen. 5's	106½
Sun Oil Deb. 5½'s	103

My real-estate bonds are not listed, so I cannot give you their quotations, but I can always borrow up to 90 per cent. of their par at the bank.

I. E.

He Invests A Third of His Income

It was in 1921 that I made my first venture. The Mapalak copper mines of Arizona offered great opportunities for wealth in a short time—so the salesman said. I bought 100 shares at $2.00 per share. Six months passed—no dividends came and no word from the salesman. I investigated and found that such a mine never existed. Incidentally, I am still looking for the salesman.

Chicago real-estate offered the next opportunity. I bought a lot way beyond the outskirts of the city for $650.00. Within the next few years I paid $350.00 additional in the form of assessments and taxes. Two years ago I sold the lot for $1,000.00—no profits, of course, but I was glad to get rid of it.

Of late, however, my adventures have been more profitable. Within the last eighteen months I have purchased 50 shares of American Telephone & Telegraph at 157; 25 shares of Nash motors at 64; and 15 shares of Commonwealth Edison at 145. About August 15th I sold my entire holdings at the following prices: A. T. & T., 169; Nash, 73; Commonwealth Edison, 151. This has yielded me a nice profit. I think that my next venture shall be in foreign bonds, as I think they offer opportunities at their present prices.

I have for the last few years followed the financial sections of the Chicago *Tribune*, Chicago *Journal of Commerce*; *Review of Reviews*, GOLDEN BOOK, and the *Magazine of Wall Street* very closely.

A member of our office is a very successful trader, and among his specialties are the stocks that I purchased.

I believe that the combined facts that favourable comment have appeared from time to time in my newspaper and magazine sources of information with regard to these stocks, and, of greater importance, the fact that a successful trader of my acquaintance has made money in them, led me first, to investigate these stocks, and secondly, to purchase them.

As to my method of investing:—I make it a point to put aside at least 30 to 40 per cent. of my income every month. This may seem abnormally high, but as I am single, and am an insurance broker and cashier of the office where I place my business (receiving therefrom a straight salary and commissions every month), I consider it to be reasonable.

(*Continued on page 64*)

BOND
BOND
BOND
BOND
Karl Godwin

—*for suitable bonds*

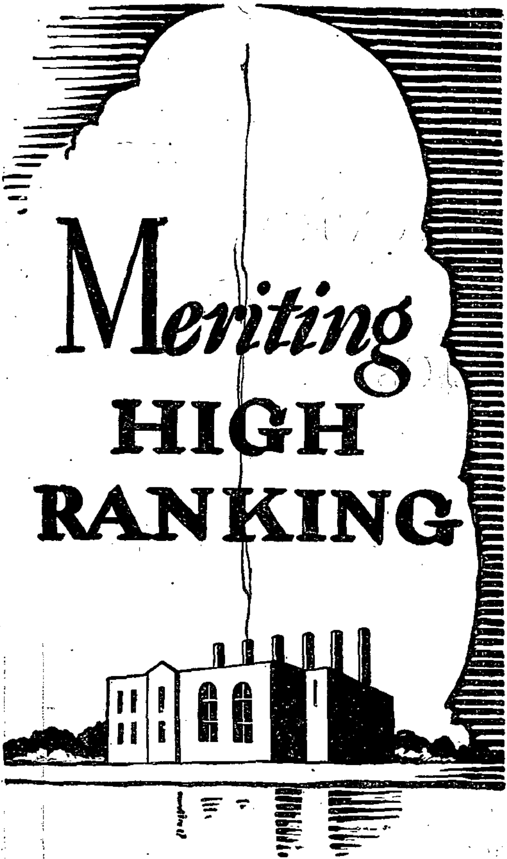
THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
NEW YORK

Some bond investors demand the utmost in security—others look more to income. Some need ready marketability—others place tax-exemption first among their requirements. The National City Company always offers a wide choice of bonds of the various types, some meeting the needs of one investor, some the needs of another. Competent bond men at any National City office will gladly help you make a suitable selection. Ask for current list of recommended issues.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

OFFICES IN 50 AMERICAN CITIES · INTERCONNECTED BY 11,000 MILES OF PRIVATE WIRES · INTERNATIONAL BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS



RAPID electric development of the 6,000 square mile territory surrounding Chicago and served by the Public Service Company of Northern Illinois is indicated by last year's central station output.

In 1926 the aggressive operation of this company brought a 17.1 per cent increase in electric output over 1925. Compared with the 11.6 per cent average increase of all electric light and power companies in the country, this figure indicates a growth some 50 per cent faster than the average.

Fortified by such enterprise, securities of the Public Service Company of Northern Illinois—and of the many substantial public utility companies we represent—merit their high investment ranking

UTILITY
SECURITIES
COMPANY
230 S. La Salle St.
Chicago
St. Louis Milwaukee
Indianapolis Louisville
Utility Securities Corporation
111 Broadway, New York

Send for free copy of the Public Service Company Year Book.

1927
YEAR
BOOK

(*Continued from page 62*)

I purchased the stocks mentioned, first, upon the advice of a stock broker with an excellent reputation in this town, and secondly, upon the O. K. of the bank where I have my deposit. In purchasing a stock I try to find one which will measure to the following code:

1—Seasoned stock.
2—Consistent dividend record.
3—Character of the management.
4—Future possibilities of the stock.

T. C. D

"Just Blind Luck!"

(*Interesting to read about—but expensive for most of us to try to emulate.*)

I have always been lucky. My ventures in finance prove this. I have never bothered about analyzing directorates, statistical data, dividend records or possibilities of companies whose stock I intend to buy, but have always invested on tips and hunches.

This little narrative should be taken in the light of a warning rather than a guide by which stock purchases are to be made, for I fully realize that my transactions are pure gambles, with one chance in a thousand to win—and yet that one chance has proved profitable for me. All my friends who have had the ill-luck to play the Curb market have, without a single exception, lost. Yet I have won—not because I coldly dissect facts, or consult my bankers. No! for I know that a thorough analysis would dissuade me from placing my funds in hazardous ventures. I simply get a hunch—a queer, uncontrollable feeling that *that* is the stock I want, with the result that I cast business sense to the winds and buy it.

I have never seriously paused to account for this singular feeling. Why should I? Have I not always won? Oh! I suppose ultimately I will give back everything I have won, and more, but think of all the fun I'm having.

Any game of chance fascinates me, particularly gambling in shares of gold mines. The picture comes before me of rugged miners digging fortunes out of the wilderness, of men wresting the precious metal out of Nature's greedy grip—the metal that has called forth the best talent of the world to come and get it, the yellow stuff for which men have suffered and slaved and died.

Mining and "playing the mines" is a strong man's game. He must needs have red blood in his veins and courage in his heart to tackle it.

I have always been interested in Canadian mining. Its mining fields are relatively young, and the spirit of its virgin vastness appeals to me. Being an officer of a prospect situated in the Kirkland Lake Gold area, I visited that region during the Christmas week of 1924. On my way back to the city I suddenly decided, for no good reason at all, to purchase some shares of two of the companies whose underground workings I had casually inspected. So, as a belated Christmas gift to myself, I bought, on January 15, 1925, two thousand shares of Kirkland Lake Gold at 24 cents, and five hundred shares of Teck Hughes Gold at $1.34. The former is now selling at $1.91 and the latter at $9.20 and I haven't sold a share of either stock. A month after I made the above purchases, I put in an order to purchase two thousand shares of Crown Reserve at 58 cents. The stock hovered around 59 to 63½ cents, but refused to come down to my buying price. Two weeks later I withdrew my order. This stock is quoted at 13½ cents at the present writing. Luck? I'll say so.

(*Continued on page 66*)

Periodical Review of Securities

EVERY investor's security holdings should be reviewed periodically by an investment organization familiar with changing conditions.

Our experience of half a century is at your disposal, either in reviewing your present holdings and suggesting such sales as might be deemed advisable, or in recommending attractive investments for funds now available.

Spencer Trask & Co.

Investment Securities

NEW YORK
25 Broad St.

ALBANY
74-78 Chapel St.

BOSTON
50 Congress St.

CHICAGO
208 So. La Salle St.

PROVIDENCE
Hospital Trust Bldg.

PHILADELPHIA
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(*Continued from page 64*)

Those who wish to invest in mining stocks should bear in mind the three stages through which every mine must go.

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(2) Partially developed properties.
(3) Producing properties.

It is the first stage in which the mining promoter prefers to vend his gilded certificates; for there he can let his fertile imagination run riot by painting a courageous picture of what he "hopes" for.

All the romance and adventure of '49 are in the Prospect stage, and this is the very reason why judicious judgment is beclouded: the investor who wishes to eliminate the element of chance should steer clear of companies in this division.

In the second stage, the mining company has usually stoped or blocked out gold-bearing ore, and its quantity and yield can be approximately determined by competent engineers. If the company is sufficiently financed to proceed with operations, the investor has a speculative investment of merit with possibilities, if good management and technical skill are present, of large returns.

The third stage invites an investment that is as sound as that in an industrial enterprise—provided all the special factors are taken into consideration.

My luck has extended to investments, or rather speculations, in fields other than mining. When the National Cloak & Suit Co. merged with Bellas Hess, I recalled that as a boy I was employed in the receiving department of the former company. Deeming it proper that I should again be affiliated with the company I decided to purchase some of the new stock. But it was not until March 26 of this year that I bought 25 shares at $33.00. On May 17 I sold at $37.63.

Another excursion in finance was a purchase of six shares of Baltimore & Ohio common stock at $62.75 on May 15, 1924. This transaction, which like all others was not predicated upon any reason, was occasioned by a trip which I made over this company's road. The courteous treatment which I received from one of the porters impressed me so profoundly that I resolved on the spur of the moment to become an owner of some of the stock of this railroad. On May 17 of this year I sold my holdings at $122.88.

The closest shave I ever had occurred in 1922. On January 4 of that year, I purchased two thousand shares of Y Oil & Gas at 27 cents. I was influenced to do this by a friend of mine who was connected with this oil company, and who was dead certain that there would be a boost in the price of this stock. "Buy," he said; and buy I did.

On January 14, 1922, I told my friend that my intuition dictated to sell. He argued and pleaded with me to hold on a little while longer; but as usual I obeyed this sixth sense of mine, and on the same day sold at 32 cents. Several weeks later the district attorney put the brokerage firm out of business. The customers, numbering over 100,000, received nothing. My friend lost $1,200.00

I fancy readers should be warned by my experiences, even though they did not turn out disastrously. My methods have succeeded in their small way—but better shun them. If you must speculate, hunches are apt to win less frequently than the advice of bankers. Some say I'm a shrewd investor—nothing of the kind. It's just blind, homely luck. I earnestly advise everyone to keep his hands off speculative issues; but as for me I invite correspondence from brokers who have long-shot stocks.

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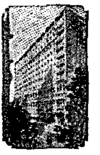

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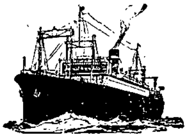

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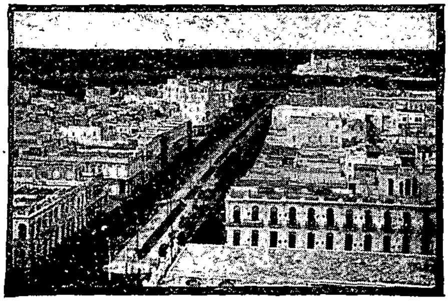

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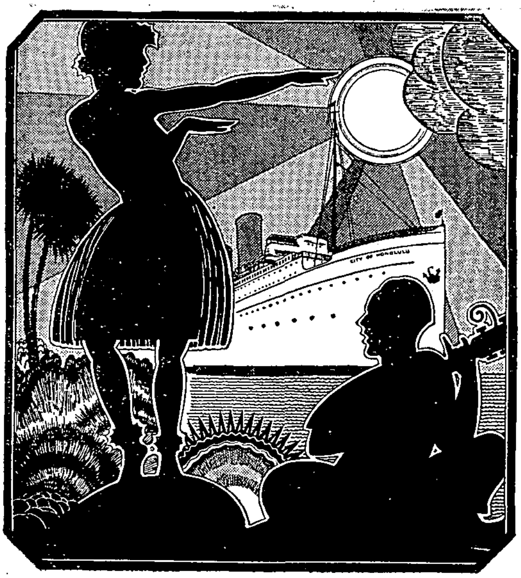

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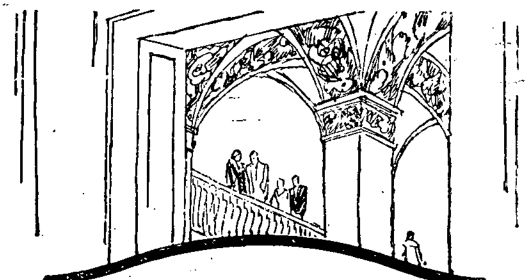

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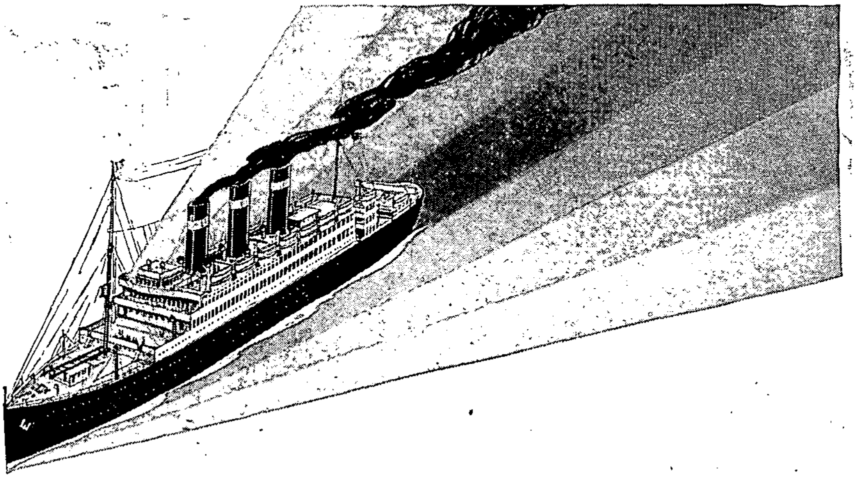

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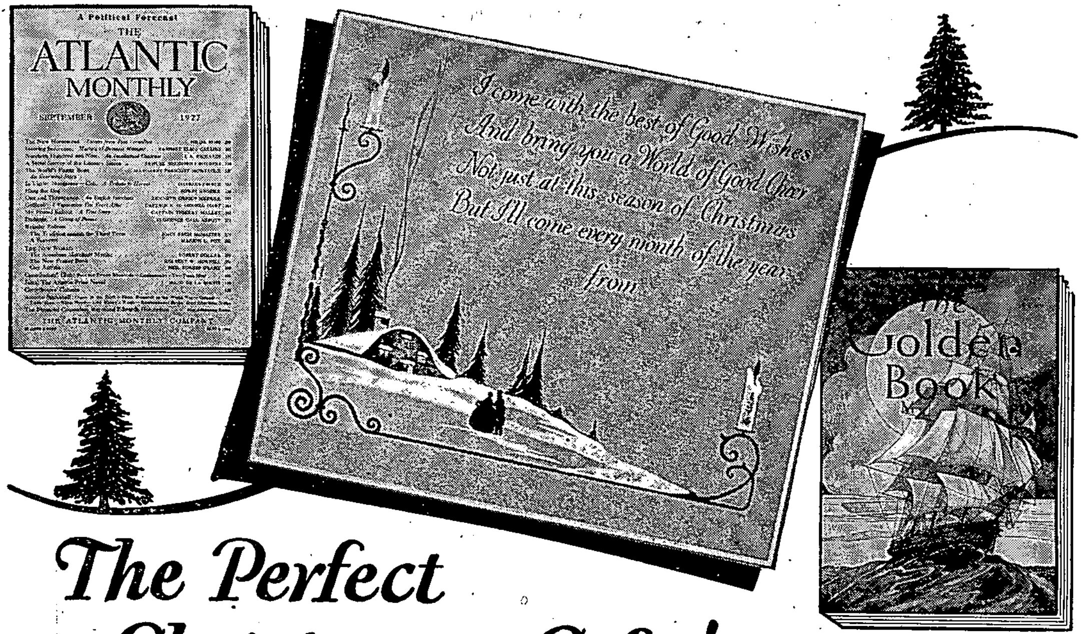
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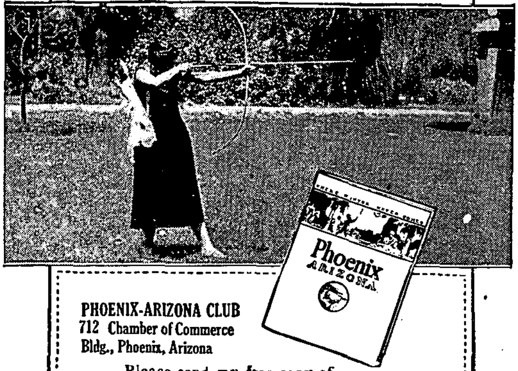

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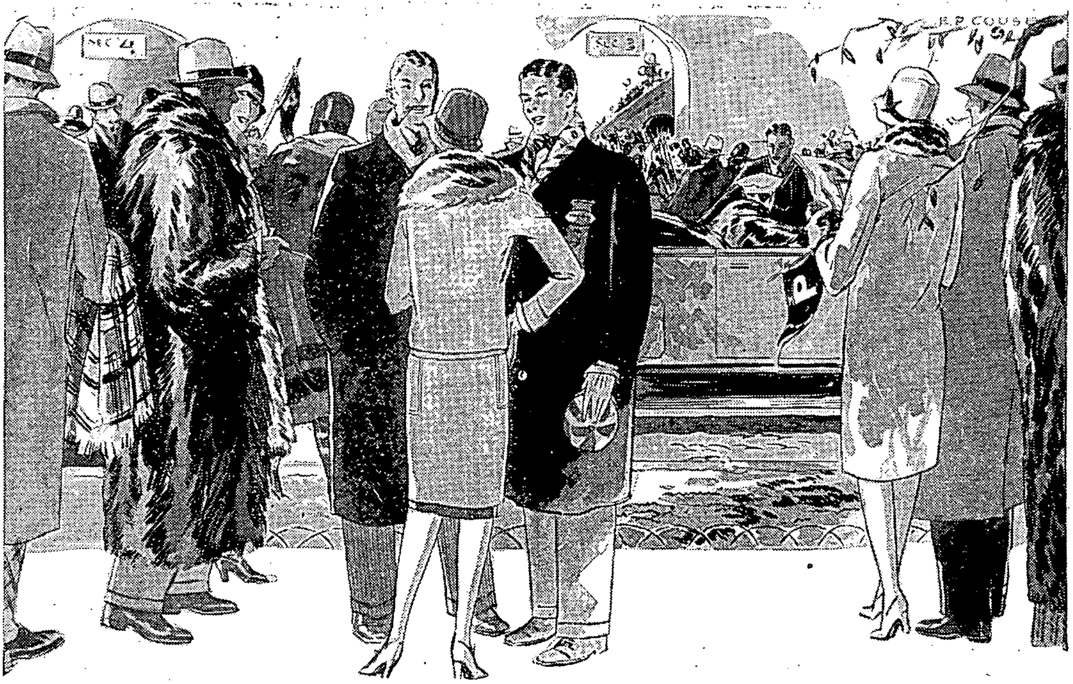

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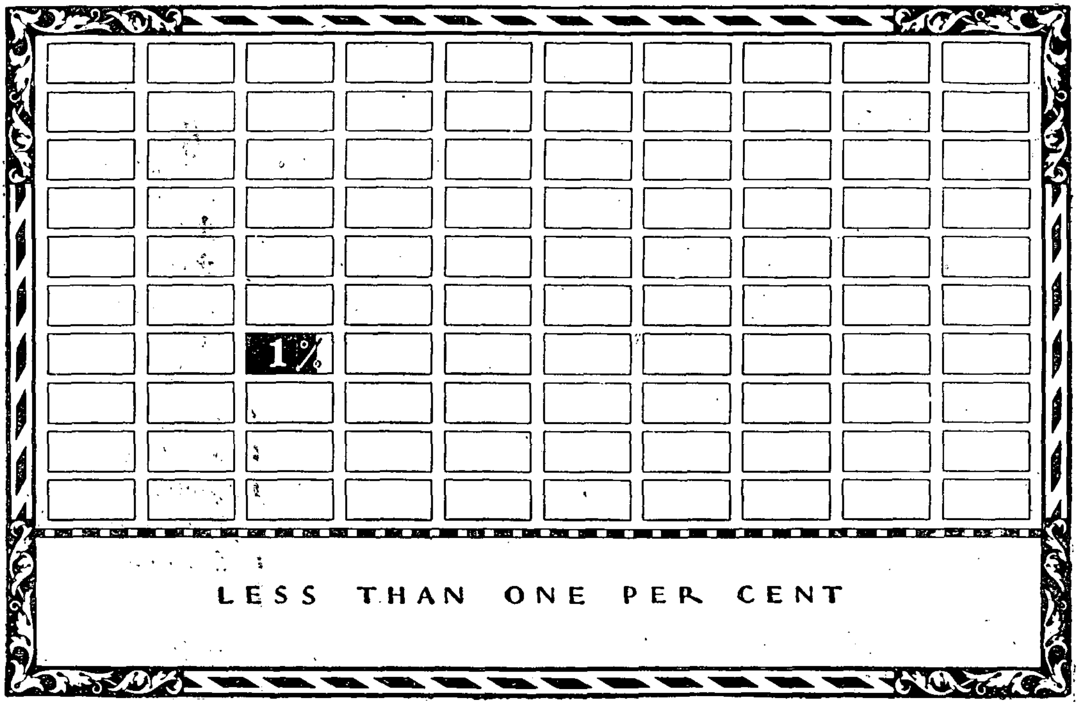
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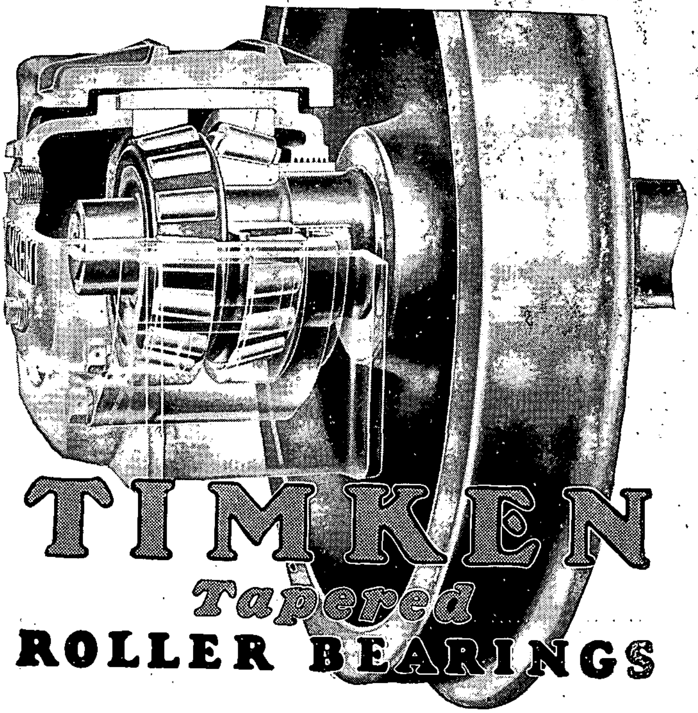

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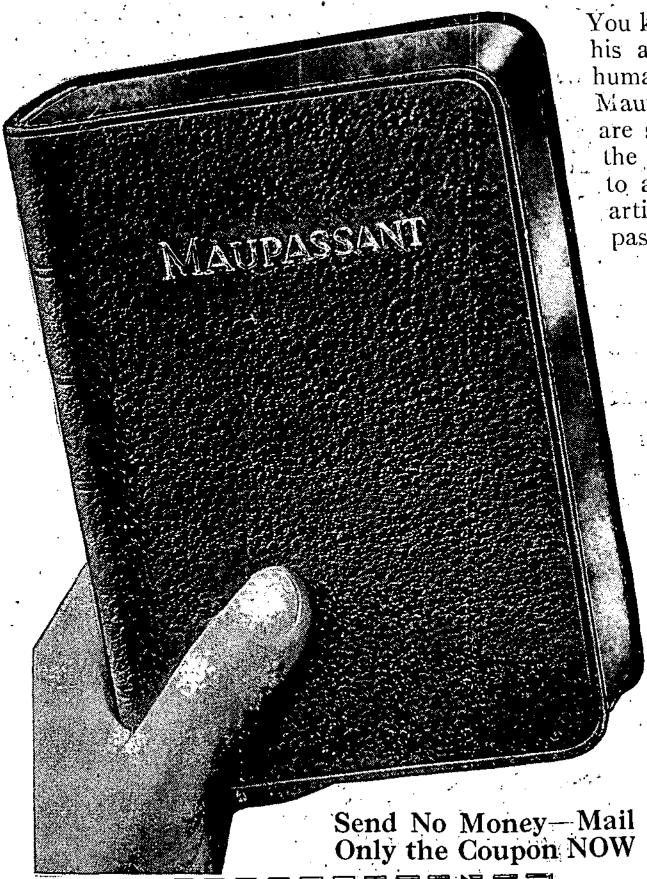

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